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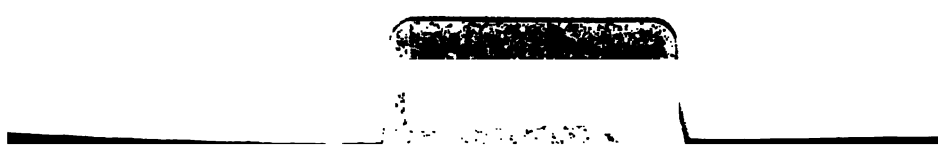

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE RELIGIOUS MILITARY ORDERS.

FOR a correct idea of the religious military orders of the middle ages it is necessary to recall something of the Crusades, whence they sprang, and to go still further back, and inquire into the state of society which made the Crusades possible.

When the Roman empire had finished the task allotted to it by the decrees of Providence, and, too rotten within itself to withstand their rude prowess, had fallen before the inroads of the barbarians, a check was given them from a totally unexpected and unlooked for source.

The religion of him who, beneath the palm trees of Judea, passed for the son of a simple carpenter, had by virtue of its Divine origin steadily progressed, notwithstanding the persecutions it had to suffer from the great ones of the earth, and the contempt felt for the poverty and weakness, individually, of those who embraced its tenets. When, therefore, the magnificence of Jupiter Capitolinus succumbed before the might of Thor and Odin—when the sea of barbarism threatened to overwhelm the earth in its waters—that religion, taught beside the lakes and upon the mounts of Palestine, and hidden for years beneath the very foundations of the City of the Cæsars themselves, rose up in all the celestial beauty of its purity and truth, and, with cross extended, said to the northern torrent: "So far shalt thou come, and no farther." And the waves were stilled. The haughty Norseman knelt at the feet of the Vicar of the Judean, and swore to defend the ministers and obey the mandates of one greater than Balder or Thor.

But it was not all at once that the religion of Christ achieved the subjugation of the barbarians. Their natures were too fierce, their instincts too earthly, to bow unresistingly to the lessons of humility and self-restraint imparted to them by their new teachers. Nor did Christianity seek to destroy these characteristics of the new converts. It elevated them while it subdued them, and turned them into a new channel, in which, while their finest traits were preserved, they were purified from the dross of their old condition.

The lofty energies of the soul

which thirst of glory and contempt of death alike inspires, and which is displayed in daring and magnanimous actions, is indeed the vital essence of heroism, under every form of society and in every age. But this lifespring of action, common to the Roman and the Gothic warrior, was fused and inseparably connected by the peculiarities of the chivalric spirit with the triple incentive of religious, social, and amatory obligations. Thus to the martial spirit of the age were added the graceful virtues of loyalty and honor, courtesy and benevolence.

And thus, religion and nature uniting, produced that most wonderful and beautiful institution, CHIVALRY. There was, however, little to charm the imagination in the first ages of chivalry. No plumed steeds, decked out in gorgeous trappings, arched their proud necks and pranced beneath their mail-clad riders; no warrior, bearing in his crested helm the favor of his liege lady, graced those early times. All was rude and sombre.

The martial force of the northern nations was chiefly infantry in the times of the Romans, but afterwards a great, though imperceptible, change took place, and during all the long period which forms, in the historic phrase, the middle ages, cavalry was the strongest arm of military power. Terms expressive of this martial array were sought for in its distinguishing circumstances. Among the corruptions of the Latin tongue caballus signified a horse, caballenus a horseman, and caballicare to ride; and from these words all the languages that were formed on a Latin basis derived their phrases descriptive of military duties on horseback. In all languages of Teutonic origin the same circumstance was expressed by words signifying service. The German *knight* and the Saxon *cnight* are synonymous with the Italian *cavaliere*, the Spanish *caballero*, and the French *cavalier*. The word *rider* also designated the same person, preceded by, or without, the word *knight*. In the kingdoms which sprang from the ruins of the Roman empire every king, baron, and person of estate was a knight, and therefore the whole of Europe was overspread with cavalry. Considered in this light, the knighthood and feudalism of Europe were synonymous. But there was a chivalry within this chivalry; a moral and personal knighthood, in which religion was the motive power; not the well-ordered assemblage of the instruments of ambition, but a military barrier against oppression and tyranny, a corrective of feudal despotism and injustice. Something of this spirit may be said to have existed in all ages and countries, but the Christian chivalry of Europe was purer and higher than any preceding condition of society; for it established woman in her just rank in the moral world, and many of its principles of action proceeded from a divine source of which the ancients could not boast.

To trace these beautiful attributes of chivalry would take too much time and space; suffice it to say that, as religion civilized more and more these military votaries, they became more and more amenable to her influence and obedient to her slightest call.

Therefore, when Michael, and afterwards Alexius Comnenus, from the Turk-beleagured walls of Constantinople besought Urban II to send help to them and to the bands who yearly found their way to the scenes of our Saviour's life and death, and suffered for their faith at the hands of the infidel, the Pope had little difficulty in arousing the proper spirit. Europe lay before him like an immense field of flax, to which it was only necessary to apply a match at one spot to kindle a flame which would overspread the whole.

But while the relief of the Greek

capital and the protection of the pilgrims were the suggested motives, and while the advance of the first Crusaders did drive the Mussulmans back for a little time from the gates of Constantinople, all thoughts of these matters were soon set aside in the later and more absorbing idea of rescuing the places sacred to the Christians as associated with the redemption of the world, the land made holy by the footsteps of God —the tomb itself, from the hands of the infidel. This was now the end and aim of the undertaking. Peter the Hermit, of Picardy, took up the cry, and was strongly seconded by Urban, and the councils of Piacenza and Clermont, both held in the year 1095, eloquently proclaimed the necessity of rescuing Jerusalem. So great was the enthusiasm at the latter council, while Urban was addressing the immense multitude of clergy and laity of all ranks from France, Italy, and Germany, upon the sacred duty of rescuing the sepulchre of Christ from the infidels, and the favor devotion to this service would draw from heaven, the inference of a Divine command for the holy war was drawn by one accord from his hearers. "It is the will of God! Deus vult! Dieux el volt! Deus lovolt!" was the cry from thousands of hearts and lips, and Urban's and Peter's work was half done. It was while this cry still resounded through the vast assembly that the idea occurred to the Pope, and was immediately acted upon, of marking those who took part in the sacred cause with the sign of the cross, the holy symbol to be worn upon their breasts or shoulders.

Gibbon tells us that although the color of the cross was generally red in the first crusade, different colors were adopted subsequently as national distinctions; red by the French, green by the Flemings, and white by the English; thus the cross became the invariable badge of the profession, while it gave an all-enduring name to the sacred warfare of the Croissé or Crusader.

The decision of the Council of Clermont gave universal satisfaction in Europe, which echoed with warlike preparations. France, Germany, and Italy, to say nothing of the British Isles, and even remote Scandinavia, were inspired with a common ardor. Spain did not so readily respond, because the flower of the Christian chivalry of Castile and Arragon were busy in their long contest with the Saracens upon their own soil.

It is no part of the plan of this sketch to give a detailed account of the march of the two bodies of Crusaders, the one an undisciplined mob, under the leadership of Peter the Hermit, the second of carrying on its roll some of the brightest names of history. Nor of the third band of Germans, under the Monk Godeschal, who mostly perished in the wilds of Hungary. Suffice it that after the siege of Nice, and the taking of Edessa, the object of the expedition was gained, and the banner of the Christian hosts waved from the walls of Jerusalem on the 15th of July, 1099.

We all know how meekly Godfrey de Bouillon wore the new honors imposed upon him by his brothers in arms, and how he devoted himself to the care of his new subjects.

The kingdom of Jerusalem when formed was left by its godfathers to struggle, as best it might, against its own weakness and the wiles of its enemies. Godfrey had but a small standing army, and this, although it was recruited from time to time by the ardor of pilgrims to the Holy Land and the succeeding Crusaders, would not have sufficed had not the spirit of religious chivalry come to its assistance. The same two causes which had aroused this spirit further developed it, and evolved from it the three grand semi-military, semi-religious orders: that of "ST. JOHN, OR THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS;

THE TEMPLARS, OR KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE;" and "THE TEUTONIC ORDER, OR KNIGHTS OF ST. MARY AT JERUSALEM."

Such an institution as that of these monastic knights, requiring entire devotion to religion, amid the active life of the camp, blending the love of God with the love of war, presents a strange anomaly. And that these orders, if subsequently corrupt, were at their origin the very ideal, the sublimest poetry of true chivalry, is admitted even by a modern liberal, and generally sneering German author, K. J. Weber, who adds: "The infancy of the three cosmo-historical orders was characterized by a simplicity alike touching and exalted, their adolescence by splendor and heroic feats of arms."

II.

IN 1058 a number of Italian merchants, natives of Amalfi, purchased from the Caliph of Egypt, Romensor-Mustasaph, the right to build an hospital, with chapel attached, wherein sick pilgrims could be nursed and taken care of in Jerusalem. They dedicated the new edifice to St. John, the Eleemosynary, who had been patriarch of the city in the seventh century.

Although the asylum was ostensibly for Latin pilgrims to Jerusalem, infidels (*i. e.*, Saracens) were received and cared for with the same attention, and it was, perhaps, owing to this fact, as well as to the reverence and respect which all Mussulmans feel for charitable institutions and objects that the hospital was saved from the storms of Egyptian and Turkish wars. The chapel was near the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and there were two distinct hospitals, one for each sex; also a monastery for the monks.

The establishment was zealously supported by contributions from Amalfi and other parts of Italy, and he alms of the wealthier Christian pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. The duties were performed by a few Benedictine monks and those pilgrims who preferred remaining in the city, and a great many of these entered the hospitals, and devoted themselves to their service.

When Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Crusaders the hospitals were joyfully opened for the reception and cure of the wounded warriors. So pleased was Godfrey, in visiting the hospital for the first time, by the care and devotion bestowed upon the patients, and by his visit to the monastery, that he pronounced it too valuable an establishment to be left dependent upon casual charity or gratitude, and endowed it with lands in Brabant, the chief province of his European duchy.

Many of the Crusaders, charmed by the good work done by the Hospitallers, joined the order, and devoted themselves to its duties. Among them were Raymond du Puy, Dudon du Comps, Gastus de Berdiez, and Canon de Montaign. Hitherto the Hospitallers had had no regular constitution, although the members followed the rule of St. Benedict, and although they have been spoken of as "Hospitallers" in this sketch, their proper title up to this time was "*Brothers of the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem.*"

Now that, thanks to the generosity of Godfrey and others, they had become wealthy, the lay members, with the consent, and under the direction of Gerard d'Avernes, their rector, separated from the monks, assumed the name of "KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AT JERUSALEM," and built a third house near the spot occupied by the house of Zacharia, the father of St. John, hence the name. This was for their own residence, as well as for the reception of highborn strangers.

Although separated from their religious companions, the new order did not consider itself parted from

them entirely; on the contrary when nurses were in great demand at the hospital the knights tendered their services, and they were also bound to guide and protect all pilgrims, not only those who had been nursed in the hospitals, but others who needed their assistance, in their journey from Jerusalem or Constantinople, as their destination led them.

The constitution of the order thus established by Gerard and Godfrey was as follows:

1. Hospitality for all pilgrims and crusaders, including defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and of this new kingdom.
2. A military organization in three classes: clergy, knights, servants-at-arms.
3. Knights to have all the proof required of a *miles mellus fit miles nisi filius militis.* To be of noble and legitimate birth.
4. The not regularly professed in the order may be aggregated to it.
5. Females also.
6. None professed can have any property of their own; but only expect to be clothed plainly and frugally, and freely dedicate their lives.
7. Therefore three vows: celibacy, obedience, and individual poverty.
8. An amplification of 7.
9. Their dress is that they at present wear; the cross white now, from the founder being a Norman.
10. Each future head to be selected by the order from among themselves; and he is to have a council, to which he must submit; and, in important matters, convene a general assembly of the order, where he may have a double vote; and then the majority decide beyond appeal.

Desirous of some guide in their religious character, the knights adopted the rule and dress of regular Augustinian canons, with the addition of an eight-pointed white cross affixed to the left side or shoulder of their black mantles.

Pope Pascal II, pleased with what he heard of the new order, in 1113, by special bull, blessed it, and exempted it from payment of tithes and from ecclesiastical subjection to bishop, archbishop, or patriarch.

The good Gerard founded hospitals and houses in various parts of Europe, where the members of the order rendered the same services to the poor and sick that their confrères did in Jerusalem, and, having governed the order until 1118, he was called to his reward only a short time after the death of his friend and sovereign, Godfrey.

At the same time with the establishment of the Knights Hospitallers, a religious association of women was formed at Jerusalem by Alice or Alix, a Roman lady, for the care of the sick. This was on the same plan as Gerard's order, and none but women were received into the hospital. These ladies, animated by the same spirit as the Hospitallers, desired to be associated with them. Their desire was granted, and they acknowledged the grand master as their superior.

III.

ALTHOUGH Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, with one or two other places of importance, the whole of Palestine was not. On the contrary, the lofty mountains near the seacoast was infested with bands of fugitive Mussulmans, who fortified and maintained various impregnable fortresses, whence they sallied to rob and murder the thousands of pilgrims whom the glad tidings of the capture of the Holy City had drawn to its sacred places. The Bedouin horsemen also, in their frequent and rapid incursions from beyond the Jordan, kept up a desultory and irregular warfare on the plains. Hence the pilgrims, whether they approached the city by land or sea, were alike molested and exposed

a crown of gems lying just at her feet, but which she vainly tried to reach.

"In the dark," he said, a tinge of bitterness dwelling in his usually cheerful tones, "and like myself, you can never find the crown, grope eagerly as you may! Fitting subject for artist, baffled as I have been!"

So he was Miles Lester, and an unsuccessful genius, and called upon to hear of something to his advantage. You can easily infer all that.

IV.

"THEREFORE I devise and bequeath to said Miles Lester, all my property without reserve, recommending him, however, to follow the suggestion contained in a paper, which my executors will hand him after his accession to my estate."

These were the words at which Miles Lester sat speechless, as being contained in the will of "the late William Noble," of moneyed fame. Not a word as to the reason of the "therefore," not an explanation of this something so very unmistakably to his advantage. Merely an accurate description of Miles Lester's antecedents, and the most probable way of finding his whereabouts.

It was after he had been installed as proprietor of the late William Noble's estate, that the paper containing the suggestion was handed him. It said:

"The property to which you, unexpectedly to yourself, will succeed, is given to you as an act of tardy justice for a wrong done your father in time long past. It is given at the desire of one who might have possessed it herself, but for her high sense of honor. This is my niece, Lucy Westfort, whom I brought up as my own child, and whom I would have made my sole heiress, but who, finding out from my own ravings during sickness that I had been guilty of this wrong, prevailed on me to make this will in your favor. I leave her nothing, because she has persuaded me I really have no right to give away what became mine by fraud and revenge, but I suggest that you give her, of your own free will and from your own sense of justice, enough to keep her from any bitter struggle for a livelihood. And this I do without her knowledge."

The man who had done without smoking, and constructed delusive magazines to make the "poor little thing" think he was enjoying what he could not afford to get, sat with tears dropping on the paper. Then he handed it to the invalid, lying watching him eagerly.

"Explain the wrong, mother," he said; "was it so great as to require all his property to repay for it?"

"Aye, and ten thousand times his property, and then it would not be paid."

"Mother!"

"Can money bring back a life for a moment?" she asked passionately. "Oh Miles, I would give all you possess now, ten times over, if I could, for one word from the sweet lips hushed forever, anything, anything this earth holds, for five minutes of your father's life vouchsafed me once more!"

"How you must have loved him!" involuntarily fell from his lips.

"Loved—love him, the grave cannot alter that! Listen, and do not think William Noble has overpaid his debt. When we were young, he and your father were friends, and both loved me. When William Noble found his friend preferred, he turned upon him, and accused him of a base crime, which cost him his position and his name."

"The crime, mother?"

"He was agent for a large express office, and he accused him of opening money packages, and substituting spurious for genuine money. That it had been done there was no doubt, but how could not be ac-

counted for. The matter was hushed up, as far as the law was concerned, by your father sacrificing all he owned to pay the loss to the company. He escaped the penitentiary by this, but was discharged from the position, which was given to William Noble instead; his good name forever gone; and, though innocent, a blight upon his life, that nothing ever had the power to remove. I—I followed him, my dear, to share his fortunes in a strange place, and we were poor, but that would have been no trial, if God had only spared him to me. But I could see all along that his cross was weighing too heavily on him, and one day, as he stooped over Ida to kiss her in her cradle, before he went out, he sunk on his knees, and thus I found him, life gone. They called it heart disease, but I think his heart literally broke in that hour."

"And you, my mother," kneeling and fervently kissing her hand, "worked for us, till you lost your health, and now, when prosperity has come, you cannot enjoy it."

"All that is of the divine ordering, my dear. To have succeeded in bringing you up, worthy of your father, was quite as lofty a mission as I could have desired on earth, the only one worth living for when he was gone. And it is by some touch of the same divine hand that this restitution has come about. It is all we have to prove William Noble's guilt; let us dwell lightly on that. This Lucy Westfort is his sister's only child, both of her parents dead years ago. Some of the property should, by right, be hers, therefore."

"She must be found."

V.

It was three years before she was found, however, and then it happened in this wise:

Miles Lester could never entirely give up his artist-dream of fame, which money had not brought him. Therefore, by fits and starts, he finished the picture, whereof mention has been made before in this story; took it to an art exhibition at a distant city, and labelled it "The Darkest Hour." Having been literally wrung from his heart, he hoped it would prove a success.

"Strange," said a director of the exhibition, "we have a companion-picture for that by another hand—a lady's, 'Before the Dawn.'"

It was fine beyond all description, an indistinct landscape exquisitely pencilled; a white-robed figure in weary attitude, looking out along a road; one rosy ray of light, piercing the gloom, and just about to burst upon a beautiful mansion with flower-crowned gates wide open, and white arms of angels extended to receive the traveller, unconscious that rest is so near, till that ray of dawn has done its wondrous work.

"So marvellously painted, one feels inclined to wait till the light comes!" said Miles Lester, enthusiastically. "What a lesson for the human soul! Who is the lady?"

"A Miss Westfort, a stranger here, and a lady of singular talent. Wait, there she comes. I will introduce her. She is a person worth knowing I assure you; a person who has won great fame as an artist in a short time, though she began here only as a teacher of drawing."

Miles Lester turned, and watched the advancing figure of the person he had vainly sought for so long; the person he had adjured in advertisements under plea of "something to her advantage;" the person he had grown to consider a myth, though tangible, and eagerly cherished, and furtively admired evidences that she once had been, confronted him everywhere, in the mansion of the late William Noble. He—well, what is the use of prolonging this narration unnecessarily, especially when I know my readers are so intelligent; he had been losing his heart to the

myth for some time, and now he lost it to the advancing reality.

Which state of affairs effectually put a stop to any trouble about the suggestion in the will, for when said suggestion was carried out, it was included in an account of a certain fashionable wedding, under the caption of presents, and averred that the "happy bridegroom" had presented the "lovely bride" with a private purse of $50,000 as a wedding-gift.

So you see it did not make so very much difference after all, about the inexplicable will of the late William Noble. The "fortunate legatee" avers to this day, that the best fortune it brought to him, was his meeting with the *artiste* of the wonderful picture, which made famous the name of Mrs. Miles Lester.

As for the "poor, little thing," she, too, had a wedding one fair morning; for—

"Now, you know, Laurence," she said, "I have time to be married."

THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

If the traveller who journeys from Ancona to Rimini by the railroad, which lies along the shore of the Adriatic, looks towards the west as he is nearing the city of Rimini, he will see, some miles away in the distance, an isolated mountain with a jagged irregular summit divided into three chief peaks or crests. This mountain, which is a spur of the Apennines, is called San Marino. It is the centre of the small Republic, the citizens of which dwell partly in the town which is perched on the top of the mountain, partly in the suburbs, which are situated half way up the mountain, whilst many live in the country districts, in the hamlets or villages that are scattered over the territory of San Marino.

This territory covers an extent of about twenty square miles, of which the mountain and city of San Marino is the centre. From Rimini a charming drive of thirteen miles takes us to San Marino. The carriages still in use are of the heavy, old-fashioned post-chaise description, but the horses, with their quaint necklaces of tinkling bells, run merrily along, through a fertile and well-cultivated country, over an undulating road amidst rounded knolls and vine-clad hills, until at length, when nearing San Marino, owing to the increasing steepness of the ascent, a pair of the large white oxen of the country have to be yoked in front of the chaise. The pace thenceforward becomes slow and funereal, giving the traveller abundant leisure to survey the great outpost of the Apennines which is before him. The precipitous mountain, with its three peaks crowned by embattled towers, appears completely to dwarf, by its proportions, the surrounding hills, whilst its steep, perpendicular side seems to defy either man or beast to approach its summit. The ascent, however, is easily made along the further or southern side of the mountain, where the slope is by no means so abrupt. When within about five miles from the foot of the mountain, on passing a bridge over a small stream, a boundary-stone in the middle of the bridge is pointed out as marking the limit of the Republic in this direction. The traveller is

now within the territory of the most ancient Republic in the world, and though it is larger in extent of territory than some of the famous republics of ancient Greece, it yet does not equal in size the smallest of our English counties. It is interesting, therefore, to notice the country and the people as the chaise moves sluggishly along. The peasants who are met driving their lazy teams of oxen have an air of cheerful contentment about them. Women are seated outside their cottages, spinning with the distaff as they mind a baby asleep in its wicker cradle, or keep an eye upon some young urchins of the family at play close by. A girl is in care of some sheep that are browsing near a vineyard, and she too is busy with her distaff. The tall vine plants, with their now sear and yellow October leaves, are drooping from the orchard trees, hiding the rich clusters of purple grapes that hang beneath. Long and narrow carts with ponderous wheels are met along the road, bearing each a single vat filled with grapes just gathered, and the slow-paced oxen are dragging lazily the heavy load towards the neighboring homestead. When the foot of the mountain is reached, the traveller passes the Borgo, a suburb of seven hundred inhabitants, which lies screened and sheltered beneath the overhanging rock on which the city of San Marino is perched. The road winds through and round the Borgo, and then continues its serpentine ascent for about two miles, till it terminates in the town on the summit of the mountain.

There is nothing in the general appearance of the town to remind the visitor that he is in the midst of a Republic whose existence has been continued through one thousand four hundred years. The houses are like those with which he is familiar elsewhere in Italy; the streets are narrow, roughly paved, and generally so steep, that even a mule must proceed with caution. A small piazza, with an ancient-looking building at one end—the Palazzo of the Grand Council—is the chief square of the city. Passing thence by a narrow lane which leads to a yet higher level, the visitor arrives at a well-paved esplanade, at the further end of which he sees the plebale, or parish church of the town, a Grecian building of recent construction. Mounting still higher, up a narrow alley, he reaches the house of the late Chevalier Borghese, and there obtains the key of a gate which leads from the alley on to a garden terrace planted with hardy shrubs and evergreens. This terrace overlooks the edge of a terrific precipice with a sheer fall of eight hundred feet down a steep natural wall of rock, which forms the northern side of the mountain on which the city stands. The terrace is fenced from danger by a low parapet wall, and, as the mountain is two thousand four hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea, the view over this parapet wall is one of great extent and variety, reaching even across the Adriatic Sea, which lies extended in a broad expanse along the northeast horizon, and in favorable weather the mountains of Dalmatia and the islands on its coast are visible. Nearer to the spectator, but beyond the wavy uplands and vine-clad hills which are lying below, may be seen, some thirteen miles away, a grayish-looking patch of houses, the city of Rimini, on the Adriatic shore. To the right, still along the Adriatic, the town of Pesaro is visible, about twelve miles from Rimini, and even Fano, some ten miles beyond Pesaro, can be sighted towards the southeast on a clear day.

On looking to the left of Rimini, along the Adriatic coast towards Ravenna, a small town named Cesenatico may be descried near the shore, about twelve miles north of Rimini. Not far from this town the old historic Rubicon is flowing in a turbid torrent to the sea, and further still

: same direction the dark patch
ıe forest which skirts the Adri-
ɔr twenty-five miles, from Cer-
the Lamone, north of Ravenna,
inly visible for a part of its ex-
This forest in ancient times
ied Rome with timber for her
and in more recent days it
ɛen celebrated by the verses of
:, Boccaccio, Dryden, and By-

turning to the opposite or
western side of the terrace,
iew is not so extensive, al-
h it is very magnificent, for
uscan Apennines in bold out-
border the northwestern, and
Carpegna range the western,
ɔn, whilst hills of various forms
ize, many of them cultivated
their very summits, cover the
ound of the scene.

e citizen of San Marino may
ɔe proud of the extensive pros-
which he enjoys from the walls
native town, but he is prouder
ıf his privileges as a member of
epublic. The name of Liberty
ɔve the gates of his city, and
im its name is no empty sound.
liberty which is his birthright
es to him the produce of his
and exempts him from the des-
exactions which enthral his
ıbor. The blessings of heaven,
ɔrn, the wine, and the oil, come
ı home untaxed by the merciless
ation to which the rest of Italy
w enslaved. The profits from
ade or his toil are his own, and
ɔvernment official comes to him
ıe name of the law to rob him
ıore than half his earnings.
taxes that he pays rarely reach
hree per cent. on his whole
erty, whilst his neighbors in
are paying as much as forty-
per cent. on their property and
ne. He sees the grown-up sons
ıited Italy dragged by force
their homes into the cruel
y of military service, com-
l, in the prime of their youth,
avoidable enlistment in a troop
or in a regiment in which the total neglect of the worship of God and of the Sacraments is not only connived at, but usually encouraged—in an army without chaplains or any religious service, and amongst companions whose ribald language and irreligious jests replace the pious precepts of Christian parents and of a Christian home. The republican of San Marino fears no such ruin for his children. No iron hand of a ruthless legislation tears from him his stalwart sons to wear away in barracks or in drill the springtime of their manhood. They are reared at his side in habits of steady industry, happy and unspoilt amidst the pious traditions of faithful generations, and are with him his comfort and his aid in his declining years.

The reader will naturally be led to inquire into the causes and circumstances which have had their influence in perpetuating the continuance of this Republic of San Marino through so many centuries, and in making it such an oasis of exemptions in the midst of a country that is to-day flooded with excessive taxation and oppressed by the galling obligation of military service.

Various causes have no doubt had their effect in preserving to San Marino its independence through so many ages, and in preventing its dismemberment or absorption into the dominion of some powerful neighbor.

Amongst these causes the first place has been assigned, by a distinguished author, to the sacred traditions perpetuated at San Marino, through succeeding centuries, in connection with the Saint who is the Founder and Patron of the Republic.

Towards the close of the fourth century, a holy man named Marino had attracted around his hermitage, on the summit of the mountain, then called Titano, a small number of faithful companions, who emulated his spirit of recollection and prayer,

and willingly placed themselves under his direction as to their mode and rule of life. Marino combined in his rule much manual labor with the exercises of prayer and devout meditation. He was skilled as a worker in stone, and he soon, with the help of his companions, erected, by quarrying from the calcareous rock of which the mountain is composed, a number of small houses, which eventually became the nucleus of a small town, so secure from its lofty and precipitous position, that a handful of brave men could easily defend it against a host of invaders. Marino's zeal and capacity for imparting religious instruction led him to devote much of his time in catechizing the rude and ignorant peasants of the surrounding districts; and soon the fame of his apostolical labors induced Gaudentius, the Bishop of Rimini, to ordain him deacon in order to increase the efficiency of his instructions. The exact date of his death is not known, but his remains were reported by tradition to rest on the mountain which he had made his home, and which, in the course of succeeding centuries, was called by his venerated name when the hermitages on its summit had been inclosed within a battlemented precinct, and the fortified town had become a place of importance from the independent character of its hardy inhabitants.*

In the year 1586 the body of the Saint was found beneath the high altar of the parish church. The detailed account of the discovery is given by the Bollandists on September 4th. In this church a lamp constantly burning before the shrine of the Saint has been maintained for centuries at the expense of the Republic. Below the image of the Saint in the church is the inscription, "Auctori perpetuæ libertatis suæ Divo Marino protectori, Respublica S. Marini fieri curavit, anno MDCII, et die 2 mensis Septembris." Suspended near the altar rails is the prayer which from time immemorial has been in use in honor of the Saint—

Hail, holy father, flame of charity, mirror of penance, bulwark of chastity, the glory of Mount Titano, preacher of the Gospel, founder of our liberty, look down upon thy family, take up thy arms and thy shield, arise and come to our assistance, that the enemies of our souls and bodies being overthrown, we may be able to triumph with thee in heaven.

Let us pray.

O God, who has bestowed temporal liberty upon us through the merits of Blessed Marino, grant propitiously that by his intercession we may be free from all sins and may obtain that liberty which is eternal, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The image of the saintly founder and protector of their Republic is before the citizens, not only in the church, but in the Council Hall of the state, and the festival of the Saint is kept with the greatest solemnity, both in the town and throughout the territory of San Marino, on the 3d of September. But in addition to the halo of veneration which has surrounded, from time immemorial, the laws and usages of the Republic in connection with the sainted memory of its founder, another very important element deserves consideration in any inquiry regarding the causes of its duration, viz., the constitution of the Republic itself, matured as it has been by the experience and confirmed by the prestige of ages.

The constitution of the Republic is such that the chief power is neither monopolized by an oligarchy, nor weakened by excessive diffusion amongst the ranks of an injudicious or tumultuous democracy. During the course of its long existence, extending over a period of more than one thousand four hundred years, many changes have, of course, been made in its code, which have affected either its penal enactments in cases of crime, or the mode of

* *Vide* Il diritto sovrano della Santa Sede sopra la Republica di San Marino difeso, by the Avvocato Carlo Fea, Roma, 1834.

conducting the deliberations of the Council in state affairs. The Republic as at present administered—and but little alteration has been made in its constitution during the last five hundred years—consists of a Grand Council in which the sovereignty of the state permanently resides, with two Presidents, called Captain-Regents, who are the administrators or executive branch of the government. This chief Council, when its numbers are complete, consists of sixty members, twenty of whom are chosen from the noble families of the Republic, twenty from the burgher, and twenty from the peasant class of the community. It is, however, a necessary qualification for the election to the Council of an individual of the peasant class, that he be possessed of some property either in houses or land. The vacancies occasioned by death or other causes in this Council are supplied by the election made by the Council of new members, chosen from the citizens most distinguished for their probity and intelligence.

There is, moreover, a smaller council, a sort of committee of the Grand Council, to assist the Captain-Regents with their advice in the ordinary affairs of the state. To the sovereign assembly of the Grand Council all the affairs of graver moment are referred, and the election from their body of the two Captain-Regents is entirely in their hands. The Captain-Regents hold office for only six months, and cannot be re-elected till after an interval of three years. Their election takes place on the first of April and the first of October. The first election of which an authentic record has been preserved is dated as far back as the year 1224. When the election has taken place, and the names of the new Presidents have been duly announced, the clergy and people go in procession to the Church. The Mass of the Holy Ghost is then said, followed by the *Te Deum*.

The members of the Council return after this religious function to the Public Hall, where the newly-elected Presidents are addressed in a complimentary discourse in Latin by the head master of the schools. They swear, in presence of the Council, to maintain the Republic, its independence, its liberties, and its rights, to preserve peace and concord amongst the citizens, to watch over the due observance of the laws, to protect the widows, the orphans, and the poor, the churches and hospitals, and to render justice to all without exception.

In the administration of their office, the Captain-Regents are responsible to the Grand Council as to the sovereign assembly. They must deliver all public moneys received by them to the public treasurer, and during their term of office they must not expend in repairs or public works more than forty shillings, without the express consent of the Council of sixty. Heavy fines, and the penalty of perpetual infamy await them if they take service under any foreign prince, or if during their term of office they absent themselves from the territory of the Republic for more than fifteen days.

Their administration is usually of a most paternal character. Much of their term of office is employed in visiting the various families of the town and neighborhood, and in becoming personally acquainted with the citizens of the Republic. Hence in cases of disagreements or quarrels, the Presidents act most successfully as mediators and arbitrators, and by their decision the litigants are usually quite willing to abide. In spite of the almost Spartan sternness and severity which restrict and regulate their powers, the office of Captain-Regent is held in the highest esteem by the citizens of the Republic. Special seats are reserved for the Regents in the church and at all public ceremonials; and for the in-

suring of greater respect and security for their persons, the Regents are not permitted in the daytime to appear in the streets unaccompanied by an attendant official. Indeed, such is the estimation in which the dignity of the office is held, that in cases in which a Sammarinese family holds property beyond the territory of the Republic, the members of the family prefer not to change their domicile; and if they are unavoidably absent for a time, they hasten back to their native territory, that their sons may be born on the San Marino soil, and may thus retain their eligibility to the post of Captain-Regent.

In addition to the two Captain-Regents, the officials of the state comprise two Secretaries of State, viz., one for the Interior and one for Foreign Affairs, a Commissary of the Law, a Commander-in-chief of the Guard of the Grand Council, a Commander-in-chief of the Militia, and a Treasurer-General. By a peculiar and certainly an excellent arrangement, for the prosecution of criminal cases, the presiding judge is always appointed from some city not within the territory of the Republic, and his term of office must not exceed three years.

The public revenue is derived from a very small tax upon landed property, and from custom dues and gun licenses, as well as from a tax on the monopoly for the manufacture of gunpowder, salt, and tobacco. The average annual amount of revenue received by the state in the years ranging from 1865 to 1872, as given in the *Almanack di Gotha* for 1875, amounted to £4502; and the average annual expenditure for state purposes only reached £4386 sterling. These figures show that the balance between the revenue and the expenditure is well maintained, and that the Sammarinese are not embarrassed by those financial difficulties which are now weighing so heavily on the Italian government. No excessive taxation swallows up their earnings, no public debt oppresses them, no forced paper circulation harasses their commerce; in a word, these nine thousand Sammarinese Republicans manage to maintain an active and efficient state machinery, at a cost to the Republic much less per head than is the cost of the government of Italy to its twenty-four millions of Italians.

Until recently the Republic had no coinage of its own, but made use of the money coined in the neighboring state. In 1864, however, by a special treaty with the Piedmontese, who had then usurped the Romagna Provinces, the Republic obtained a concession to the effect that the money which it coined should be admitted as current in the rest of Italy. This concession included the condition that the coinage should be based on the decimal system, and should be similar both in denomination and in weight to the coins in use in the kingdom of Italy. In accordance with this arrangement, the Republic now possesses a copper coinage of its own, consisting of two pieces, one of the value of ten, the other of five centesimi. These coins bear on one side the crest of the Republic, three mountain peaks crowned with towers; the word liberty is inscribed beneath; on the reverse of the coin, its value in centimes is engraved between the two wreaths of laurel. No silver coinage has as yet been issued.

All the citizens who are capable of bearing arms are considered as born defenders of their country's liberty, and in an emergency might be summoned to the field. The effective force of the Republic is stated in the *Almanack di Gotha* for 1875, to consist of 950 soldiers, divided into eight infantry companies, with 55 officers, 76 subalterns, and 819 privates. But the standing army actually consists of only 60 soldiers, formed into two companies of 30 men each, who act

on public occasions as a body-guard for the two Captain-Regents.

Small as is this force, it is amply sufficient for the service of a state whose limited territory offers no allurement to ambitious neighbors, whose very poverty wards off aggression, and whose antiquity has given it importance by enlisting in its behalf the sympathy and support of all the Courts of Europe. Its rights and privileges have been respected in various treaties of the European powers, and many letters from Sovereigns, Princes, and Ministers of State, addressed to the representatives of the Republic, attest the respect and esteem which the tact and prudence of its administrators have secured for this small republic, even in the most critical periods of European and Italian history.

Little is known of the political history of this Republic during the first three centuries which followed its foundation. San Marino is referred to in a legal document or charter of the ninth century, under the name of the Monastery of San Marino on Mount Titano. A century later the word monastery is replaced by that of castle, and in 951 the place was regarded as a stronghold of such security, that Berengarius, the Lombard King, flying before the victorious arms of the German Emperor Otho, took refuge within its walls. Amidst the incessant turmoils and factions which disturbed the northern and central parts of Italy in the thirteenth century, the Sammarinese contrived to maintain their independence chiefly by means of their alliance with the neighboring state of Montefeltro; and although in the wars of that period they were always ranged with their ally, the Count of Montefeltro, on the Ghibelline side, it does not appear that their opposition to the Guelphs implied anything more than a collision of territorial or local interests not incompatible with the submission which in spiritual matters they paid to the Holy See. In fact, in a dispute about the payment of tribute which arose between the Sammarinese and the Count of Montefeltro, we find the former appealing for justice to Pope Boniface the Eighth, who appointed arbitrators to decide the cause in his name.

Nestled as the Republic was in the very heart of the States of the Church, it is greatly owing to the paternal protection afforded to its ancient liberties by successive Sovereign Pontiffs that San Marino has preserved its autonomy intact during so many centuries. Confirmations of its privileges and exemptions by the Roman Pontiffs or their Legates are frequent in the records of San Marino. A remarkable testimony in favor of their independence was rendered by Cardinal Anglico, the brother of Pope Urban the Fifth, and Legate of the Holy See in the Provinces of the Romagna in the fourteenth century. In the instructions left by him to his successor in that Legation, the Cardinal states distinctly that "the people of San Marino had always been free, and had administered their own laws with the acquiescence of the Church, and that they recognized no civil authority on the part of the Church herself or her officials; that they were, in short, their own masters, owing obedience to no external authority."*

One of the first visits which the great Pope Julius the Second made after his election to the Pontifical throne in 1503, was to San Marino. His historian and friend, Cardinal Adriano, relates that Pope Julius was delighted with the cordial reception given to him by these plain but honest-hearted Republicans. Later on during his Pontificate, when the Sammarinese were in alarm from the hostile attitude of the Venetian Republic, Pope Julius wrote in

* From an old manuscript in the Royal Library of Paris, cited by the learned Cardinal Stephen Borgia in the second volume of his Annals of Benevento.

very friendly terms to them, bidding them not to fear: "You have always been free," he said, "and remember, that there is nothing sweeter than liberty and the protection of the Church which you have always enjoyed, and enjoy now, and which we promise you shall continue to enjoy."

Pope Paul the Third, who ascended the Pontifical throne in 1534, threatened excommunication against those who should attempt to destroy the ancient independence of this Republic.

When under Pope Urban the Eighth (1623–1644), the Montefeltro family became extinct and their estates lapsed to the Holy See, whose dominions now surrounded the territory of San Marino on every side, the Church became the sole neighbor and remained the firm protector of the small Republic. Pope Urban expressly confirmed their republican liberties, and encouraged the people to imitate the honest and simple virtues of their ancestors.

It has happened, however, in the history of the Republic, that the Apostolic Delegate in the Romagna has thought it expedient in the interests of the Pontifical authority, to endeavor to put an end to the existence of the Republic and absorb its territory into the dominion of the Pope. But an appeal to the Holy Father by the Sammarinese has always terminated such aggressions in their favor. The most recent and most formidable attempt of this kind, was made by the celebrated Cardinal Alberoni, when Legate of the Romagna under Pope Clement the Twelfth, in 1739. This Cardinal went so far as to enter the territory and town of San Marino with an overwhelming force, and having summoned together, on October 24th, the representatives of the Republic, he demanded of them a public and formal surrender of the liberties and independence of their state, and an oath of submission to the Pontifical government as the temporal Sovereign of the Romagna. The patriotic reply of Antonio Giangi, one of the Presidents, deserves to be recorded. When summoned to come forward and take the required oath, he thus addressed the Cardinal in the Church of San Marino, where the Council and the citizens were assembled: "On the first of this month of October, I took an oath of fidelity to my legitimate Sovereign the Republic of San Marino, that oath I now confirm, and thus I swear." Some of the Council were, however, overawed by the Cardinal into compliance with his wish, but most of them replied to the demand with a refusal as energetic and spirited as that of their President.

When their cause was finally laid before the Pope, His Holiness decided the appeal in favor of the long prescriptive right of San Marino to its complete independence. Cardinal Henriquez was sent by the Pope to supersede Cardinal Alberoni in the government of the Romagna, and on the Festival of St. Agatha, February 5th, 1740, the new Legate made a solemn and public declaration in the name of Pope Clement, that the Republic of San Marino was legitimately restored with all its powers and exemptions. The joy and gratitude of the Sammarinese on the occasion of this new confirmation of their liberties, showed itself by festive rejoicings of every kind. The Republic, moreover, decreed that a monument crowned by a marble statue of the Pontiff, should be erected in the city in honor of Pope Clement, and that the anniversary of the 5th of February should be kept as a public festival. The monument still exists, and the Feast of St. Agatha, February 5th, continues to be observed each year in San Marino with great solemnity and devotion.

In the year 1796, Napoleon Bona-

the head of the troops of
ch Republic, penetrated into
ıt, routed the Austrians in
ly at the battle of Arcola,
ıre the end of January, 1797,
le himself master of all the
Italy. Ancona was shortly
ds besieged and taken, and
middle of February, the
ius the Sixth, was compelled
ıit to the most humiliating
By the treaty of Tolentino,
ın February 19th, the Sove-
ıntiff was forced to abandon
French, Bologna, Ferrara,
: whole of the Romagna.
16th of May, the treaty of
was signed, and "the French
nducted in Venetian boats
Piazza of St. Mark, where a
standard had not been seen
:n hundred years, but where
ors of independence were
;ain destined to wave. . . . .
eechless sorrow, the Vene-
held the French, who oc-
Venice, lower the standard
ark, demolish the Bucentaur,
the arsenal, remove every
of independence, and take
ıe splendid bronze horses,
for six hundred years, had
er the portico of the Church
Mark, to commemorate the
of Constantinople by the
ı crusaders. When the last
ppeared before the Austrian
sioner to take the oath of
to the Emperor, his emotion
that he fell insensible to the
honoring thus, by the ex-
of grief, the last act of na-
ıdependence."*

s during the operations of
paign, and whilst Napoleon
ing near San Marino on his
ards Ancona, that he deput-
ge, a member of a scientific
ion attached to the French
present to the Republic of
ino assurances of friendship
herhood on the part of the "grand army of Italy and of its commander."

The address which citizen Monge presented on this occasion to the Republic of San Marino, is preserved in their archives, and is worth quoting as a specimen of the magniloquent utterances about Peace and Liberty, which Bonaparte had the effrontery to pour forth, at the very time that he was devastating Europe with the horrors of war, and was crushing into submission, by force of arms, the continental kingdoms that attempted to oppose his progress or his will. The address was thus worded:

CITIZENS OF SAN MARINO! Liberty, which, in the palmy days of Athens and of Thebes, transformed the Greeks into a race of heroes; liberty, which during the Republican period enabled the Romans to perform such prodigies of valor; liberty, which, in succeeding times during the brief interval in which it shone on some of the Italian cities, renewed the arts and sciences, and shed such lustre upon Florence, was banished from almost the whole of Europe; it existed only in San Marino, where, by the wisdom of your government, and chiefly by means of your virtues, you have preserved the precious deposit through so many revolutions, and defended its last refuge during so long a course of years.

The French people, after an era of darkness, ashamed of its lengthened slavery, has made an effort and is free. The whole of Europe, blind to its own interests, and what is worse, blind to the interests of the human race, is up in arms, banded together into a coalition against us. Our neighbors have agreed together for the partition of our territory, and already on every side our frontiers are invaded, our fortresses and our ports are in the power of the enemy; and what afflicts us most, a valued part of our own countrymen are lighting up the flames of civil war, and are compelling us to inflict chastisement, from which the country itself must suffer injury.

Alone in the midst of so great a tempest, without experience, without arms, without leaders, the French people flies to the frontier, everywhere makes head against the enemy, and everywhere is victorious. Of their enemies, the most discreet withdraw from the coalition; the success of our arms compels others one after the other to beg for peace, which they obtain; in fine, there remain but three,* but these are blinded by passion, and

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* England, Russia, and Prussia.

listen only to the dictates of pride, jealousy, and hatred. A body of the French troops enters Italy, destroys successively four Austrian armies, brings back liberty into this beautiful land, and covers itself with glory almost under your very eyes.

The French Republic, which is shedding with regret so much blood, satisfied with having given to the world a great example, proposes peace, the terms of which she is in a condition to dictate. Citizens! Can you believe it? Her proposals have been everywhere either haughtily rejected, or cunningly evaded! The army of Italy, in order therefore to obtain peace by means of conquest, is forced to pursue its enemies, and to pass near your territory.

I am come on the part of General Bonaparte, in the name of the French Republic, to present the most inviolable assurances of peace and friendship, to the ancient Republic of San Marino. Citizens! The political constitutions of the peoples who surround your state, may undergo some change. If some portions of your frontiers are claimed by your neighbors, or even if some undisputed portion of the adjoining states is necessary for you, I am commissioned by the Commander-in-Chief to make a present to you of such territories on his part. He will be always most anxious to keep the French Republic disposed to give you proofs of its sincere friendship.

As for myself, citizens, I congratulate myself on being chosen as the agent in a mission, which must be an agreeable one to both republics, and which affords me the opportunity of testifying to you the veneration which you inspire to all who are friends of liberty.

Given at San Marino, the 19th Pluviose,* the fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

MONGE,

Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Commission of Science and Art in Italy.†

The reply of the Sammarinese to this address of Monge, shows that the little Republic was quite alive to the necessity of conciliating the formidable chief who was now master of Italy.

The reply is as follows:

CITIZEN DEPUTY! The day of your mission to our Republic will remain to us as the brightest which has yet dawned upon the annals of our liberty. Your Republic knows not only how to conquer her enemies by force of arms, but also how to surprise her friends by the greatness of her generosity. Happy as we are in being numbered amongst the examples which have had the merit of exciting your noble emulation, but happier still in being deemed worthy of the honor of your friendship, of which you have given us such distinguished proof, we cannot behold without feelings of the most sensible gratification, that you are bringing back to Italy the golden days of the Greek and Roman Republics. Sincere love of our own liberty, makes us the more sensible of the value of the magnanimous efforts made by a great nation for this object. But you have surpassed the common expectation. Alone against the rest of Europe, you have given to the world a new and illustrious example of the energy which the sentiment of liberty can inspire. Your army, marching in the footsteps of Hannibal, and surpassing the prodigious exploits of ancient Rome, under its valiant chief, who unites all the qualities of genius to the virtues of a hero, turns its regard towards this corner of the earth, where an offshoot of ancient liberty has found a refuge, and in which may be contemplated the severe precision of Sparta rather than the graceful elegance of Athens.

You know well, Citizen Deputy, that simplicity of manners and an intense love of liberty, are the only inheritance transmitted to us by our fathers; an inheritance which we have preserved in the midst of the shocks of ages, and which neither the attempts of the ambitious, nor the hatred of the powerful, nor the intrigues of enemies, have been able to assail with impunity.

Return then to this hero. Convey to him the unbounded homage not of our admiration alone, for this the entire world shares with us, but of our gratitude. Tell him that the Republic of San Marino, contented with its smallness, does not venture to accept the generous offer which he has made, nor to entertain views of aggrandizement which in course of time might imperil its liberty; but that we shall owe everything to the generosity of the French Republic, and of its invincible chief, if we obtain the favor of having our welfare secured by the extension of our commerce with which it is so closely allied, and by those subventions which will secure our subsistence.

As for yourself, illustrious Citizen Deputy, we esteem ourselves fortunate in this auspicious moment, in being able to recognize in you one of the brightest ornaments of learning, for in you are combined the talents of the literary man, with the virtues of a distinguished citizen. The object of your mission, as well as the person to whom it was specially confided, will ever remain for us an enduring monument of the magnanimity

* The 19th January, 1797.

† *Vide* Memorie storiche della Repubblica San Marino, raccolte dal Cav. Melchiorre Delfico, cittadino della medesima. Firenze, 1843.

of the conqueror of Italy, and will remain perpetually in our hearts and in our memory.

(Subscribed)

THE REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE REPUBLIC.

SAN MARINO, February 12th, 1797.

Just a week after the date of this reply, Bonaparte himself addressed a letter to the Republic of San Marino, in which he assures them of his friendly intentions in their regard. The letter is cited by Delfico in the *Memoirs of the Republic*, and is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS AT MODENA,
the 19th Ventose, of the year 5 of the French Republic, one and indivisible.*

BONAPARTE, *General in Chief of the Army of Italy, to the Representatives of the Republic of San Marino:*

Citizen Monge has given me a report, citizens, of the interesting impressions which your little Republic has made upon him. I have given orders that the citizens of San Marino be exempt from contributions, and that they be respected in whatever part of the French Republic they happen to be. I have ordered General Serrurier, who is quartered at Rimini, to forward to you four pieces of field artillery, which I present to you in the name of the Republic. He will also place at your disposal fifteen thousand quintals of wheat (about five hundred bushels) which will help towards the provisioning of your Republic till harvest.

I beg you to believe, citizens, that on all occasions I shall be most eager to give the people of San Marino proofs of the esteem and distinguished consideration with which I am

BONAPARTE.

Antonio Onofri, one of the two Captain-Regents, then in office, was deputed by the Council to convey in person to Bonaparte the reply of the Republic. Onofri accepted in their name the fifteen thousand quintals of wheat and the offer of the four pieces of artillery, but respectfully declined on the part of the Republic any addition to the territory of San Marino, observing to Napoleon that their greatest safeguard had always consisted in their not coveting the territory of their neighbors, and in resting satisfied with their own limited dominion. "We have learned," Onofri added, "by long experience the truth of the adage, *Parva domus, magna quies*, 'The smaller the household, the greater the repose.'"

On a later occasion, Onofri was deputed by the Council to Paris, to represent the interests of the Republic to Napoleon, then become Emperor. When urged by the Emperor to accept the enlargement of territory which Napoleon was still anxious to concede in favor of San Marino, Onofri is said to have replied, "Sire, the only thing which you can do for us, is to leave us just as we are."

The prudence and patriotism of Onofri in steering the Republic through times of special difficulty, have earned for him a statue in the Public Council Hall, and an inscription in which he is termed "the Father of his country."

Bonaparte left intact the Republic of San Marino, because its antiquity made it a respectable ally, and because its weakness placed it beyond the reach of his jealousy or even of his suspicion. He probably was surprised at their constant refusal to receive from him any augmentation of their territory; but this moderation had been for centuries a marked characteristic in their policy and a venerated tradition in their history, and, in the midst of the vicissitudes to which Italy has been subjected, has mainly contributed to the endurance and preservation of their small State.

The restoration of the States of the Church to the Pope, after the fall of the First Napoleon, and the withdrawal of the French from Italy, placed San Marino again in the midst of the Pontifical territory. The rights and autonomy of its Republic were acknowledged by the allied powers in the treaty of Vienna, in 1814, and when Pius the Seventh was replaced on the Pontifical throne, and restored to the ancient dominions of the Church, he addressed the following letter to the Republic of San Marino in reply to the congrat-

* February 19th, 1797.

ulations which he received from its representatives:

BELOVED SONS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLICAL BENEDICTION!

Count Montalti has presented to us your letter of the 9th instant, and has in person confirmed to us the sentiments which you have expressed as to the universal joy which has welcomed the announcement of the restoration to the Holy See of its ancient dominions. We have received these assurances with all the more pleasure, from the conviction which we have that your Republic has at all times shown itself devoted to the Holy See. Whilst assuring you, therefore, of the recollection which we shall ever retain of the part which you have taken on this occasion, we desire to express to you at the same time our particular affection, whilst in the fulness of our heart we impart to each of you our Apostolical benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary Major's, July 27th, 1815, in the sixteenth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. VII.

The Pontiffs who have succeeded Pope Pius the Seventh, viz., Leo the Twelfth, Pius the Eighth, Gregory the Sixteenth, as well as the present Pontiff, Pope Pius the Ninth, have continued to extend their paternal protection to the Republic, and in the most encouraging terms have expressed to its representatives their wishes for the welfare and prosperity of San Marino.

In the year 1849, towards the beginning of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth, a serious danger threatened the Republic, from the security which its territory afforded to some who were under the ban of the law elsewhere. It was often in such cases extremely difficult for the representatives of the Republic to steer a just and satisfactory course between the claims of hospitality on the one side, and the reasonable demands which neighboring states made on them upon the other, for the extradition of criminals who had fled from the pursuit of justice into the neutral territory of San Marino. A difficulty of this kind occurred in 1849, when the revolutionary party together with Garibaldi and his freebooters were ignominiously routed out of Rome by the brave General Oudinot, who restored Pius the Ninth to his rightful sovereignty.

After this defeat, Garibaldi skulked away with his followers into the northern provinces of the Romagna, but finding that the Austrian troops were in force in those parts, while the French, under General Oudinot, were in dangerous proximity in his rear, as a last chance of escape, he took refuge with his followers, on July 31st, within the neutral territory of San Marino. The Austrian commander thereupon threatened an immediate invasion of the territory of the Republic. An agent was accordingly deputed from San Marino, to confer with the Austrian General, Gorzhowski. He was instructed to justify to the General the conduct of the Republic in not rejecting from their territory the fugitive Garibaldians, and also to treat respecting the terms of a capitulation. Garibaldi, on hearing of these negotiations, thought it expedient at once to quit this neighborhood, and in a few days his departure was followed by that of the rest of his followers, to the great joy of the Sammarinese, who found themselves thus unexpectedly rid of a set of refugees, in behalf of whom their hospitality would probably have cost them dear.

After the Austrian war of 1859, the tide of Piedmontese invasion was permitted with the guilty connivance of Napoleon the Third to extend itself into the States of the Church, and the Holy Father soon after the battle of Castelfidardo, in 1861, found himself stripped not only of Umbria, Spoleto, and the March of Ancona, but of Bologna, Ferrara, and of all the provinces of the Romagna which lie along the coast of the Adriatic. As a result of this iniquitous spoliation, the Pontifical dominion, which for centuries had surrounded the territory of San Marino, has been replaced ever since 1861 by the Piedmontese encroachment, an unhal-

lowed usurpation based upon the most flagrant violation of the rights of others.

Time will show whether the small Republic of San Marino will be able long to retain its autonomy in the midst of that infidel administration which is called United Italy. Emissaries of "the sect" insinuate themselves amongst the population, and endeavor to spread their socialistic and irreligious ravings even amongst the simple-hearted peasantry and people of San Marino, although fortunately, until now, they have met with little success. These poor but independent mountaineers are amongst the most pious and religious people of Europe, and in their time-hallowed institutions, religion and the state are united in a just and intimate relationship. Religion is the animating principle of their patriotism, for they regard their city as the sanctuary of their holy founder, and their territory as under his special protection. Their most solemn civil ceremonies are connected with services to the praise and worship of God. With prayer to God, and an invocation of their holy protector, all the deliberations of their Council commence, and the chief magistrates are inaugurated into office with solemn Mass and a religious function.

The writer was informed by a Franciscan Father who has lived for the last sixteen years in San Marino, that at nightfall, when all the members of the family have come home from their day's work, there is hardly a household in the whole Republic in which the father of the family does not recite with his assembled children the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and on the Sundays and festivals the churches are crowded both at Mass and Benediction.

Free and independent as are the Sammarinese in all the temporal affairs of their government, they acknowledge their complete subjection to the Sovereign Pontiff in all matters which relate to spiritual jurisdiction. By the Supreme Pontiff the bishop is appointed whom their priests obey, and to whom their parishes in spiritual matters are subjected.

In the rest of Italy, the tyranny of modern liberalism, by means of the impious votes of a sacrilegious Parliament, has seized and turned into barracks the monasteries and convents, has wrested the books and libraries of the religious from their lawful possessors, and turned adrift into the public streets from their convent cells, monks, nuns, and aged religious, to live as they can on the poor pittance of a few pence per day, which a government of liberals assigns as compensation for outraged rights; whilst at the same time, within the walls of San Marino, the Sisters of St. Clare, the Minor Conventuals, as well as the Capuchin Fathers, remain unmolested in the homes of their choice, happy in the enjoyment of that union in religious life which their holy founder and their venerable predecessors in religion have so legitimately bequeathed to them. For here, on the heights of San Marino, liberty is still no empty sound; its name is not merely engraved on the coins of the state, and sculptured in stone over the city gates, but it lives in the midst of this happy people, is the watchword of their government and institutions, and reigns in this Republic in holy union with the glorious servitude to God and to his Church which is the priceless birthright of a Christian.

MEMORIES FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S.

THE history of letters, literature, and the compilation of books, is an hypothesis in the order of creation, which can only be classed with the entire system of miraculous works that sprung into existence under that divine *fiat*, "Let there be light." The voice of God interpreted the first book, that of his own marvellous creation, with its stupendous and thrilling glories. Under the inspiration of this divine utterance, the human mind opened, like the flowers to the dew, to receive and grasp the loftiest truths, the most subtle philosophy and the highest æsthetic beauties. Looking from nature up to nature's God, a temple of such grand proportions and splendor burst upon the vision that the soul expanded, like the newly born rivers, under the lambent light of these wondrous revelations—visions of such luminous glories that the angels dropped their diaphanous wings as curtains, lest the splendor should strike into blindness the newly awakened orbs of weak mortality. From divine inspiration then alone must the form of expressing and perpetuating thought have proceeded, and through this Moses acquired the profound wisdom, the psychical intuitions, the deep philosophy, that has preserved this first literary creation as a wonder among the million of tomes that have since filled the world. The archetypal record that he has left of history, ethics, and jurisprudence were matched at a later period in the sublime rhetoric, the touching pathos, and the vivid picture of the human heart (when under the sway of turbulent passions) by Job; as when in the weight of suffering and the fervor of a prophetic faith, he exclaimed: "Who will grant me that my words may be written, that they may be marked down in a book with an iron pen, and in a plate of lead?" Chap. ix, v. 23.

From the beginning literature was the handmaid of religion. Without her inspirations human nature would never have risen above the original brute creation of Eden, harmless and gentle, but never moved by the divine afflatus into voice or action. Each decade in the literature of nations is deeply imbued with their religious tenets. Eastern and Grecian mythology form the primeval inspiration and theme of their poets; but instead of the Olympic circle being invoked by a *sursum corda* of celestial longing, their deities were idealized, and in part sensualized in order that their essence might be adumbrated to the need and necessities of weak mortality. Far away in the æsthetic land of Greece now only stand the broken columns and ruined fanes that establish her claim as the original home of intellectual culture for the world. Clio yet rears her majestic crest, crowned with the ægis of perennial bays, as she points to the schools of Athens, where symmetry, eloquence, and beauty were born and nurtured by the genius of such minds as Socrates, Pericles, and Plato. In following the progress of letters, which ran with the velocity of an electric current from one nation to another, there is manifest only an elaboration and an imitation upon the literature, art, and dialectics of ancient Greece; and, with all the advantages derived from centuries of progress, we think Henri Taine is not far wrong, when he compares their simplicity with our verboseness, their idiom, pure and plain, with our intermixture of various tongues, "mutilated into the shapeless remains of a once beautiful idiom." But for Christianity and the Church,

all these treasures of learning would have been lost to the world.

Throughout the fearful struggles of nations and sects that marked the fall of Paganism, throughout the abysmal darkness that fell over the track of the Goth and Vandal—wherever waved the oriflamme of the Cross, there followed the light of science, the glory of art, the amenities of life, and the tenderness and durability of all social ties. Cherished and nurtured in the solitude of monastic cell and oratory, the primitive schools acquired vigor and repute, until they blossomed into those grand proportions that distinguished such universities as Bologna, Salerno, and Salamanca. These and kindred seminaries soon became little worlds within themselves, all climes and diverse nationalities being represented therein. The boyish joys and sorrows, the petty strife and soaring ambition, were bounded by those walls, hence it is natural that so many great minds should be glad to forget the stern realities of life, in recording the glowing memories that are associated with the *alma mater* of their happier days. Few of Byron's poems give such strong evidence of the tenacity of his affections, and the generous magnanimity of his undisciplined temperament, as his "Childish Recollections," which is a beautiful and glowing tribute of his muse to the Harrow of his boyhood's days. Oxford, too, has ever been a little world of itself, perpetuated by a "zone of fraternal affections," and eulogized by her children from the time that a woman's hand and intellect (Friedeswitha) laid its foundations and promulgated its laws. Indeed, the history of all countries is so deeply interwoven with their universities that our prelates, statesmen, and scientists may be said to owe their personality as much to the school that disciplined the mind, as to the land that claims their birth. England's Cambridge, next to Oxford, stands crowned with laurels by the alumni of both her past and present; and we all know how deep an interest has been awakened in Rugby, since "Tom Brown" made his bow to an American audience. Our own Harvard and Yale are canopied by the virtues and talents of names now blended with history; and Bowdoin will be doubly enriched in the future by the name of Longfellow, whose voice but a few months ago rang in the tremulous tones of years and the pathos of awakened memories through the same halls that had listened to the "Golden Legends" of his youth. For years these and kindred institutions absorbed all the honor and talents of the young republic; but the Catholic Church, who had ever been the pioneer, as she was the preserver and portal of all that was affluent in knowledge and edifying in virtue, no sooner saw her banner safely waving under the western sky, than she provided such folds for her scattered sheep as would serve to insure their fealty to their venerable mother, and furnish them with proper weapons wherewith to defeat or conquer the antagonism of the opposite schools. One of the earliest of these Catholic seminaries was Mount Saint Mary's, near the town of Emmitsburg, Maryland. To the pious zeal and indomitable energy of Rev. J. Dubois, then a young French ecclesiastic, this institution was reared under circumstances that were calculated to discourage any one less eager in the cause of God and his Church.

Not only did France give generously her sons to battle for our rights and liberty, but when they were won she sent to Archbishop Carroll a number of apostles, that yielded as true a joy and benefit to the Church as did the fleet of Lafayette, with his brave volunteers, to our struggling army. Mount St. Mary's was originally intended solely as an ecclesiastical seminary; but Fr. Dubois and his *confrères* soon found that it could be rendered more effi-

cient by opening its doors to the youth of the land, who were then in great need of proper educational advantages. Many obstacles in the way of proper accommodation, owing to limited means, retarded their progress in the beginning, but, even after the first suitable building was destroyed by fire, the authorities were neither despondent or dismayed, but rather profited by the lesson of the disaster. As the primitive shelter of Abelard's scholars was succeeded by the renowned Paraclete—"My consolation," as he called it—so a fine structure of stone rose upon the ashes of the first house, and such improvements have increased in utility and beauty down to the present day. One of the original buildings, however, still stands, and is prized as a sacred relic of the prowess and zeal of those to whom is due all the honor and beneficent results that have flowed from the religious fervor and intellectual vigor of a few men.

It is of those only, who have long since laid down the burden of life, that we now propose to speak—to wipe the dust from the old tablets which record those hallowed memories, and to give to them a perpetuity that the rushing stream of time, of newer names, and more recent events, threaten to obliterate forever. A brighter galaxy of clerics and alumni have never since that day and generation studied in the halls or meditated in the chapel of the "dear old mountain."

Dwelling in the sublime unity of the early Christians were Reverends J. Dubois, Michael Egan, Eccleston, Hughes, Purcell, and Bruté. All of these were in rapid succession raised to the dignity of the mitre; hence to them belongs the first rank in this *memoriam*. Of the majority of these familiar names we do not purpose to speak here, for "*their works praise them.*" All save one, the dear and venerable Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, whose works and piety attest his usefulness, whose virtues are cherished in the hearts of his people, who has garnered, like St. Boniface, from the depths of a wilderness, a vast monument of glory in the service of God's Church—all save him have filled the measure of life, and gone to the reward of the good and faithful servant.

The venerable and saintly priest, Simon Bruté, had been one of the first volunteers from France, who, of noble family and, it was said, distinguished as a surgeon in the army of Napoleon, relinquished, at the call of the silent messenger, all personal and official honors, to devote his after-life to the work of rescuing souls. Devoid of any natural beauty of feature, yet so seraphic was the expression of Fr. Bruté's countenance, that many believed him to be divinely favored, as was St. Francis of Assisi, by direct communion with heaven.

His knowledge of engineering was of great advantage to the new institute, and, although of a slender and weak physique, yet he performed with his own hands the most herculean labors. The first church for the Seminary, as well as for the parish, was built upon a high point of Carrick's Knoll, a detached range of the Blue Ridge. Although extremely picturesque and suggestive of lofty reaches after godliness, yet the boys found this journey, of cold winter mornings, frequently through ice and snow, a terrible tax upon both their piety and strength. Money was too scarce to smooth away all difficulties at once, but Fr. Bruté, in pitying the youths, pondered the trouble and found the remedy. When assembled for the usual march to the church, one bitter cold morning, the faculty were surprised to find one of the steepest parts of the ascent nicely terraced with wood. It seemed wonderful and mysterious enough to have been the work of the fabled Dryad and Oread, in gratitude for their unmo-

lested shrines and groves. But the mystery was soon solved, and Fr. Bruté was proved to have been the providence, who, with some secret assistance, had thus worked and prayed whilst others slept. The idea and impetus thus given was eagerly accepted, and the boys went to work with a will in their recreation hours, and soon a continuous line of terraces made the future ascent to the church comparatively easy.

Fr. Bruté's taste for the picturesque was also manifested in a number of beautiful grottos, with which he dotted many waste places of the former wilderness. Wherever a natural spring was discovered, the underbrush was cleared away, and an outlet was made for the limpid waters to flow into a basin of either wood or stone. His knowledge and application in all practical details, when for the benefit of others, was in striking contrast with his entire disregard of his own personal wants. Like St. Martin of old, he was frequently known to take his coat, and even his shirt, off to bestow upon some poor negro in the neighborhood. From the peaceful solitude of his chosen retirement Fr. Bruté was called to fill the Episcopal See of Vincennes in 1834. All who knew how purely interior was his life, readily believed that, in accepting those onerous dignities, he thereby embraced a spirit of obedience and sacrifice which would serve to draw him even nearer to the more perfect way of the cross.

His zealous labors in every department, in the interests of his new and impoverished diocese, soon exhausted his feeble frame, and in five years thereafter he died, as he had lived, like a saint.

One of the faculty, who had been a favorite Seminarian and priest at the mountain, was Rev. Edward Collins, of Philadelphia. Genial in temperament, possessing a keen sense of humor, he was ever ready to join in the sports of the boys or add some original conception for their amusement. Following Bishop Purcell to Cincinnati, his zeal for souls led him to make friends mainly among the poorer classes, and it was through the insight, we presume, of their necessities, that he was drawn into the anomalous position of becoming a member of a fire company. The ultimate results, however, manifested in the beneficial influence he exercised, proved that he had not been misled as to the consequences of such a step; for it was said that, whenever "Father Collins" was on the ground, the profane and obscene language, so usual among that class of men, was at once silenced. His influence and popularity were unbounded; many a rough, irreligious fellow, when ill, would gladly consent to receive the last consolations from "the priest" who had not disdained to work side by side with the poor mechanic for the common good. Many years ago, when a distinguished Roman ecclesiastic was visiting this country, and was about paying his respects to Bishop Purcell, he was greatly startled, and even shocked, by seeing a man in full fireman's costume, with a large silver trumpet in one hand, rush rapidly from the house into the street. Learning that he was a priest, high in favor with both bishop and people, astonishment gave way to horror—supposing, for the moment, such an occupation to be usual among the American clergy. But when this instance was explained as an exceptional case, and good reasons adduced for its sanction, he was satisfied, regarding the incident, no doubt, as merely a striking illustration of the latitude of our democratic privileges.

Another young Seminarian, who was popular as a professor, was Mr. Alexander Hitzelberger, of Baltimore. He also left the college a few years after his ordination to the priesthood to join Bishop Purcell's

corps in Cincinnati. He gained great popularity by his courteous manners, fine social qualities, and matchless pulpit eloquence. By his vibrant musical voice, his wealth of imagery, and effective perorations, he controlled the feelings of an audience as a player the weird or pathetic tones of his harp. To attempt a reproduction of some of his thrilling utterances would only serve to mar their beauty. Like those famous lines of the renowned orator, Massilon—"The king is dead!" "My friends, God alone is great," —or the no less famous comparison of the death of our Saviour and Socrates, such epigrammatic sentences must be heard, and their magnetic influence felt, to appreciate the grandeur that may sometimes be concentrated in a single line. After some years spent in Richmond, Va., where he was deeply beloved, he suddenly fled from the praise of the multitude, to labor in prayers and missionary duties in the ranks of the Jesuit fathers, where he remained until about a year ago, when he was called to receive the eternal reward of his labors and good works.

Another member of the French mission was Fr. Zopie, though we believe that he came to this country as a layman. There was a story current in the "long ago," of his choice of the priesthood being the result of a terrible calamity that occurred to him by accident, whilst wrestling with a dear and intimate friend, who had been but recently married. Fr. Zopie was an athlete in frame and strength, and thus accidentally inflicted some serious injury upon his adversary, which resulted ultimately in his death. His young widow was one of the ladies who joined Mother Seaton's first band at St. Joseph's; and Sister Margaret lived to see with regret the French dynasty supersede and absorb all the successful accomplishments that had resulted from the travail, perseverance, and zeal of the first little colony of American women.

Besides those above named, only two of the clerical professors now represent the old faculty; Father Sourin, then the eminent poet of the mountain, now the saintly Jesuit; and Fr. McCaffney, who filled the presidential chair longer than any other candidate, and might still be the chief, had not failing health and weight of years compelled him to resign. Great versatility of talent rendered him invaluable as a professor; and his fund of humor and originality of conception, afforded many a dramatic entertainment for the young collegians.

Philadelphia sent many representatives to the Mount in her early days, that added lustre in after years to her social and pious records. Among the leaders from that city, in Bishop Dubois's time, were the two brothers, James and Thomas Butler, who entered to study for the priesthood. James died of consumption before completing his course, but Thomas lived to be an invaluable adjunct to the faculty. His knowledge of architecture, his skill as an engraver, together with his general æsthetic tastes, proved invaluable to the college, and the neighboring institute, St. Joseph's. To his design belongs the credit of the much-admired chapel of the sisterhood; and pictures and banners innumerable attest in those and many succeeding years at home, and in his subsequent missions, the culture of his talents, and his untiring industry. Many a beautiful church and religious house owes its inception to the architectural skill of Fr. Butler. Priests and religious orders who were too poor to pay for plans, found him ever ready to bring his time and talent to their aid. The celebrated visitation convent in the city of Baltimore was planned exclusively by him; at that time many of the conveniences and labor-saving inventions were a marvel

of original design. When Bishop Purcell was promoted to the See of Cincinnati, Fr. Butler succeeded him as president of the college, and filled the chair with most unflagging energy and zeal. Gentle and affectionate in disposition, tender, sympathetic, and generous to the utmost by nature, he won and held the hearts of all who approached him; and we doubt if in administrative ability the college ever had a more useful or beneficent president. After serving two terms, at the earnest solicitation of Archbishop Eccleston, Fr. Butler retired to Baltimore, and accepted the position of private secretary to the Archbishop. There, in his capacity of priest and counsellor, he won many friends, especially among the suffering and sorrowful. After some years thus spent, he felt himself called to a wider field of usefulness, and resigning his distinguished position, went to Cincinnati, knowing that abundant work was ready in the great western diocese for willing laborers. Bishop Purcell warmly welcomed his old confrère, and assigned to him the mission of Hamilton, in Butler County, where every essential labor necessary to the success of a Catholic province was to be done. Work and room for his varied power were just what Fr. Butler craved, and like magic people gathered around him. Improvements in the cause of religion were commenced, and in an incredible space of time, a beautiful brick church, school-house, and parsonage became the wonder as well as the adornment of the town. At that time, improvements on a large scale were progressing in that part of Ohio, and numbers of Irish laborers were employed in digging canals, and building roads and bridges. Father Butler, anxious for their souls, followed them from point to point, hearing confessions, assisting the sick, and aiding them with comforts and medicines from his own limited resources. Convinced that the main cause of their spiritual and physical ills was the result of their intemperate habits, he inaugurated a genuine temperance crusade, working and preaching with such indefatigable zeal among them, that he soon earned throughout the country, the title of the Father Mathew of America. His earnestness was crowned with wonderful success, and thousands to this day, both Catholic and Protestant, revere and bless his name for the good thus accomplished. After completing his work in this mission, he left it for others to enjoy and foster, going next to the barren field of Brown County, Ohio, which likewise grew into beauty and usefulness under his zealous labors. When Rev. George A. Carrel was elected to the See of Covington, Ky., he urged Fr. Butler, the bosom friend of his boyhood, to aid him with his counsel and experience. They had always been especially devoted to each other, and as priests had frequently planned to spend their lives together, but some obstacle would always arise to defeat their wishes. Now, however, providence seemed to reward their long years of constancy, and thenceforth death alone divided them.

"My right arm," the bishop used to call his friend; and with justice, for to him he owed all the administrative details, the adjustment of every vexed question, and the most important improvements in his diocese. Father Butler possessed a fine memory, and was unequalled as a *raconteur*. He loved to talk of his early days at the "dear old mountain," to those who would listen *con amore*, while his fingers, never idle, would be constructing plain or ornamental rosaries; "my knitting," he called the work. Many an hour rendered long and weary by physical pain or trouble of mind, has he beguiled by his fine conversational gifts. Hav-

ing been among the earliest recruits of Father Dubois's little band, he knew him well, and loved him for his gentle amiable qualities, and remembered many amusing incidents connected with his *régime*. One of the good prelate's characteristics was a desire to manage every department of the *ménage*, not even omitting the kitchen, constantly asking questions, and making various suggestions about the *cuisine*. The whole of the domestic department of the Seminary was under the charge of a band of sisters from St. Joseph's, and at that time the post of St. Servant, as the head was termed, was filled by a most majestic-looking woman, who was as lovely in disposition and graciousness of manner, as she was handsome in appearance. These frequent visits of the president to her domain were extremely trying to the patience of St. A——, and she had devised many ways to insinuate the fact to him, but so far without avail.

One day, when a specially good dinner was required for some expected guests, Fr. Dubois was unusually anxious, going in and out as the cooking progressed, lifting one lid after another, and making various suggestions and comments; no doubt an irresistible impulse, for all Frenchmen possess culinary talent, and look upon it as an art worthy of attention. Sister A——, however, failed to take this view of the case, so her patience and *amour propre* reached a climax. While listening with polite attention, however, to his suggestions, her fingers meanwhile were busy with her apron-strings, and as he finished, she gracefully presented it to the astounded president, at the same time begging him to take her place, which he could fill so much more efficiently than herself. Fr. Dubois, clapping his hands to his ears, and exclaiming "Mon Dieu, non, non," ran as fast as he could out of the kitchen, and was never after known to ste the threshold.

A great source of fun an tion to the boys was a raid orchards as the fruit began On one of these annual as havoc was so serious that tl ities determined to make a of it. So a general punish proclaimed, and the presi them a lecture in his bro lish, upon the enormity of ton destruction. Perceivir was not making a very se pression in the way of cont said:

"I suppose you vill s vas de bird; ah, well, yes. too, it was de bird; but dren, it vas de bird wi legs." This was too muc gravity of the boys; fro pressed titter, they burs general roar of laughter moment a scowl spread face of the president, b point of the joke dawr him, his countenance cha rubbing his hands togethe "Ah you may look; yes, good; you may laugh." F used to relate this incident gusto, together with a sim dote of his early experience of New York. Soon aft pointment, a penitent, a case, came to him. Wher fession was finished the bis "I hope you have some *d* your sins?" "No, sir, emphatically replied the "You have no *douleur* sins? then I cannot give absolution." Here the seen fumbling in all his as he replied: "Very sorr haven't a *dollar* in the wo my last davy on a chaw o before I come here." T incidents are too natural to be construed into a wa erence, even by the mos Of his own administratic mountain, Fr. Butler's me

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ıile every one plied him with
inquiries as to the cause of
rent illness. His sensitive
ggested what would be the
e conclusion if the money
forthcoming, which would
borated by his hasty journey
nore, his subsequent agita-
l his entire want of proof as
vn integrity and innocence
ıse. In the pressure of his
guish he had lost even the
pray. When near the close
econd day's search, while
in the library, his hands
losed over his head, feeling
brain must give way under
racted tension of such suf-
ıis eyes mechanically fell
title of some abstruse work
ıpper shelves of the book-
ike an electric flash memory
to her throne; he sprang
eet, every nerve quivering
citement, took down the
nd found the money safely
ɔetween the leaves of the
forgotten volumes. During Fr. Butler's term the venerable Father Baden was a frequent visitor at the college. He was the oldest priest in the United States, having been the first ordained by Archbishop Carroll. In the self-denying fervor of his early piety he had chosen the dangerous and difficult duty of missionary to the Indians, and to the same cause he mainly devoted his long life. He was very fond of preaching, and of relating his religious and social experience among the savage tribes; but as he was not very fluent in his English, and was very prolix in his discourses, young people rather dreaded his pulpit eloquence.

Many years subsequently, when Fr. Butler was stationed at Brown County, Ohio, Father Baden, then in his eightieth year, made him a visit. He rarely ever slept, but spent the night wandering about the house, or into the church, which communicated by the sacristy with the main hall, carrying a lighted candle, to the great terror of the inmates. Upon the backdoor, at the end of the hall, there was hung a full-length, lifelike portrait of Father Mathew. One night Fr. Butler was awakened by hearing Father Baden in seeming altercation with some one. Then came the words: "Ah, you tief! What you do there? Now I got you. So you stand still. You one villain, come to rob the holy church!" Fr. Butler then cautiously opened his door, and beheld the old gentleman only partially clothed, his long white hair dishevelled, with candle raised above his head, standing in a striking attitude, addressing the portrait of Father Mathew, which was the imaginary burglar.

Good, venerable man! More than the allotted years were granted him to do his Master's work, and nobly did he fill the trust.

During the late war Fr. Butler was indefatigable in attention to the wounded and prisoners of all sects. He never allowed his own proclivi-

ties to influence either his duty or sympathies for the suffering. In one instance he became so much interested in the case of a prisoner who was condemned to death, on account of the man's family as well as the extenuating circumstances connected with his offence, that he made the journey from Kentucky to Washington, laid all the circumstances of the case, in person, before Mr. Lincoln, and so eloquently pleaded the cause that he obtained the man's pardon and reprieve. But we must now leave the cherished friend, the beloved pastor, for others. Few have closed the book of life with a longer or brighter record for the glory of God and his Church. The souls he rescued, the sorrowing lives he comforted, the impoverished households he aided, the hospitals and prisons he gladdened with his cheering and sympathetic words, these must ever hold in grateful, loving hearts his memory, as with tear-dimmed eyes they realize the truth that his is

"A hand that can be clasped no more."

Few if any of our colleges have enrolled a brighter galaxy of alumni than Mount St. Mary's. To her the Church is indebted for a long roll of her most distinguished hierarchy, while literature, science, the arts, and legislation have been enriched by many names from her calendar.

This walking with the dead, although a sacred privilege, yet seems like calling them back again to scenes which now for them hold but "a hollow wraith of fame." Yet for the living these retrospections are often consoling, for the rarest virtues and most eminent talents are frequently buried in oblivion, because there can be found neither pen nor voice to perpetuate their praise. But now we must leave those whose lives were hallowed by the "incense of silent prayer;" and as we turn the leaves of the old-time stained records, dot a few names of those lighthearted youths who made mountain and valley echo to the sounds of boyhood's joyous shouts.

Among the earliest familiar names to us are those of the two brothers, William Henry and Joseph Reese Fry, of Philadelphia. William earned distinction in subsequent years as an accomplished *litterateur* and eminent musical critic, in which department of art his genius was pre-eminent as the first composer of an operatic score in America. One who knew him well, who was also a finished musician and accomplished critic, thus spoke of him after his death in a letter to a friend: "Among the men whom this country has produced William's genius in one department of art, and the highest department of that art, occupies a solitary niche. He was born a composer. In his childhood and early youth, when there were none of even the present limited facilities — limited compared with those of Europe—of acquiring musical science, when there were no great singers or instrumentalists to inspire the imagination, when a decent orchestra had never been heard, when Bellini, Donizetti, and their Italian successors had not yet come upon the stage, he composed various elaborate works, among them a grand opera.

"In that juvenile work he anticipated, to my certain knowledge, most of the choral and instrumental effects which have won the claim for originality for various European masters. Nor was he less remarkable for the freshness and variety of the themes than for the regular melodies and melodic phrases. Just before his death, in Santa Cruz, Mr. Fry composed a mass, and although prostrated by the last symptoms of consumption, he accomplished the work in three days. His most loving care was bestowed upon the *benedictus*, and the last lines traced by his trembling fingers were the touch-

ingly suggestive words: *Dona nobis pacem.* In a few hours thereafter the angel of death descended. Fully resigned and conscious, his whitened lips murmuring 'Christ have mercy on my soul,' he left the discordant sounds of earth for the harmonies of heaven."

In all his musical works, William Fry was materially assisted by his brother Joseph, whose fine poetic talent, and general æsthetic tastes and culture, might have gained for him an eminent position, had not family duties compelled him to relinquish the gratifications of such pursuits for the more material one of commerce. The librettos of his brother's operas, the poetry of his ballads, as also the English translation of Norma, were due to his muse.

Obedient to every duty that could enhance the comfort or happiness of his family, he yet devoted his leisure hours to the culture and enjoyment of his more æsthetic tastes. Like his brother, he battled bravely against the insidious advance of disease; but when forced to succumb, in yielding to the inevitable summons, he relinquished all temporal axieties for those consolations that could alone secure eternal happiness.

Subsequently this family was again represented at the mountain by a younger brother, then the pet and baby of the college. Euterpe had likewise endowed him with her harp, and his exquisite voice and marvellous grasp of musical *technique* was astonishing in one so young. The applause and adulation that were lavished upon "little Charley" on all festal occasions was re-echoed in after years as his talents developed; but just as success seemed ready to crown his labors, and all the future was redolent of hopes on the verge of fruition, death laid his icy hand on the fair young head, and form and voice were stilled forever.

Very different was commencement day at the mountain to that described by Byron at his own Cambridge. There all was "decorum, bordering on stupidity;" here dignity was allied with talent, and illumined with genius and *esprit.* One of the students on that occasion, who elicited great interest by his handsome appearance and the fiery vehemence of his declamation, was Fitzhugh Dorsey. As he finished the closing lines of his recitation, and just in the lull that lies between suppressed emotion and applause, there arose a single voice, tremulous with emotion: "Oh, that is my son!" The heart of the proud, loving mother, thus oblivious of time and place in that moment of exultation. But one more term over Virgil and Xenophon remained before the coveted crown should be won; but the aureole of those golden days would never dawn for him. On the usual Thursday holiday, in the following autumn, the boys started out on their annual hunt after chestnuts. Weary with the day's sport and laden with spoil, they were returning home, when some little fellows called the attention of Fitzhugh to the topmost branches of a large chestnut tree, at the same time entreating him to get the fruit for them. As he commenced the ascent some of the larger boys called to him that the tree was old, and the outer branches rotten; but being either too high to hear, or too intent upon the prize, he went on. It seemed but a moment, as they watched his agile form springing from branch to trunk, when there was heard a crash, and, with the rush of impending horror, the body of the brave, handsome youth fell with a rebound to the earth. The saintly Father Bruté was by his side in an instant, and seeing at a glance that all hope of resuscitation was vain, he called for water, and administered the sacrament of baptism. Thus under the double chrism of water and blood, amid the suppressed sobs of his companions, poor Fitzhugh went to his final rest. From that time the fatal tree was guarded

as a sacred memento, and whenever an inmate of the college passed that way the hat was reverently lifted, and a *requiescat in pace* breathed for the soul of him who had died so young.

Saddened by the memory of the lost friend and classmate, the students resumed their studies for the honors of the closing term. Distinguished among many for his "Spartan firmness and Athenian wit" was James F. Meline. He had been chosen to deliver a fine poem, written by one of the professors, "Caius Marius among the Ruins of Carthage;" and he combined in the recitation all the fire of patriotism and pathos of exile that render that historical incident so potent in awakening the sympathies of those who hate injustice and pity misfortune. His rare musical attainments were also evidenced on that occasion by the mastery of five different instruments, whilst his exquisite voice imparted a finish and charm to the trios and quartettes of the programme. Soon after entering college James had lost his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. When at the close of the exercises, Fr. Butler congratulated him upon his great success, his only reply, in a voice choked with emotion and eyes filled with tears, was, "Oh, if mother could only have been here!" Of the subsequent life of Mr. Meline, in redeeming the brilliant promise of his youth, our literary annals bear testimony. The sensational interest awakened by Mr. Froude's *soi-disant History of England* had so enthralled the majority of readers and critics as to lead them into a blind acceptance of fiction in lieu of facts. But Mr. Meline's hatred of all shams, his chivalrous sense of justice for the innocent and wronged, impelled him to enter the lists, in order to expose the garbled authorities and gratuitous interpolations which Mr. Froude had so deftly and dramatically woven into a history of the life and death of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart. The keen analysis, vigorous limning, and clear illustration of Mr. Froude's manner of acquiring and arranging testimony, rendered that gentleman utterly incompetent to defend or refute a single count in the indictment. Critics of all sects and shades of opinion, both here and in England, pronounced this work* a masterpiece of logical and brilliant criticism. Mr. Meline also received letters from many of the most eminent of English and Scotch *litterateurs* in commendation of the deep research and new data that he had brought to sustain his refutation of the old calumnies of Robertson and that *ilk*. Although this work alone would have sufficed for literary repute, yet two other volumes, *Two Thousand Miles on Horseback*, and a *Life of Sixtus Fifth*, together with numerous contributions to the *Galaxy*, the *Nation*, and the *Catholic World*, attest both his industry and erudition. A Catholic by inheritance from ancestors on the side of both parents, Mr. Meline was ever stanch and leal in the cause of the Church. His temperament, however, drew him more to the militant order than to the contemplative. He possessed the spirit from which sprung the knight templar of old, and he would have sacrificed all, like him, in those days of earnest faith, to be champion and crusader in the cause of God and truth. His first tilt in the cause of religion was invoked by an eminent adversary. John Quincy Adams was invited by the Astronomical Society of Cincinnati to deliver the address on the occasion of laying the cornerstone of the observatory, in November, 1843. In his version of the astronomical discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, Mr. Adams made several historical blunders, and tarnished his reputation as a scholar by reiterating the old threadbare falsehoods of the Church's enemies. Mr. Meline, then but a very young man, and a great

* Mary Stuart and her Latest English Historian.

admirer of the octogenarian orator, exposed the historical errors of the learned gentleman in an able pamphlet, which, by its brilliant refutation of error, occasioned the friends of Mr. Adams and the enemies of the Church great mortification.

One of the most eminent members of the hierarchy told the writer of this that he owed his first favorable impressions of Catholicity, and was induced to seek the truth, through conversations held with Mr. Meline, when they were both gay young men together.

The ill-health engendered by camp life during the late war, as a member of Gen. Pope's staff, was borne with the same heroic spirit of endurance and reticence that had marked his character when, in former years, adversity and injustice had chosen him for a mark of venomed arrows. But these only served to test his magnanimous endurance, and ultimately to crown his vindication.

Of many others who might add light or shadow to this pictured story of the olden time we would love to speak, but our limit forbids. Youth was then, indeed, the halcyon era of life. Children were untrammelled by fashion, and preserved from the present system of crowding and cramming the young mind at the expense of health and spirits. For then the fairies danced in every dewy field, and a magic lamp illumined the darkest and dreariest days. For a thorough grounding in all the essential branches of education, for a true appreciation of the holiest and deepest impressions in religion, for a just estimate of the responsibilities and amenities that should ennoble and adorn their social position, the system of forty years ago at the Mountain, and the sister institute of St. Joseph's, may claim equality, if not superiority, over the more flashy schools of the present day. His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, corroborated this assertion last summer when, in his address at the commencement, he said: "I am indebted to this Seminary, more than to any other institution, here or elsewhere, for what I was, what I am, or what I may be, with God's help, in the days to come."

Stronger in physique, more docile under restraint (Young America was then in long clothes), exuberant in the genuine joyousness of youth, the grandparents of to-day gaze longingly back upon their school-days, and, as the mists of years cover the Blue Mountains with a thicker veil, the tear of retrospect falls upon the grave of youth, and a loving *requiescat in pace* soars upward for the friends of yore.

"There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor to the cheek,
And a mist before the eye."

JAMES BONAVENTURA HEPBURN.

THIS distinguished linguist, whose philological attainments were such as placed him upon a plane of eminence equal if not superior to that occupied by Mithradates, Postellus, and Cardinal Mezzofanti, was born on the 14th of July, 1573, at Hamstocks, East Lothian, Scotland. He received his academical instruction in the College of St. Andrew's. His father, Thomas Hepburn, was the Rector of Hamstocks, and being a convert to the religious opinions of John Knox, strove to bring up his son in the same belief. His efforts, however, proved unavailing, for James in his early youth embraced, with an ardent conviction of their truth, the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church.

Not long after his religious profession he left Scotland and visited France, and then Italy. Thence he travelled extensively through Turkey, Persia, Syria, Palestine, Ethiopia, and most of the Oriental countries. During these travels he, doubtless, applied himself assiduously to the study of the several languages of the countries of which he visited, and laid the foundation of that philological pre-eminence for which he afterwards became distinguished. His peregrinations ended he returned to France, and embraced the monastic life, entering a convent of Minims, founded about 1467, by St. Francis de Paula, in the neighborhood of Avignon.

Thence, after some time, he removed to Rome, and retired to the cloisters of the Holy Trinity, a monastery under the control of the same order. Whilst here the fame of his linguistic attainments reached the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff, Paul V, who called him from his seclusion, and gave to him the wardship and inspection of the Oriental books and manuscripts in the Vatican library, a position he occupied during six years.

We are sorry that we have not been able to ascertain the dates of the various epochs of Hepburn's life. We know, indeed, when he was born, and the year of his death (at Venice, 1621, aged 48 years); but when he left school, when and how long he remained in France and Italy, the duration of his travels, etc., are circumstances we have not been able to determine.

The precocity of his intellect whilst yet a youth may, however, be judged from the statement of Dempster (who visited Italy during Hepburn's residence there, and may possibly have known him), that already in 1591, when he could have been but eighteen years of age, he published, at Rome, in one volume quarto, a Hebrew and Chaldaic dictionary, and an Arabic grammar. His subsequent writings were the following:

A translation of some of the Psalms of David from the Hebrew into Latin, accompanied with a commentary. The Cether Malcuth of Rabbi Solomon, the son of Isemach; also a translation from the Hebrew into Latin. This work, called by Dempster *Diadema Regis*, was printed at Venice, under the title of *Gloria et Decus Israelis*. It consists of homilies on the glory and privileges of the Jewish people. He also published in Latin versions of a Treatise on the Mystical Numbers, and of a Sevenfold Method of Interpreting the Scriptures, from the Hebrew of Eben Ezra; of the Kagnarath Keseph, or Silver Shield; of a book of Canticles, by the Rabbi Joseph; of the Sepher Hacabala of Abraham Levita; of an abridged chronicle of the affairs of the Romans; of a history of the acts of the kings of Israel, from an author un-

known; of several letters, by Jewish rabbins; of the commentaries of the Rabbi Kimki on the Psalms; of a collection of all the synonymous words found in the Bible, and of the Shimush Tehillum, or Office of the Psalms.

All of these works were produced by Hepburn previous to his seclusion within the cloisters of a monastery, to which he is said to have retired at rather an early period of his life. After this event he made the following translations from Hebrew into Latin: The History of Judith; The Bashba, or Holy Worship of Solomon, the Son of Adrath; A Book on the Death of Moses and of Aaron; The Chronicle of Moses, the Legislator; Levi Ben Gerson's Commentary on the Pentateuch; The Book of Tobias; The Book of Eldad of the Tribe of Dan; The Parables of Sanhabar, with the Acts of the Seven Wise Men; The Proverbs of the Fifty Disciples; The Office of the Blessed Virgin in Hebrew Rhymes; The Shadnarai Tseek or the Porches of Justice, by Rabbi Joseph, the son of Karintoil; The Book of Enoch; and, lastly, The Sepher Jetzira, or the Book of the Creation, a work attributed by the Rabbins to the pen of no less a personage than the Patriarch Abraham.

Whilst the above list of works attests the intimate familiarity of our author with the Hebrew language and literature, it is in his "Schema LXXII Idiomatum" that he reveals the extent of his linguistic attainments. This "Schema" is a large engraving, made at Rome in 1616, and dedicated to the Pontiff Paul V. Its full title is the following: "Schema LXXII Idiomatum, sive Virgo Aurea Septuaginta Duobus encomiis cœlata, Romæ, 1616. Qui Beata Virgo dicitur tot Annis in Vivis fuisse; et ille numerus Discipulorum est Christi; et R. Cardinalium; et tot Mysteria in Nomine Dei." J. Lettice, B.D., author of *Letters on a Tour through various parts of Scotland*, thus describes it, giving for his authority the learned Doctor Mackenzie:

"At the top of the engraving," he says, "is represented, in gorgeous apparel, the Virgin Mary, with a circle of stars round her head. Upon the robe is inscribed her name in Hebrew characters. Encomiums in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew emanate like rays from every part of her person. Above her head are pictured the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; on either side of her are distributed angels and the twelve apostles; beneath her feet shine the moon and stars. Below these brilliant objects are placed seven columns or pillars, in the first and last of which our author explains his design of representing on the five intermediate ones, in seventy-two languages, so many passages of Scripture, with certain emblems adapted to each; the whole expressing encomiums on the Blessed Virgin.

"The first of the five interior columns exhibits the following alphabets, emblems, and Scripture passages: The Babylonian alphabet; waters flowing from different conduits, for the emblem; and its inscription, 'The Waters of Paradise.' The Hieroglyphic alphabet; emblem, a beautiful mirror; inscription, 'A mirror without spot.' The Apollonic alphabet; emblem, an open book; inscription, 'The Book of God's Law.' The Egyptian alphabet; emblem, the head of a beautiful woman; inscription, 'The King's Daughter is all glorious within.' The Cuffean alphabet; emblem, a great city; inscription, 'Brighter than the Sun.' The Etruscan alphabet; emblem, angels ascending and descending a ladder; inscription, 'Jacob's ladder.' The Saracenial alphabet; emblem, a bed, with the Madonna and child; inscription, 'Behold the Bed! that of King Solomon.' The Assyrian alphabet; emblem,

Judith with Holofernes' head in one hand and the sword in the other. Mackenzie has omitted the inscription. In this manner our author proceeds to complete his first column with the Armenian, Syro-Armenian, Illyrian, Sabæan, Ethiopian, Phœnician, French, and German alphabets.

"The second column presents the Gothic, Getic, Scythian, Messagetic, Mercurial-Egyptiac, Isiac-Egyptiac, the Greek, Ionic, Aeolic, Attic, Doric, Latino-Greek, Coptic, Jacobitic, Servian, Irish, and Scottish alphabets.

"In the third column is the portrait of the Pontiff Paul V, with a Latin distich, remarkable for its alliteration, and an antithesis betwixt the *Minim* addressing it, and the *Mundi Maximus* or Pope to whom it is addressed. The remaining ornaments of this column consist of the portraits of Barsheba and Esther, with the Syriac and Maronite alphabets.

"The fourth column is occupied by the Chaldaic, Palestine, Canaanean, Persian, African, Arabic, Judean, Turkish, the Rabbinical, Galilean, Spanish-Rabbinical, Hebræo-Arabic, Syro-Hebraic, and Mystical alphabets.

"The fifth and last column contains the Seraphic, Supercelestial, the Angelical, Enochian, Punic, Hebrew, Samaritan, Mosaic, Judæo-Samaritan, Idumean, Halorabbinic, Brachman, Adamean, Solomonic, and Noachic alphabets."

It is asserted that Hepburn was sufficiently skilled in all these languages to write in each of them, and that there was scarcely a region of the globe with whose inhabitants he could not have conversed in their own tongue. Vincurtius Blancus makes honorable mention of him in his letters; James Gaffarel, the learned canonist, commends him in the highest terms, in his *Book of Unheard of Curiosities;* and finally, Doctor Mackenzie, the Addison of Scotland, stoutly maintains for the honor of his country, that his countryman, Hepburn, the Minim, was the greatest linguist, not only of his own age, but of any age that had been since the creation of the world.

We do not presume to express our opinion as to the correctness of Dr. Mackenzie's estimation of Hepburn, but we nevertheless may be permitted to doubt whether since his death, in 1621, the world has produced his superior in natural abilities. We know indeed of the great linguistic attainments of Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is said to have been acquainted with one hundred and fourteen languages, but we remember also that his eminence lived to the ripe old age of seventy-five, and in a period of rapid communication, and of superior literary advantages, whereas our indefatigable Minim passed his span of forty-eight years in an age whose facilities for the cultivation of knowledge, whether by travelling or books, were extremely scanty.

SOLILOQUY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

ALL alone! no tender need
Now to keep my anguish dumb,
No sweet sacrifice of tears,
That, to loving hearts might come,
Like relentless calls to wake the pain
Their own sorrow had made numb!

No! this desolation gives
Woful freedom for my woe,
And my heart, thy wailing voice
On their thoughts no cloud can throw;
So wail on—these cruel prison-walls
For thy grief no pang can know!

Yes, alone! O word complete!
In whose circlet dark to set
The wan picture of what dwells
In the widow's lot. Oh, let
But thy tears this title write, my heart
Saddest given to thee yet!

Alone! Oh, my murdered one—
Louis! Can love call thee here?
E'en when childish troubles came,
Thy hand dried each foolish tear,
In the days so sweet, Trianon's days,
When I knew not strife lurked near;

When, in trifles, I forgot
All the perils of a throne,
All thy royal heritage
Of dark danger, and, my own
Chafed at thy fair patience and thy truth,
Now—'tis just. I am alone.

Ah! I call on thee in vain,
And the voice that answers not,
Finds an echo in my soul,
Telling all my shadowed lot.
Oh, beloved, that echo is "alone!"
My sad life its sound hath wrought!

Louis! Nay, hush! selfish heart,
Wouldst thou call him to this world,
Bounded by a prison's walls,
Where Hate hath her flag unfurled,
And where demon Treason coward slings
At his noble head has hurled?

Oh, my husband! Hush, mad lips!
He ne'er turned from *that* dear name.
Would ye smile, if, chained again,
He at your wild bidding came?
Smile, that now the sainted heart was torn
With wounds, e'en as yours, the same?

No, the grave is peace, is sleep.
Softly rest, beloved, and think,
That my sighs your slumber lull;
That my tears in silence sink
Lest a sound disturb you; and these tears
Shall my smothered longings drink.

But, oh cruel walls, that shut
From my sight and heart my boy,
I will pierce ye with my calls
For *his* presence! Not in joy,
Or in peace, or hope, is his life set;
I, for him, no bliss destroy!

E'en this prison-cell held light,
While his presence sweet was here;
E'en its air soft music breathed,
While his child-lips called me dear;
And the very pattering of his feet
On this floor for me held cheer.

And I half forgot my griefs,
When his tiny garments called
For my skill to keep them whole;
The sweet task my heart enthralled!
From my soul e'en dreams of my lost crown,
By this tender work were walled!

Yes, my boy, I may give vent
To my longings sad for thee.
Sister, daughter, I have bid
Leave my presence, to be free
From their fond watch, which would wrap itself
Round my woe, and silence me.

And yon wall, which shuts them out
From this vision of my woe,
Shall but echo my heart-cries:
Come, sweet son, let these tears flow
E'en but once, on that fair, shining head,
It will ease thy mother so!

Come but once more at my knee,
Bend to say thy evening prayer,
Looking, with thy father's eyes,
To the Heaven he now doth share,
With the God thy child-heart rev'rences
As thou kneel'st so sweetly there.

Come, dear, ask of him once more,
"*Pity my simplicity!*"
Sweetest prayer we mothers teach
To the lips of such as thee!
Come—oh God, *who* puts him in his bed,
Who now his dear needs can see?

Who dares own *my* privilege,
Who bends o'er his little face,
As it on the pillow lies?
Who his guileless thoughts may trace?
Do *they* "pity" his "simplicity,"
Who have ta'en his mother's place?

God, *thou* seest him; thou art there!
Nay, rebellious heart, bow down;
The child's simple words could tell
What thou hast forgot to own,
What thy bitter wails almost denied,
When thou calledst thyself—*alone!*

Little child! I hear it now!
"Mother, *God is everywhere!*"
Thou hast said it to me oft,
Faith's light making thy face fair,
And my own lips taught the lesson grand,
But to utter which—is prayer!

Not alone—oh, wondrous words!
Not alone—oh, tender God!
"Everywhere" can hold this cell,
"Everywhere" can pierce the clod
Of this life's poor woes; let me lose in prayer
All the paths of grief I've trod!

Let me kneel and wait thy call,
Lost in that high maze of prayer.
It will not be long till thou
Wilt let me thy sweet peace share,
Wilt send Death, thy angel, with my crown,
Thou, who art everywhere!

MRS. BADGERY.

Is there any law which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

I am a bachelor, and Mrs. Badgery is a widow. Let nobody rashly imagine that I am about to relate a commonplace grievance, because I have suffered that first sentence to escape my pen. My objection to Mrs. Badgery is, not that she is too fond of me, but that she is too fond of the memory of her late husband. She has not attempted to marry me; she would not think of marrying me even if I asked her. Understand, therefore, if you please, at the outset, that my grievance in relation to this widow lady is a grievance of an entirely new kind.

Let me begin again. I am a bachelor of a certain age. I have a large circle of acquaintances; but I solemnly declare that the late Mr. Badgery was never numbered in the list of my friends; I never heard of him in my life; I never knew that he had left a relict; I never set eyes on Mrs. Badgery until one fatal morning when I went to see if the fixtures were all right in my new house.

My new house is in the suburbs. I looked at it, liked it, took it. Three times I visited it before I sent my furniture in. Once with a friend, once with a surveyor, once by myself, to throw a sharp eye, as I have already intimated, over the fixtures. The third visit marked the fatal occasion on which I first saw Mrs. Badgery. A deep interest attaches to this event, and I shall go into details in describing it.

I rang at the bell of the garden-door. The old woman appointed to keep the house answered it. I directly saw something strange and confused in her face and manner. Some men would have pondered a little and questioned her. I am by nature impetuous and a rusher at conclusions. "Drunk," I said to myself, and walked on into the house perfectly satisfied.

I looked into the front parlor. Grate all right, curtain-pole all right, gas chandelier all right. I looked into the back parlor—ditto, ditto, ditto, as we men of business say. I mounted the stairs. Blind on back window right? Yes; blind on back window right. I opened the door of the front drawing-room—and there, sitting in the middle of the bare floor, was a large woman on a little camp-stool! She was dressed in the deepest mourning, her face was hidden by the thickest crape veil I ever saw, and she was groaning softly to herself in the desolate solitude of my new unfurnished house.

at did I do? Do! I bounced
nto the landing as if I had been
uttering the national exclama-
of terror and astonishment:
lo!" And then I turned round
y upon the old woman who
he house, and said "Hullo!"

understood the irresistible ap-
hat I had made to her feelings,
ourteseyed, and looked towards
awing-room, and humbly hoped
was not startled or put out. I
who the crape-covered woman
e camp-stool was, and what she
d there? Before the old wom-
uld answer, the soft groaning
e drawing-room ceased, and a
d voice, speaking from behind
rape veil, addressed me re-
hfully, and said:
am the widow of the late Mr.
ry."
at did I say in answer? Ex-
the words which, I flatter my-
ny other sensible man in my
on would have said. And what
were they? These two:
)h, indeed!"
Ir. Badgery and myself were
st tenants who inhabited this
," continued the muffled voice.
Badgery died here." The
ceased, and the soft groans
again.
was perhaps not necessary to
r this; but I did answer it.
In one word:
Ia!"
ur house has been long empty,"
ed the voice, choked by sobs.
establishment has been broken
Being left in reduced circum-
s, I now live in a cottage near;
is not home to me. This is
. However long I live, wher-
I go, whatever changes may
n to this beloved house, noth-
in ever prevent me from look-
1 it as *my* home. I came here,
th Mr. Badgery after our honey-
. All the brief happiness of my
is once contained within these
alls. Every dear remembrance
that I fondly cherish is shut up in these sacred rooms."

Again the voice ceased, and again the soft groans echoed round my empty walls, and oozed out past me down my uncarpeted staircase.

I reflected. Mrs. Badgery's brief happiness and dear remembrances were not included in the list of fixtures. Why could she not take them away with her? Why should she leave them littered about in the way of my furniture? I was just thinking how I could put this view of the case strongly to Mrs. Badgery, when she suddenly left off groaning, and addressed me once more.

"While this house has been empty," she said, "I have been in the habit of looking in from time to time, and renewing my tender associations with the place. I have lived, as it were, in the sacred memories of Mr. Badgery and of the past, which these dear, these priceless rooms call up, dismantled and dusty as they are at the present moment. It has been my practice to give a remuneration to the attendant for any slight trouble that I might occasion—"

"And to ask nothing in return," continued Mrs. Badgery, "but the permission to bring my camp-stool with me, and to meditate on Mr. Badgery in the empty rooms, with every one of which some happy thought, or eloquent word, or tender action of his, is so sweetly associated. I came here on my usual errand to-day. I am discovered, I presume, by the new proprietor of the house—discovered, I am quite ready to admit, as an intruder. I am willing to go, if you wish it after hearing my explanation. My heart is full, sir; I am quite incapable of contending with you. You would hardly think it, but I am sitting on the spot once occupied by our ottoman. I am looking towards the window in which my flower-stand once stood. In this very place Mr. Badgery first sat down and clasped me to his heart, when we came back from our honey-moon

trip. 'Matilda,' he said, 'your drawing-room has been expensively papered, carpeted, and furnished for a month; but it has only been adorned, love, since you entered it.' If you have no sympathy, sir, for such remembrances as these; if you see nothing pitiable in my position, taken in connection with my presence here; if you cannot enter into my feelings, and thoroughly understand that this is not a house, but a shrine—you have only to say so, and I am quite willing to go."

She spoke with the air of a martyr—a martyr to my insensibility. If she had been the proprietor and I had been the intruder, she could not have been more mournfully magnanimous. All this time, too, she never raised her veil—she never has raised it, in my presence, from that time to this. I have no idea whether she is young or old, dark or fair, handsome or ugly; my impression is, that she is in every respect a finished and perfect Gorgon, but I have no basis of fact on which I can support that dismal idea. A moving mass of crape, and a muffled voice—that, if you drive me to it, is all I know, in a personal point of view, of Mrs. Badgery.

"Ever since my irreparable loss this has been the shrine of my pilgrimage, and the altar of my worship," proceeded the voice. "One man may call himself a landlord, and say that he will let it; another man may call himself a tenant, and say that he will take it. I don't blame either of those two men; I don't wish to intrude on either of those two men; I only tell them that this is my home; that my heart is still in possession, and that no mortal laws, landlords, or tenants can ever turn it out. If you don't understand this, sir; if the holiest feelings that do honor to our common nature have no particular sanctity in your estimation, pray do not scruple to say so; pray tell me to go."

"I don't wish to do anything uncivil, ma'am," said I. "But I am a single man, and I am not sentimental." (Mrs. Badgery groaned.) "Nobody told me I was coming into a shrine when I took this house; nobody warned me, when I first went over it, that there was a heart in possession. I regret to have disturbed your meditations, and I am sorry to hear that Mr. Badgery is dead. That is all I have to say about it; and now, with your kind permission, I will do myself the honor of wishing you good morning, and will go upstairs to look after the fixtures on the second floor."

Could I have given a gentler hint than this? Could I have spoken more compassionately to a woman whom I sincerely believe to be old and ugly? Where is the man to be found who can lay his hand on his heart and honestly say that he ever really pitied the sorrows of a Gorgon? Search through the whole surface of the globe, and you will discover human phenomena of all sorts, but you will not find that man.

To resume. I made her a bow, and left her on the camp-stool, in the middle of the drawing-room floor, exactly as I had found her. I ascended to the second floor, walked into the back room first, and inspected the grate. It appeared to be a little out of repair, so I stooped down to look at it closer. While I was kneeling over the bars I was violently startled by the fall of one large drop of warm water, from a great height, exactly in the middle of a bald place, which has been widening a great deal of late years on the top of my head. I turned on my knees and looked round. Heaven and earth! the crape-covered woman had followed me upstairs—the source from which the drop of warm water had fallen was no other than Mrs. Badgery's eye.

"I wish you could contrive not to cry over the top of my head, ma'am," said I. My patience was becoming exhausted, and I spoke

:onsiderable asperity. The eaded youth of the present y not be able to sympathize y feelings on this occasion; bald brethren know, as well , that the most unpardonable iberties is a liberty taken with guarded top of the human

Badgery did not seem to e. When she had dropped r, she was standing exactly e, looking down at the grate; e never stirred an inch after I oken. "Don't cry over my na'am," I repeated more irri- han before.

iis was his dressing-room," rs. Badgery, indulging in muf- iloquy. "He was singularly lar about his shaving-water. 'ays liked to have it in a little t, and he invariably desired might be placed on this hob." oaned again, and tapped one the grate with the leg of her tool.

had been a woman, or if Mrs. y had been a man, I should ive proceeded to extremities, ould have vindicated my right own house by an appeal to al force. Under existing cir- nces, all that I could do was press my indignation by a . The glance produced not ghtest result—and no wonder. an look at a woman with any hrough a crape veil?

treated into the second-floor oom, and instantly shut the fter me. The next moment d the rustling of the crape its outside, and the muffled of Mrs. Badgery poured lam- y through the keyhole.

o you mean to make that your m?" asked the voice on the ide of the door. "Oh, don't that your bedroom! I am away directly; but, oh pray, et that one room be sacred! sleep there! If you can pos- elp it, don't sleep there!"

I opened the window, and looked up and down the road. If I had seen a policeman within hail I should certainly have called him in. No such person was visible. I shut the window again, and warned Mrs. Badgery, through the door, in my sternest tones, not to interfere with my domestic arrangements. "I mean to have my bedstead put up here," I said. "And what is more, I mean to sleep here. And what is more, I mean to snore here!" Severe, I think, that last sentence? It completely crushed Mrs. Badgery for the moment. I heard the crape garments rustling away from the door; I heard the muffled groans going slowly and solemnly down the stairs again.

In due course of time, I also descended to the ground floor. Had Mrs. Badgery really left the premises? I looked into the front parlor—empty. Back parlor—empty. Any other room on the ground floor? Yes; a long room at the end of the passage. The door was closed. I opened it cautiously, and peeped in. A faint scream, and a smack of two distractedly-clasped hands saluted my appearance. There she was, again on the camp-stool, again sitting exactly in the middle of the floor.

"Don't, don't look in that way!" cried Mrs. Badgery, wringing her hands. "I could bear it in any other room, but I can't bear it in this. Every Monday morning I looked out the things for the wash in this room. He was difficult to please about his linen; the washerwoman never put starch enough into his collars to satisfy him. Oh, how often and often has he popped his head in here, as you popped yours just now; and said, in his amusing way, 'More starch!' Oh, how droll he always was—how very, very droll in this dear little back room!"

I said nothing. The situation had now got beyond words. I stood with the door in my hand, looking down the passage towards the garden,

and waiting doggedly for Mrs. Badgery to go out. My plan succeeded. She rose, sighed, shut up the camp-stool, stalked along the passage, paused on the hall mat, said to herself, "Sweet, sweet spot," descended the steps, groaned along the gravel-walk, and disappeared from view at last through the garden-door.

"Let her in again at your peril," said I to the woman who kept the house. She courteseyed and trembled. I left the premises, satisfied with my own conduct, under very trying circumstances, delusively convinced also that I had done with Mrs. Badgery.

The next day I sent in the furniture. The most unprotected object on the face of this earth is a house when the furniture is going in. The doors must be kept open; and employ as many servants as you may, nobody can be depended on as a domestic sentry so long as the van is at the gate. The confusion of "moving in" demoralizes the steadiest disposition, and there is no such thing as a properly guarded post from the top of the house to the bottom. How the invasion was managed, how the surprise was effected, I know not; but it is certainly the fact, that when my furniture went in, the inevitable Mrs. Badgery went in along with it.

I have some very choice engravings, after the old masters; and I was first awakened to a consciousness of Mrs. Badgery's presence in the house while I was hanging up one of them over the front parlor fireplace. "Not there!" cried the muffled voice imploringly. "*His* portrait used to hang there. Oh, what a print to put where *his* dear portrait used to be!" I turned round in a fury. There she was, still muffled up in crape, still carrying her abominable camp-stool. Before I could say a word in remonstrance, six men in green baize aprons staggered in with my sideboard, and Mrs. Badgery suddenly disappeared. Had they trampled her under foot or crushed her in the doorway? Though not an inhuman man by nature, I asked myself those questions quite composedly. No very long time elapsed before they were practically answered in the negative by the reappearance of Mrs. Badgery herself, in a perfectly unruffled condition of chronic grief. In the course of the day I had my toes trodden on, I was knocked about by my own furniture, the six men in baize aprons dropped all sorts of small articles over me in going up and down stairs; but Mrs. Badgery escaped unscathed. Every time I thought she had been turned out of the house she proved, on the contrary, to be groaning close behind me. She wept over Mr. Badgery's memory in every room, perfectly undisturbed to the last, by the chaotic confusion of moving in. I am not sure, but I think she brought a tin box of sandwiches with her, and celebrated a tearful pic-nic of her own in the groves of my front garden. I say I am not sure of this; but I am positively certain that I never entirely got rid of her all day; and I know to my cost that she insisted on making me as well acquainted with Mr. Badgery's favorite notions and habits as I am with my own. It may interest the reader if I report that my taste in carpets is not equal to Mr. Badgery's; that my ideas on the subject of servants' wages are not so generous as Mr. Badgery's; and that I ignorantly persisted in placing a sofa in the position which Mr. Badgery, in his time, considered to be particularly fitted for an arm-chair. I could go nowhere, look nowhere, do nothing, say nothing, all that day, without bringing the widowed incubus in the crape garments down upon me immediately. I tried civil remonstrances, I tried rude speeches, I tried sulky silence—nothing had the least effect on her. The memory of Mr. Badgery was the shield of proof

with which she warded off my fiercest attacks. Not till the last article of furniture had been moved in, did I lose sight of her; and even then she had not really left the house. One of my six men in green baize aprons routed her out of the back-garden area, where she was telling my servants, with floods of tears, of Mr. Badgery's virtuous strictness with his housemaid in the matter of followers. My admirable man in green baize courageously saw her out, and shut the garden-door after her. I gave him half a crown on the spot, and if anything happens to him I am ready to make the future prosperity of his fatherless family my own peculiar care.

The next day was Sunday, and I attended for the first time my new parish church. A popular preacher had been announced, and the building was crowded. I advanced a little way up the nave, and looked to my right, and saw no room. Before I could look to my left, I felt a hand laid persuasively on my arm. I turned round—and there was Mrs. Badgery, with her pew-door open, solemnly beckoning me in. The crowd had closed up behind me; the eyes of a dozen members of the congregation, at least, were fixed on me. I had no choice but to save appearances, and accept the dreadful invitation. There was a vacant place next to the door of the pew. I tried to drop into it, but Mrs. Badgery stopped me. "*His* seat," she whispered, and signed to me to place myself on the other side of her. It is unnecessary to say that I had to climb over a hassock, and that I knocked down all Mrs. Badgery's devotional books before I succeeded in passing between her and the front of the pew. She cried uninterruptedly through the sermon; composed herself when it was over; and began to tell me what Mr. Badgery's opinions had been on points of abstract theology. Fortunately there was great confusion and crowding at the door of the church; and I escaped at the hazard of my life, by running round the back of the carriages. I passed the interval between the services alone in the fields, being deterred from going home by the fear that Mrs. Badgery might have got there before me.

Monday came. I positively ordered my servants to let no lady in deep mourning pass inside the garden-door, without first consulting me. After that, feeling tolerably secure, I occupied myself in arranging my books and prints. I had not pursued this employment much more than an hour, when one of the servants burst excitedly into the room, and informed me that a lady in deep mourning had been taken faint, just outside my door, and had requested leave to come in and sit down for a few moments. I ran down the garden path to bolt the door, and arrived just in time to see it violently pushed open by an officious and sympathizing crowd. They drew away on either side as they saw me. There she was, leaning on the grocer's shoulder, with the butcher's boy in attendance, carrying her camp-stool! Leaving my servants to do what they liked with her, I ran back and locked myself up in my bedroom. When she evacuated the premises, some hours afterwards, I received a message of apology, informing me that this particular Monday was the sad anniversary of her wedding day, and that she had been taken faint in consequence at the sight of her lost husband's house.

Tuesday forenoon passed away happily, without any new invasion. After lunch, I thought I would go out and take a walk. My garden-door has a sort of peep-hole in it, covered with a wire grating. As I got close to this grating, I thought I saw something mysteriously dark on the outer side of it. I bent my head down to look through, and instantly found myself face to face with the crape veil. "Sweet, sweet spot!"

said the muffled voice, speaking straight into my eyes through the grating. The usual groans followed, and the name of Mr. Badgery was plaintively pronounced before I could recover myself sufficiently to retreat to the house.

Wednesday is the day on which I am writing this narrative. It is not twelve o'clock yet, and there is every probability that some new form of sentimental persecution is in store for me before the evening. Thus far, these lines contain a perfectly true statement of Mrs. Badgery's conduct towards me since I entered on the possession of my house and her shrine. What am I to do?—that is the point I wish to insist on—what am I to do? How am I to get away from the memory of Mr. Badgery, and the unappeasable grief of his disconsolate widow? Any other species of invasion it is possible to resist; but how is a man placed in my unhappy and unparalleled circumstances to defend himself? I can't keep a dog ready to fly at Mrs. Badgery. I can't charge her at a police-court with being oppressively fond of the house in which her husband died. I can't set mantraps for a woman, or prosecute a weeping widow as a trespasser and a nuisance. I am helplessly involved in the unrelaxing folds of Mrs. Badgery's crape veil. Surely there was no exaggeration in my language when I said that I was a sufferer under a perfectly new grievance? Can anybody advise me? Has anybody had even the faintest and remotest experience of the peculiar form of persecution under which I am now suffering? If nobody has, is there any legal gentleman who can answer the all-important question which appears at the head of this narrative? I began by asking that question because it was uppermost in my mind. It is uppermost in my mind still, and I therefore beg leave to conclude appropriately by asking it again:

Is there any law in existence which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On last Easter Monday, April 17th, Orestes A. Brownson, LL.D., died at the residence of his son, Detroit, Mich., having previously received the last sacraments of the Church.

The deceased was born in Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16th, 1803. Left an orphan when but six years old, he was placed under the care of two old persons, nominally Congregationalists, but really of no particular religion, yet simple-minded, upright persons. They taught him "to be honest, and to speak the truth," and also the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. He learned to read at a very early age, and his thoughts were principally on religion. He took the greatest interest in conversing or hearing others converse about it.

This religious disposition was not, however, directed and supplemented by any instruction in Christian doctrine. "I was taught," says Dr. Brownson, "the Apostles' Creed, but I received no instruction as to its sense. I probably believed the greater part of it, but to the articles affirming the Holy Catholic Church and the communion of saints I attached no meaning."

The consequence of this soon became apparent. He began to attend the "meetings" of different religious sects, and his head became confused with the contradictory opinions he heard advanced, until at last he was "half persuaded that all religion was either priest-craft or state-craft."

The conviction, however, that he needed religion still clung to him, and also a sense of the fact that true religion necessarily rests on a basis of divine authority. But this authority he looked for in vain amongst the sects; and as for the Catholic Church he knew nothing about it.

"I have done my best," he says, when he

was nineteen years old, "to find the truth, ... and to lead a religious life; ... yet here I am without faith, without hope, without love, ... My life is a stream that flows out of darkness into darkness. .... In attempting to follow the light of reason alone, have I not lost faith, ... and plunged myself into spiritual darkness? I must have a guide. ... I will make myself a member of the Church, and do what she commands me." The only "church" he knew that claimed authority was the Presbyterian. Accordingly he joined it. But he soon found that he "had made a mistake." It claimed authority over him, yet disclaimed the right to teach him, and sent him to the Bible for instruction. It exercised rigid discipline over him, yet could show no divine authority for it. He broke loose from Presbyterianism therefore, and, seeing no other religious body amongst the sects that had any valid claim to authority, he became a "no-church man," and a Universalist. This, however, could not satisfy his spiritual necessities; he therefore soon abandoned it, and in his wanderings through the labyrinth of doubt, without a certain guide or teacher, he investigated and tested almost every error that can be named. He never, however, amidst all his rationalistic studies and speculations, got rid of the conviction of the insufficiency of unaided human reason, and at last was brought by divine grace to examine the claims of the Catholic Church, which, up to this time, he had regarded as embodying everything that was base and vile and preposterous. In her he found that divine authority for which he so long had been vainly searching. As her authority was divine authority, there was nothing unreasonable in submitting to it. On the contrary, submission to her teaching was, in the highest degree, a reasonable act, because it was submitting to a divinely appointed teacher that could not err.

The submission of his reason to the authority of any sect was irrational, because they, one and all, confessedly had no authority to teach, and no ability to teach infallibly and with certainty. The authority they exercised, therefore, was tyranny, and submission to it was slavery.

After Dr. Brownson was received into the Church, he felt that he was standing upon the impregnable basis of unchanging truth. His rare intellectual powers attained a still higher degree of vigor and greatness. All the results of previous studies were made subservient to the exposure of error and the defence of truth. His mind was clear, analytical, and penetrating; his mastery of the English language perfect; his method of argumentation direct and exhaustive. He instinctively saw and laid hold of the fundamental point in the discussion, and brought it out so clearly into view, that his statements carried with them their own demonstration. He was unquestionably the ablest lay Catholic controversialist in the United States. He had the great advantage in controversy with his opponents of having studied their erroneous systems more profoundly than they had themselves, and of understanding them more thoroughly. He consequently could at once put his hand upon the fundamental fallacy and drag it plainly into view.

In all the opinions he held, he bowed submissively to the teachings of the Church, and whatever she taught he was prepared to accept, because her authority to teach was the authority which God had constituted and made infallible.

Dr. Brownson was a voluminous writer. For a period of thirty-one years, excepting the interval between 1864 and 1873, he published a Review, which was called after his own name, and nearly all the articles of which were written by himself. During the discontinuance of his Review he contributed many able articles to the *Catholic World* and the *New York Tablet*. The last series of his Review he closed in October, 1875, on account of failing sight and growing old age. To the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which was established immediately upon the cessation of his Review, he gave his hearty co-operation and support. He furnished an able article for its first number, and intended, if health permitted, to contribute regularly to its pages. Death, however, claimed him, and his long life of labor is forever closed.

May he rest in peace.

THE rebellion of the people of Herzegovina against the Turkish Government still continues. After repeated, persistent attempts, through the joint efforts of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, to reconcile the contending parties, the difficulties in the way of a peaceful adjustment appear to be greater than ever. The insurgents are increasing in strength and boldness, and the probability of Servia taking up arms in their behalf is daily becoming stronger. The virtual bankruptcy of the Turkish Government, too, renders it impossible for that power to put the military forces into the field required to suppress the rebellion, which seems to be gathering strength from the active sympathy which seems likely at any moment to change into active support, of the Slavic populations of the countries adjoining Herzegovina.

The situation is rendered more uncertain by the doubts entertained as to the real intentions and future action of Russia. Officially and openly she is acting with Prussia and Austria, in endeavors to prevent the spread of the rebellion and suppress it. But

it is not at all clear that the real intentions and wishes of the Russian Government are not directly contrary to its official action; and that whilst seeming to co-operate with Austria, and Prussia, and England in upholding the Turkish Government and endeavoring to pacify the insurgents, Russia is secretly fomenting rebellion and encouraging its leaders, with a view to increasing the difficulties of the Sultan of Turkey, and finally absorbing a part of his dominions and seizing upon Constantinople.

It may be that the approaching summer may be one of peace in Europe, but again it may easily come to pass that ere the grain now springing in the fields has ripened, the earth will be trampled by contending hosts and reddened with their blood.

Some persons, remembering merely the oppression and cruelties which Catholics have suffered from Mohammedans, take it for granted that the exchange of the rule of Turkey for that of Russia would secure more freedom for Catholics. This is, however, not by any means certain. Of late years Catholics have enjoyed more freedom of belief and worship in Turkey than in Russia. The Russian Government is professedly Christian, but it is intolerant to the last degree, and has practiced, even recently, the most horrible and cruel barbarities upon the Catholics of Poland, banishing them to Siberia, quartering soldiers upon them, beating and scourging them, and in other ways attempting to force them to abandon the Catholic religion and embrace that of the so-called "Greek Church."

THERE is in England a "Catholic Poor School Committee," composed of the leading lay Catholics of the kingdom, acting with the Catholic hierarchy, and serving as a medium of communication between the Government on the one side and the Catholic body on the other. Does a Catholic parish sorely need a school, its claims are presented to the Catholic Poor School Committee, who aids it by money grants, and obtains a grant also from government. The school is built, the pastor appoints the teachers, and superintends the instruction given; and, periodically, a government inspector—a man of honor and experience—examines the scholars in secular knowledge, sees that the standard of tuition is up to the mark, and that each scholar has attended a certain number of days in the year, and, on presenting a favorable report, a *per capita* allowance is granted to such school for its annual running expenses. The inspector does not touch the religious instruction.

By this sensible plan everybody is pleased, except a few no-Popery bigots. The pastor exercises his rightful influence, the parents obtain a sound Catholic education for the children, the state secures good citizens, and the national prosperity is advanced. In addition to all this, the liberality of Catholics is excited, and their unity of feeling promoted. All over the country Catholics contribute to the funds of the Catholic Poor School Committee, so that the richer districts help the poorer; and yet the aid afforded by the Committee is contingent on the district to be benefited doing its full share.

In addition to all these advantages, the co-operation of clergy and laity has a good effect.

Have we nothing to learn from this in America? Much every way.

THE Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, may be used in two different methods. It may be viewed merely as a "big show;" visitors may stare around, and leave finally with only a vague impression that they have seen a variety of strange and beautiful objects; or, on the other hand, they may intelligently study it. A visit, or rather a series of visits, to the Art Gallery alone may almost give a liberal education to a man, if made intelligently. Curiosity is excited, and the manners, dress, and ideas of other peoples in distant ages may be noted and examined. Historical scenes, to be appreciated, must be "read up," and portraits of distinguished persons naturally lead to inquiries as to who they were, and when they lived. Landscapes afford an opportunity of comparing the scenery and general aspect of our own country with other nations, while sketching, mosaics, and frescoes also deserve, and should receive, attention proportionate to their beauty.

Many of our fellow-countrymen will also see practically what they only know theoretically, or are entirely ignorant of, that the Catholic religion is not one sect—one of many—but is the belief of many flourishing, wealthy, intelligent, and progressive nations; and that, therefore, stock phrases about "superstition," "ignorance," "backward civilization of Catholic peoples," and such like, are too absurd to be listened to. No one can see the displays of France, Spain, Belgium, Brazil, and Italy, to speak of no others, without getting some new ideas on this subject.

IT is not often that our Reverend Clergy live to such an age that they can count fifty years in the priesthood. Occasionally, however, it happens. On the 25th of last April the Rev. Henry Lemke, of Elizabeth, N. J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. The entire congregation of his church took part in the celebration, and a large number of the clergy, as well as the Right Rev. Bishop Corrigan, of Newark,

and the Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester. At the Solemn High Mass which was celebrated on the occasion, a costly gold chalice, with an address expressive of the love and esteem of the congregation, were presented to Father Lemke, as well as a purse made up by the priests of the diocese of Newark, and other of his personal friends, containing a handsome sum of money likewise.

THE religious revival in France manifests itself not only in pilgrimages and efforts to secure Catholic education, but also in church building.

The saint who is most venerated in France after Our Lady is St. Martin of Tours. Over 4000 churches are dedicated to him; but the most famous of them all is the great basilica of Tours, which was destroyed in 1793. In ancient times thousands flocked to this shrine every year, and it ranked as a place of pilgrimage with the Holy Sepulchre, St. Peter's at Rome, and St. James of Compostello, Spain. The plan is to rebuild it as it was in the eleventh century. Fortunately drawings of the old church still exist, and with the assistance of these, there is every reason to believe, it will soon rise as splendid as ever. In a few months the first stone of this gigantic church will be laid by the assembled bishops of France. When we consider the enormous sum which France has paid Prussia, and the damages done by war, it seems incredible that she should yet be able to subscribe vast amounts to the building of such churches as that of the Sacred Heart at Paris, and that of St. Martin at Tours. The resources of France in the midst of her trouble, are a convincing proof that God blesses her faith and love for his Church.

THIRTY years ago his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman wrote: "Nothing could be more paltry, more degrading, to her subjects, than the majority of religious prints furnished by France, or by our own country, to the bulk of our people. Tawdrily colored prints, ill-defined mezzotintos, or rude etchings of meanly imagined figures, formed the staple of decorations for the room, or of illustrations for the prayer-book. Neither devotion nor even a pious thought could be inspired by such abortions of art."

A cultivation of a love for the beautiful is much to be desired in America, and Christian art presents a wide field for the painter's brush and the artist's pencil. The wide field of church history presents many scenes which a competent artist could well illustrate. Yet a stroll through any art collection will serve to show that this field is utterly neglected. Bishops, cardinals, priests, missionaries, and saints are sometimes seen, yet they are in general pictured in an unamiable, sometimes in a revolting manner, and sometimes it seems that art, which should be above sectarian jealousies, is made to pander to bigotry.

To the American mind, especial favors granted to one religious body, and much more its establishment as the exclusive religion of the state, is extremely repugnant. Settled as these States were by Puritans in New England, and by Episcopalians in Virginia, who both established their religion by law in their several sections, the example set by the Catholics of Maryland and the Quakers of Pennsylvania commended itself to the ideas of the founders of our independence. But Spain, which has possessed unbroken religious unity for eight hundred years, and now has only 60,000 Protestants among its 15,000,000 of inhabitants, values it, and dreads the prospect of religious strife. To introduce division where there was unity of faith previously, is a very different matter from the enforced toleration of all sects. However, the negotiations on this point between the Holy See and the Cabinet of King Alfonso will no doubt be speedily ended. It is better that a few Protestants should worship in peace than that any dissensions should impede the progress of Catholic Spain.

THE Month of Mary, attractive always to the devout, recalls to our minds the many evidences of the devotion of American explorers and Catholics to the Blessed Virgin. Columbus sailed in the Santa Maria on his voyage of discovery; the city of Montreal was first called *Ville Marie;* the discovery of the Mississippi by Père Marquette was undertaken under her protection, and it was first named the Conception; Maryland stands as a perpetual reminder of the veneration of the first Catholic settlers, and in addition, the United States, by a decree of the National Council of Baltimore, in 1846, is placed under her patronage, by the title of the "Immaculate Conception." As a natural consequence, there are more churches dedicated to her in the United States than to any other saint.

LANDING in New York on Easter Eve, the Emperor of Brazil attended Mass next day at St. Patrick's Cathedral; saw on Sunday and Monday the sights of our commercial metropolis, and started immediately for the West. He visited Salt Lake City, and found there, no doubt to his extreme surprise, that in the very centre and capital of Mormondom there was a Catholic church, a Catholic priest, and a flock of the faithful.

Truly, indeed, this is the land of contrasts! The oldest church and the newest imposture face to face in the centre of the continent.

THE revival services of Moody and Sankey still attract immense audiences. When they left London it seemed as if half the metropolis was to have a new religious life infused into it. When they preached in Philadelphia the Quaker City seemed to be thrilled, and when they took New York in hand, even that hardened city appeared to listen to the word. But it is all evanescent. When they go, the Protestant churches seem no fuller than before, the young men no less devoted to billiards and base ball, the hymns are no longer sung, and the community relapses into its usual worship of that deity represented by $, which there seems some probability will be in the future chiefly in the form of silver from the Big Bonanza mines of the rich Irishmen of Nevada.

A TERRIBLE riot took place in Limerick, Ireland, on the 17th, when Mr. Butt, M. P. for that city, and the leader of the Home Rule party in the British Parliament, was fiercely attacked by the Nationalists or Fenian party. The police and military did not interfere, and why should they? If Irishmen were breaking each other's heads, why should the English authorities and officials prevent them? Those who violently attacked the Home Rulers may *call* themselves Nationalists, but they are the best supporters of English power in Ireland. Outrages, riots, and murders disgrace any cause, and a furious fight around the base of O'Connell's monument is a spectacle calculated to discourage the friends of peace and progress in Ireland.

THE control of the Indians is to be transferred from the Department of the Interior to that of the War Department. This seems strange, but it is expected to work beneficially. As regards Catholic interests, soldiers are seldom narrow-minded or bigoted, and our army officers are not subject to an anti-Catholic feeling. They see too much of the devotedness of Sisters of Charity and priests on the field of battle to be prejudiced against religion. Here and there, perhaps, a bigot may be found, but generally speaking, they are the rare exception.

CHURCH EXTENSION is vigorously pushed. In the Far West a new Catholic seminary is to be erected at Santa Clara, Cal., and Archbishop Alemany has laid the foundation-stone of a fine new church at San Jose; in New York the congregation of St. Francis Xavier is about to erect a new and splendid church. The Cathedral of Baltimore, founded over seventy years ago, is now out of debt, and will be solemnly consecrated this month by the Archbishop, while the Lazarists have just opened also a new church in Chicago.

EXTRAVAGANCE AT FUNERALS the clergy appear to be setting their faces against more and more. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, thinks that five carriages are quite sufficient, and it is furthermore suggested that the money expended on funerals and display could be far more profitably expended in the erection of small chapels, in endowing scholarships, and in other methods reflecting honor on the dead man's name and perpetuating his memory, not forgetting, of course, to have masses said for the repose of his soul.

THE apostolic labors and saintly example of France's Great Apostle of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul, adorned the Church, and gave rise to three noble organizations,—the Missionary Fathers of the Congregation, commonly called "Lazarists," the Sisters of Charity, and the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. The tercentenary of his birth was celebrated on April 24th, and his spiritual children all rejoiced in the fact that the Holy Father had granted an extraordinary indulgence to all who devoutly observed the day.

ONE by one those who, together with the illustrious Doctor Newman, left Anglicanism for the Catholic Church, thirty years ago, are dropping off. Faber is dead, Wilberforce is dead, and now Father John Dalgairns has followed them. He was one of the Fathers of the London Oratory, situated in Kensington, and which for twenty years has seen the reception of a larger number of converts to the Catholic Church than, probably, any place in England or the world.

NOTHING is more important than to have a regular and constant supply of students for the theological seminaries; for without students there will be no future priesthood. It is, therefore, gratifying to learn, and may serve also to indicate the growing strength of the Church, that there are no less than 1288 Catholic theological students in the United States, while all other denominations have only 2589 amongst them.

FATHER BURKE has left the Irish Province of his Order and joined the Italian Province, for the benefit of his health. His labors in lecturing, preaching, etc., have been so constant and onerous that his health threatened to break down, and it is absolutely necessary that, in the milder climate of Italy, he should recruit his constitution.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOLY WAYS OF THE CROSS; or, A Short Treatise on the Various Trials and Afflictions, Interior and Exterior, to which the Spiritual Life is Subject, and the Means of making a Good Use Thereof. Translated from the French of Henri-Marie Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreaux. By Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. London: Burns, Oates & Co., Portman Street, and Paternoster Row. 1875.

This work may be regarded as an exposition in detail by an accomplished spiritual director of that comprehensive chapter in *The Following of Christ*, which bears the title of the "King's Highway of the Holy Cross."

Previous to its publication in France, in 1671, a commission of doctors of theology examined it and reported as follows:

"It is a book as full of instruction for souls which desire to rise to perfection, as for those whose office it is to direct them on their way. We have found in it a teaching all divine, which the light of faith alone is capable of rendering intelligible to those who read it, and which divine love alone can enable them to relish. . . . This science of the Cross, unhappily, is ignored, neglected, or despised by the greater part of men, comprising even a number of the learned, who, devoting all their life to the study of the speculative sciences, pay no regard to the science and the maxims of Jesus crucified, 'in whom,' nevertheless, 'are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'"

The doctrine which the book enforces is necessary for all times, and it is specially applicable to our own, when men who profess to represent the highest intellects of this boasted age of progress are inviting Christian people to exchange the truths of divine faith and the lifegiving lessons of the Cross for the base, uncertain tenets of a sensual philosophy and of a false and godless science. Especially applicable to the present age are the instructions respecting persons guarding themselves sedulously against temptations to impurity, to blasphemy and unbelief. In regard to the two last-named sins, the writer touches the point directly, when he says that "all heresies come simply from the liberty people take of examining into the truths of religion, relying on their own lights, their own reasoning, the interpretation they put on Scripture, on Councils, or on the decision of Sovereign Pontiffs, contrary to the doctrine of the great Apostle, who clearly teaches that we must 'bring the understanding into captivity to the obedience of faith.'" . . . . "We ought to learn from the experience of so many centuries, which teach us that heretics have never wanted plausible reasons, ingenious and strong; . . . . but because they have been wanting in a sincere submission to the head of the Church and to its Councils they have miserably gone astray, together with those who followed them; . . . whilst those who adhered to Sovereign Pontiffs and to Councils have preserved the faith for themselves and their posterity."

CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE FOR BEGINNERS. With the approbation of the Most Rev. J. Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. No. 1, Improved Edition. Published by Kreutzer Brothers, 30 North Street, Baltimore, Md.; Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, New York; Fr. Pustet, 52 Barclay Street, New York; 204 Vine Street, Cincinnati.

CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE FOR PAROCHIAL AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS. With the approbation of the Most Rev. J. Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. No. 2, Improved Edition. Published by Kreutzer Brothers, 30 North Street, Baltimore, Md.; Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, New York; Fr. Pustet, 52 Barclay Street, New York; 204 Vine Street, Cincinnati.

These catechisms are the two first numbers of the series of catechisms of Rev. M. Müller, C. SS. R. When they first appeared we examined them carefully, and regarded them as well calculated to subserve the purposes for which they were intended. Since then Father Müller has made some changes, which are certainly improvements, and which increase their excellence and their adaptation to the purpose of instructing children and youth in Christian doctrine. Objections have been made to them on the ground that the language of the questions and answers is not sufficiently simple. Perhaps this objection is well founded to some extent. But there is a possibility of going too far in the effort to be simple in language, and of sacrificing accuracy of definition in the process. It is expected that the language of the answers shall be committed to memory, and it is all-important, therefore, that it should be theologically correct, even though to secure that correctness words are used which, for the time being, may be somewhat difficult of comprehension to the pupil. The verbal explanations of the

teacher and the growing intelligence of the child, too, will clear up in its mind the meaning of words that at first may not be perfectly understood.

FLAMINIA, and Other Stories; PERICO THE SAD, and Other Stories; ROBERT, OR THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD MOTHER, and Other Stories; THE CRUCIFIX OF BADEN, and Other Stories; LUCAS GARCIA, and Other Stories; THE STORY OF MARCEL, and Other Tales.

These Tales, original, translated, and selected, are from the press of the Catholic Publication Society of New York. They were, most of them, first published in the *Catholic World*, and are now republished in six handsomely bound volumes. We must give the editors of the *Catholic World* the credit of being careful and discriminating in regard to the character of the stories which appear in its pages. They are usually of a superior order of merit as regards conception, style, and the moral lessons inculcated. The volumes before us evidence this. The stories are mostly short, are well written, abound in interesting incidents, and exhibit a great variety of personages of different characters and experiences. Some of the scenes are laid in our own country; others in France, Germany, Ireland, England, and other foreign countries.

Taken altogether, these six volumes form a small library of entertaining reading, and it would be well, if parents who wish to restrain their children from the pernicious influence of the popular fictions of the day, would provide them with these interesting and harmless, and, some of them, edifying stories.

HUBERT'S WIFE. By Minnie Mary Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., Publishers, 174 West Baltimore Street. 1875.

It is to be regretted that our Catholic book publishers, generally, do not exercise more discrimination and care in the works of fiction which they send out to be read by the Catholic public. The book before us is one of a class by no means edifying, which issue from time to time from the press of one or the other of our Catholic publishing houses. It relates the trials, temptations, and conversion to the Catholic faith of a Protestant woman who was cruelly treated by a harsh and unfeeling husband, and permitted herself to fall in love with her cousin. Her eyes were opened to her sin by attendance upon a Catholic Mission, a
came a convert to Catholicity.
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RITUALE ROMANUM: Pauli V. jussu editum et a Benedicto X et castigatum; cui novissima ac dictionum et Instructionum Baltimori: Excudebat Joann Summi Pontificis atque Archie timorensis Typographus. 18 pp. 546.

We have carefully examined t
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It should find a place in all
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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XI.—JUNE, 1876.—No. 62.

I SERVICES TO EDUCATION, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

: services which Irish genius ndered to education, science, terature in the United States not be underrated by enlight- Americans who honor knowl- reward its propagators, and iate the benefits it confers mankind. If Irish valor has nfading laurels on every battle- of the republic, Irish genius, unfavorable circumstances, hieved still greater victories. courage has never been ques- in this country, but Irish in- nce has not yet received from American scholars that need ise, that generous recognition ich it is eminently entitled. er at the ignorance of humble migrants, without making al- e for the barbarous policy enforced ignorance as their tance, is unworthy of the most d Puritan New England ever The victims of tyranny should insulted by the champions of m. Those sneering critics, ffect a wonderful zeal for the ion of Irish emigrants, are generally ignorant of Irish history. They are prompt to echo the slanders of English writers, but slow to read or study the authentic annals of Irish suffering, Irish fidelity, and Irish heroism.

The Catholics of Ireland are still suffering from the effects of a penal code which the great Samuel Johnson denounced as worse than the ten persecutions of the Pagan emperors, and which the illustrious Edmund Burke stigmatized as the most perfect engine ever invented by the perverted ingenuity of man for the degradation of human nature itself.

The Catholic Celt had no legal existence in the land of his birth—the land of his fathers. He was deprived of every right and privilege, social, political, educational, and religious, which a freeman should enjoy; and if he had the courage to protest against the inhuman treatment to which he was so mercilessly subjected, he was punished by death or exile.

It was the purpose of his heartless tyrants to stamp out his manhood,

and, by making knowledge a crime, to sink him to the level of the brute creation. What tongue can adequately tell the horrors, the atrocities of those penal days! What pen can describe the cruelties inflicted upon the Catholics of Ireland by their savage conquerors?

The laws of the legislators who ruled Ireland with a rod of iron in those evil days were well calculated to destroy Irish nationality and extirpate or brutalize the Celtic race.

The tools of British tyranny performed their wicked work with a malice and cruelty worthy of the apostate Julian.

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true—
While traitor, knave,
And recreant slave,
Had riches, rank, and retinue:
Oh! weep those days, those penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs."

Yes; the wounds inflicted upon the Celtic race by the penal laws are not yet healed. The traces of the iron are found on the body long after the bonds have been broken and removed. That any nation could survive oppression so grinding and so long continued is a moral miracle. The Irish, however, have performed many moral miracles. In the darkest period of the penal code their hereditary love of learning triumphed over the fury and intolerance of their persecutors. The Celtic mind was proof against chains and tyrants. Its immortal fire could not be extinguished; its innate light could not be darkened by the evil agencies of despotism.

"The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last."

The national intellect was fettered, but could not be destroyed. Its native lustre frequently shone forth with extraordinary splendor in darkness and sorrow. While the penal code was yet in full force, the genius of Dr. Doyle confounded the educated intellect of England; the eloquence of O'Connell and Sheil renewed the oratorical glories of Athens, and the harp of Moore, by its sweet and plaintive strains, won for the sufferings of Catholic Ireland the sympathies of two worlds.

Nor was Celtic love of learning confined to Ireland. The exiles carried it in their hearts to foreign lands, and, by their unceasing labors and noble sacrifices in the cause of education, excited the wonder and extorted the admiration of strangers. The history of the Irish in America is a record of religious and educational triumphs.

The schools, academies, and colleges which they have founded and still support, in this republic, attest their love of learning, and proclaim their devotion to education. They fully appreciate and comprehend the truth that social and political degradation is the direct result of ignorance, and that slavery must be the unhappy lot of the uneducated. No people prize more highly the gift of Solomon than the Irish. They know that knowledge is power; that knowledge is wealth; that knowledge is fame; and that without knowledge national greatness is a moral impossibility. Hence their admirable devotion to the cause of education in the United States and the British Colonies.

The Irish emigrants who settled in the States, about forty years ago, did not possess the educational advantages enjoyed by emigrants of the present day. They were not discouraged, however, by the difficulties which for a time prevented them from gaining that social influence which they subsequently commanded in their new country. They were the pioneers of the faith, and their hard-earned dollars enabled the faithful priests who accompanied them, to build churches and schools for those who were to follow them. The faith which they carried with

them to these shores, was the only treasure which persecution had left them, the only treasure of which penal laws could not rob them, the priceless treasure which the true-hearted peasant (even when famine decimated the population) would not barter for all the wealth of the British empire.

In their knowledge of those subjects which most concern the highest interests of man, they surpassed the proud philosophers of Greece, and this precious knowledge was the gift of faith. With this gift they fought successfully the battle of life, earned an honorable independence, and afforded their children educational advantages and opportunities which they never possessed themselves. Thus the Irish in America have been missionaries and educators. Without figures and statistics a correct estimate of the amount of money which they have contributed to educational purposes is impossible. It is safe, however, to affirm that they have been as generous in patronizing and supporting Catholic education as in building churches; and it is admitted on all hands that, without the hard-earned dollars of the faithful Irish, our churches would be "few and far between." Missionaries are necessary; but without congregations how small would Catholic progress be in North America! Ireland supplied the infant Church of the States with numerous flocks; she also furnished a plentiful supply of heroic missionaries, some of whom had no superiors in Christendom during the present century in genius, eloquence, and learning.

Without offending any national prejudice, the Irish can be allowed their just meed of praise. The life of a Catholic bishop in the United States is a life of unceasing labor and self-denial. He must be an example of pastoral vigilance and apostolic zeal. His mitre is often a crown of thorns, and his path is seldom strewn with flowers. His zeal for the conversion of souls must be equalled by his zeal for the diffusion of Christian knowledge. He must be an educator and an apostle at the same time. This is and this has been specially true of the Irish members of the American hierarchy. Profoundly convinced of the necessity of education, our Irish bishops have exerted every nerve to diffuse its blessings among their exiled countrymen.

One of the first objects to which the great Bishop England directed his attention, in Charleston, was the establishment of a classical school for the support of ecclesiastical students for his extensive diocese. The mighty pulpit orator, who was the glory of the American Episcopate, was not too proud to discharge the ungrateful duties of an humble schoolmaster in the first seat of learning which he established in the New World. Protestants revere him as the reviver of classical learning in South Carolina, and the Church in the republic still feels the impulse which his immortal genius and electric eloquence gave the cause of Catholic education. Who could have set a higher value upon education than the great prelate whose father's love of learning braved the terrors of British law?

When Archbishop Kenrick was appointed coadjutor bishop of Philadelphia, he commenced, without losing any time in his new sphere of action, that ecclesiastical seminary which has since become the nursery of the clergy of Pennsylvania. The upper room of his residence in Fifth Street was the commencement of the present flourishing Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. How little do many Catholics of the rising generation know about the difficulties which the fathers of the American Church had to encounter and overcome! Such knowledge, though precious, is rare among too many of us.

History does not record a more striking example of indomitable perseverance, unconquerable courage,

and Christian heroism, than that of the immortal Archbishop Hughes, the Lamoriciere of the American Episcopate. By manual labor he worked his way to St. Mary's College, Emmittsburgh; and during the first nine months of his stay in that noble seat of learning superintended the garden as a compensation for board and private instructions. Without friends, without money, without patronage, by the sheer force of genius and merit, he raised himself from poverty to fame and from obscurity to renown. Can we find in the history of ancient and modern literature a more glorious example of genuine love of learning?

Surely the race that gave Hughes to America must be reserved for some high destiny. Though he was a generous patron, an ardent supporter, and a fearless champion of Catholic education, religious prejudice did not prevent Protestants from admiring his great virtues, his brilliant talents, and pure patriotism.

"The lifelong labors of the late Archbishop Hughes," says ex-Governor Seymour, "will tell for a long period upon the literature, the religion, and the charitable institutions of our land. In a few years the city of New York will be adorned by a magnificent cathedral, the broad foundations of which were laid under his supervision and care. So, too, in the future, will the interests of learning and charity be built upon the groundworks which he has established during his long and laborious life.

"The progress of events and the growth of our country will not throw his memory into the shade, but they will develop and make more clear his influence upon the social condition of our people."

William H. Seward's estimate of his worth and services during the late civil war, is equally high and appreciative. While Mr. Seward was yet Secretary of State, he wrote the following words to Father Starrs, the late Vicar-General of New York:

"In the earliest days of our country's present troubles, his counsel and advice were gladly sought and continually received by the Government on those points which his position enabled him better than any others to consider. At a conjuncture of deep interest to the country, Archbishop Hughes, associated with others, went abroad and *did the nation a service there*, with all the loyalty, fidelity, and practical wisdom which on so many other occasions illustrated his *great ability for administration.*"

So fully did Archbishop Hughes appreciate the importance and realize the necessity of a true Christian education, that he said more than once during the closing years of his life that the time was fast approaching when it would be necessary to build the schoolhouse first and the church afterwards. Such are the examples of the zeal of Irish bishops for the diffusion of knowledge. The Catholic colleges of the United States number 68, the theological seminaries 18, the academies and select schools 512, and the parochial schools 1450. It is no exaggeration to assert that all these educational institutions have been established under the auspices of our bishops—of those who have been called to their reward, and those who are still living. The sanction and patronage of the bishop is indispensable to the success of a Catholic school, academy, or college. Episcopal authority, approval, and encouragement must bless every Catholic institution of learning in the Union. As our bishops have been in the fullest and broadest sense of the term educators, and as the Irish members of our hierarchy have been pre-eminently distinguished in numerous instances for their devotion to learning, and for their earnestness and energy in advancing the cause and diffusing the blessings of education, it may be instructive to ascertain the number of Irishmen and of Irishmen's sons who have been raised

)iscopal dignity in this re-
Ireland has given to the
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o have governed it, can be numbered Irishmen whose eloquence, learning, and administrative abilities would reflect lustre upon the oldest universities of Europe.

In truth, there are few great centres of knowledge in the United States in which distinguished Irish names cannot be found. If we glance at the catalogue of the Faculties of our Catholic Colleges, a grand array of genuine Celtic names will at once command our attention. More than three-fourths of the members of several religious orders in the States are Irish by birth or parentage. Among them are men who may be justly ranked among the greatest educators this generation has seen. One of these benefactors of society is Brother Patrick, the honored Superior of the Christian Brothers on the American continent.

It is now more than thirty years since Brother Patrick joined the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers in Montreal. His industry, his talents, his prompt observance of rule, his genuine piety, and the facility with which he acquired knowledge, soon attracted the attention and won the esteem and confidence of his superiors. He was at once marked out as a man who would play a conspicuous part in the special mission of the Order in America. A friend who thought highly of his talents advised him to study for the priesthood, but Brother Patrick promptly informed his kind adviser that his vocation was the education of youth. "What," said he, "is to be done with those thousands of Irish children who are daily increasing in number in the United States and Canada? Shall we give them a Christian education, or allow them to become infidels, ignorant of the faith of their forefathers? Is it not our duty to take a pride in educating them, and in cultivating and developing the intellectual gifts with which heaven has abundantly blessed them? I, for one, consider it my duty to aid in the great work of giving a Chris-

tian education to the rising generation in this great country." Such were the remarkable words of Brother Patrick many long years ago, and nobly and chivalrously and successfully has he discharged the duties of his glorious mission in America. All his undertakings have been crowned with success. Possessing, in an eminent degree, the invaluable talent of choosing his assistants well, he has surrounded himself with men of kindred zeal, impulses, and aspirations—men qualified by nature and education to carry successfully his educational plans into execution, and realize his grand projects for the intellectual elevation of the bright and gifted children of the Irish race, and, we may add, of every other race faithful to Christian education. The Brothers of whom he is superior at present are educating fifty thousand pupils in the United States, and nearly thirty thousand in Canada. In every great city of the Union he enjoys the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing flourishing colleges, academies, and schools under the control of active members of his noble Order. In the history of the Catholic Church in America, the chapter which records the battles he has fought and the victories he has won in the cause of Christian education, will not be the least interesting. Brother Patrick is still in the prime of manhood. May he be long spared to the cause he has espoused, for his is as true a heart and as pure a soul as Ireland ever gave to this republic.

In the preceding pages we have confined ourselves to the educational efforts and services of Irish Catholics, because without knowing the disadvantages under which they labored, and the difficulties which they had to overcome, we cannot have a just appreciation of the progress which they have made, and the victories which they have won in spite of the prejudice, bigotry, and fanaticism of opponents—their number is daily decreasing—who hate everything Catholic. We now purpose to devote a few pages to Irish services to literature in the United States. Those services must embrace Protestants and Catholics. Those Irish Protestants who chivalrously advocated the cause of their Catholic countrymen, are and will be always dear to Ireland. Their triumphs are her triumphs, and the genius which immortalized them was always ready to honor and exalt her. In one department of literature, we mean eloquence, the Irish have no superiors in this country. This may seem to some people a bold assertion, but many, we think, must acknowledge its truth.

On the list of American orators there are Irish names, which will live as long as the English language. John C. Calhoun, Thomas Addis Emmett, Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, Thomas Francis Meagher, and the late James T. Brady, triumphantly maintained Ireland's high reputation for eloquence.

John C. Calhoun, who was born of Irish parents in South Carolina, was an orator whom Athens in her palmiest days would have delighted to honor. His great rival, Daniel Webster, describes his eloquence in these words: "The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun was a part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, wise, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner." This is a just estimate of Calhoun's chief excellence as an orator. He excelled in close reasoning and felicitous and perspicuous language.

Thomas Addis Emmett was the brightest ornament of the New York bar. In forensic eloquence he had no superior in America. Two eminent American lawyers, Charles Glidden Haines and Judge Duer, have be-

d the highest praise upon the rical powers of the illustrious

"I might safely challenge," Mr. Haines, "the whole list ish orators for the superior of nas Addis Emmett." "As an r, with the single exception of e," says Judge Duer, "Thomas s Emmett was unsurpassed by hat his country has produced." the pulpit orators, with whom id has blessed America, the of Bishop England is still the celebrated. Bishop England be justly called the Bossuet of merican pulpit. Genius in- l and universal knowledge en- d and adorned his eloquence. cible in argument, inexhausti- illustration, happy in imagery, e, copious, and polished in dic- Attic in taste, lofty in thought, ted in sentiment, versatile in ect, he could impart fresh color- o old themes, and adorn new cts with the tints of the rain- He could convince the reason, e the fancy, and charm the im- tion at will. Of him it may stly said: "*Nihil tetigit, quod rnavit.*" Those who hated his on could not withstand the fas- ion and magic of his eloquence. and low, rich and poor, ac- lished scholars and unlettered ers, deemed it a privilege to an opportunity of attending his ons and lectures.

1826, at the request of the lead- ien of both houses of Congress, livered before the assembled rep- tatives of the nation at Wash- n an address which the most ent among them eulogized as ay of the inspired Apostle who before the Areopagus at Athens. same honor was conferred upon bishop Hughes, whose effective ence won many victories for ican Catholics. Peace to their . When Bishop England and bishop Hughes used the voice ien with such signal success, the blic cause had few champions, few defenders. They laid the broad and deep foundations of Catholic literature in the United States. This invaluable service alone entitles their names to grateful and lasting remembrance. They were princes of the pulpit, and though we can no longer hang with rapture on their accents, it is cheering to know that the force of Irish pulpit eloquence will not cease to be felt in America as long as Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, and other fit representatives of a nation's orators renew the rhetorical triumphs of their illustrious predecessors.

The eloquence of Thomas Francis Meagher was the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. While yet young, his power over popular assemblies was as undisputed as that of O'Connell himself. His burning words electrified a hundred audiences in Ireland and America. It would be difficult to find in ancient or modern eloquence a single passage equal in oratorical fire and force to his famous apostrophe to the sword. The apostrophe which Demosthenes successfully uses in his celebrated oration on the crown is not superior in genuine eloquence to Meagher's immortal effort. In his command of choice and musical language and beautiful imagery he had no superior among American rhetoricians. James T. Brady rivalled Meagher as an orator, and, had heaven prolonged his life, would probably have equalled Webster and Calhoun.

Alas, how vain are human hopes! The admirers of genius and the lovers of eloquence had to mourn his untimely death. Charles O'Conor, whose praise is valuable because it is seldom exaggerated, said, in the presence of many of the most eminent of his professional brethren, that James T. Brady was unsurpassed as an orator in his times and country.

And in what terms shall we speak of Charles O'Conor himself, the American Aristides, the *decus et tutamen* of the American bar, the

gifted jurist and incorruptible patriot, whose name has become the synonym of honor and integrity? Is he destined to be remembered as one of the princes of American orators in the forum? Could he have won so many memorable victories at the bar without the gifts and qualifications—the Promethean fire of the orator? There are different kinds of eloquence, and forensic eloquence is Charles O'Conor's *forte*. Like Crassus, whose eloquence Cicero loved to describe, his school has been the forum, and the laws, institutions, and customs of the republic his instructors. Had he cultivated political eloquence, he could have ruled popular assemblies with the same kingly sway with which he has ruled courts and juries. Wherever he speaks, whether at a political meeting, a college commencement, a civic banquet, or in the courts which have been the scenes of his many legal triumphs, he always commands the rapt attention of his audience. The moment he rises to speak, every eye is fixed upon him, every breath is hushed, and the mute attention with which he is heard is never interrupted, except by the frequent bursts of applause which his eloquence evokes. This power over an audience is the province of the real orator; for, as Cicero says, in his treatise on eminent orators, breathless attention is a proof of genuine eloquence. Long may Charles O'Conor reign in the forum as the worthy heir of the genius, the virtues, and fame of the Emmetts of other days! It is he and men of kindred natures and minds who reflect honor upon the Irish race.

Of the Irishmen who have distinguished themselves in science in America space limits us to a few names. We have mentioned Fulton and Colles in our article on "Ireland and the Centennial." The eminent mathematicians and physicians who exalted the Irish name among strangers are too widely known to need any publicity from us. The most sublime of all sciences is theology, and we think we can assert without any violation of truth that the late Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore was the most learned theological writer the New World has ever seen. He was beyond comparison the most learned bishop of whom North America can boast. His mind was a library, stored with the lore of every age and every tongue and every nation. His course of moral and dogmatic theology in seven volumes astonished the Protestant population of the United States. His translation of the Sacred Scriptures with notes won the warm eulogies of the most renowned biblical scholars of Europe. His *Vindication of the Catholic Church*, and his most interesting work on the *Primacy of the Apostolic See*, are two invaluable contributions to Catholic literature. What Quintilian said of Aristotle may with equal truth be said of Archbishop Kenrick. It is doubtful which is most worthy of admiration, his universal knowledge, the number and variety of his writings, his critical acumen, or the sweetness of his eloquence. Archbishop Bayley, the present distinguished Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States, thus describes in a few felicitous sentences his literary labors: "And how full of benefit to us and the Church were these labors! His admirable course of theology, in which, with so much learning, and in such clear and perspicuous Latin, he has discussed and settled for our guidance so many principles applicable to the peculiar state of things in this country; his complete translation of the Holy Scriptures, with learned notes, his labor of love and predilection; his controversial works, if they may be called by that name, in which objections are answered and calumnies refuted with so much tender charity."

Irish Catholics should cherish

nal gratitude the memory
eat Kenrick, for his name
own to posterity as one of
est stars that shine in the
ion of Irish genius.
cience of political economy
ames are still pre-eminent,
Carey, and his son, Henry
Matthew Carey, who was
educated in Dublin, has
ed the Adam Smith of
and his eminent son, who
and educated in Philadel-
been equally successful as
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ific authors, and both are
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The industry and perse-
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n Burke. The same author
e a few historical dramas,
popular of which was the
led "Bunker Hill." James
y, the well-known historian
nd, and John V. L. Mac-
who is the author of an ad-
istorical view of the gov-
of the same State, are both
their Irish names and an-
Henry O'Reilly's historical sketch of Rochester, and Dr. O'Callaghan's *History of New York under the Dutch* and *Documentary History of the State of New York*, deserve a place in the library of every lover of American literature. No living author has done more to illustrate the history of New York than Dr. O'Callaghan. He has certainly deserved well of the New York Historical Society, and of all the patrons of American history and antiquities. Such men as O'Callaghan exalt the Irish name in foreign lands.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was an indefatigable laborer in the field of historical literature. He was at once a poet, a historian, a journalist, an antiquarian, an orator, and a statesman. He was one of the most gifted of the young Irelanders whose praises he celebrates in these noble lines:

"They were a band of brethren, richly graced
With all that most exalts the sons of men—
Youth, courage, honor, genius, wit, well placed,
When shall we see their parallels again?
The very flower and fruitage of their age,
Destined for duty's cross or glory's page."

Though the exile of the men of '48 was Ireland's loss it was America's gain. They were all men of parts and learning—all distinguished as writers. McGee's historical researches in the United States are worthy of study. The *Irish Settlers* and his five lectures on *The Catholic Church in North America* are very valuable books—books which should be found in every Irish library.

As a poet, D'Arcy McGee was thoroughly Irish and Catholic. In one of his poems he says:

"I'd rather turn one simple verse
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than classic odes I might rehearse
With Senates listening near."

Mrs. J. Sadlier, his gifted countrywoman, who has been as famous as an author in America, as the Nun of Kenmare in Ireland, speaks of him in these eulogistic terms: "It has been said, and I think with truth, that McGee was even more than Moore, entitled to be called 'The

Bard of Erin,' for that his genius was more distinctively Irish, and his inspiration more directly and more exclusively from Ireland and her ancient race."

Richard Dalton Williams, his fellow exile, was equally eminent as a lyric poet. McGee's high estimate of his poetic powers, with a happy allusion to his most popular poems, is worthy of memory:

"While leap on high, Ben Heser, the wild waves;
While sweep the winds through storied Aher-low;
While Sidney's victims from their troubled graves
O'er Mullaghmast, at midnight, come and go;
While Mercy's sisters kneel by Mercy's bed—
Thou art not dead, O Bard! thou art not dead!"

The late lamented Una has written poems, which, in conception and execution, in patriotic fire, vivid imagery, and felicitous diction, are not surpassed by some of the best lyrical productions of Speranza. Among the living Irish poets who have won celebrity in America, we may mention Father Ryan (the poet-priest of the South), John Boyle O'Reilly, John Savage, Michael Scanlan, Dr. Joyce, and William Collins—all names worthy of the national muse.

Historian, biographer, journalist, and critic, John Mitchel was one of the most vigorous prose-writers Ireland ever produced. His powerful pen has enriched Irish and American literature. The name of the gifted author lately deceased, the Rev. Dr. O'Leary, will not be soon forgotten by his countrymen. Nor will Irish Catholics ever cease to hold in grateful remembrance the valuable services of the distinguished priest-orator, the loved and lamented Dr. Moriarty, who was justly styled in his day, the silver-tongued orator of the American pulpit. Among our deceased Irish prelates, who excelled as speakers and writers, the first bishop of Pittsburgh deserves special mention. As a scholar, a theologian, an orator, a graphic writer, Bishop O'Connor had few among the American eccles His published lectures are mo composition, graceful and p in style, and solid and valu matter. In thought and l finish they remind the stude scholar of the most labored l of a true Irishman, the gift eloquent Henry Giles.

Of living Irish authors Union, the most widely kno Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Archbishop Purcell, of Cinci Bishop Lynch, of Charleston Rev. Dr. Corcoran; Father G of San Francisco; Father O' John Gilmary Shea, Major Conyngham, Father O'Farr New York; Mrs. J. Sadlier (a mentioned), the Rev. Dr. Brat Sister Mary Austin Carroll, literary fame rivals that of th of Kenmare. Other Irish nar could mention, but we have a extended this article beyon usual number of pages. Our has been simply to direct att to a most interesting subject.

Of Irish services on the dai weekly press of America, it is essary to speak at present. services are known and appr throughout the entire America tinent. Even those who ha Irish name must employ Irish The Irish in America need ashamed of the past. Unde vorable circumstances their is cheering and inspiring. increased educational advanta opportunities, with higher r for literary and scientific ex their moral and intellectual p in the future must be greater the past.

Their motto is always Exce higher and still higher in ev and accomplishment that can lish life and every science tha tributes to human happiness.

AU SALUT.

WITHIN these hallowed walls, so hushed, so wholly
Shut in from all the cares and strife,
The glooms and echoes of the world of men,
'Mid peaceful dreams of deathless life,
Where sight nor sound, save of devotion solely,
Of sacred chant and symbolled grace,
Falls on the raptured ear or ken;
Oh, wherefore in this holy place,
Where I do feel so alien,
The only thing unholy—
Why am I here!

So strange it seems—full many an emblem quaint—
Each with its warning or reward
Of everlasting palms and penalties,
That all shall gather as they strawed;
The tonsured abbot, and the vesper chant,
Rising in strains that angels use,
From this grave-mantled sisterhood, all these
Tell of monastic life recluse,
Of life that rendered earthly ease
For heavenly restraint—
Why am I here!

All things around that should to prayer provoke,
The mystic altar's dazzling sheen,
These lessening aisles that end in darkling light,
The soaring frankincense serene,
Angels o'er shrines and saints in many a nook,
And low, devout, on bended knees,
The holy women in their wimples white;
Yea, all one hears or breathes or sees,
Falls on my troubled sense and sight
With soft, sweet, sad rebuke—
Why am I here!

Elysian oasis 'mid mundane sands,
Sweet inner room all else apart,
Kept alway swept and garnished for the Lord,
Whom they do love with all their heart;
Fair temple seeming as scarce made with hands,
So dim, so visionary pure,
And with entrancing dreams in blest accord—
For these meet refuge, who endure
Alone by faith and Christ adored;
But my own soul demands—
Why am I here!

Who came not, sore, in need to be made whole,
Fain hoping it might come to pass,
Nor seeking that wherefor my heart doth pine,
And hunger and grow faint, alas!

Who came not here as to a bounteous goal,
  Where I might freely slake my thirst
At purest fount and feed on food Divine,
  And lay my load of qualms accurst
  Down at the all-redemptive shrine,
    And there assoil my soul—
      Why am I here!

Oh, that sweet music, that soft heavenly strain
  Of voices that in hymnéd prayer
And praise such blessed exhalations yield
  As, mingling with the holy air,
Floating and fainting, and now breathed again
  In tender fervors, melt and spread,
As tho' a choir of angels unrevealed
  Were hovering above my head,
  Steeping my spirit unaneled
    In ecstasy of pain—
      Why am I here!

Yet ah, years gone 'twas even as to-day,
  The chant uprose in strains as sweet
From voices that are hushed for evermore,
  And they whose bones are 'neath my feet
Knelt where these kneel and worshipped as they pray;
  A little longer, and, ah me,
These too, the long night come, life's vespers o'er,
  To others yielding place will be
  As those already gone before,
    Silent and past as they—
      Why am I here!

But no such thoughts their tranquil hearts invade,
  Too happy in their hopes of bliss,
In faith too trustful of the world beyond,
  To feel one care or thought for this;
Of these alone their happiness is made,
  And therewithal they well may shun,
And count as worse than worthless all the fond
  And fair delights that soon are none
  But lures that lead to dark despond,
    Where is no hope nor aid—
      Why am I here!

Sweet Spirit, or whate'er thou art, for I
  Am conscious of some ghostly care,
Ineffable, around me and anear,
  Allay my soul; and whatsoe'er
In other haunts, time past or by and by,
  Have been and may be mine,
Let no dark heresies assail me here;
  But rather my whole heart incline
  To thoughts so blest and hopes so dear
    And still that inward cry—
      Why am I here!

Nor, while it seemeth I do feel them grow
Within me, let the serpent doubt
With poisonous tail among the tender shoots
And buds, keep crawling in and out,
Corrupting them or ever they full blow;
That when I fain would deem they spring
From truth, to strike hereafter steadfast roots,
And, haply, in due season bring
Forth flowers of faith and godly fruits,
May cease that hissing "No"—
Why am I here!

In very helplessness I bow my head,
And close mine eyes; but still they see,
For all my presence 'mid this faithful band,
I am not what I seem to be.
Yet am I filled with reverential dread,
And feel the prayer I cannot say;
And oh, it may be God will understand,
Who hears our voiceless hearts alway,
Nor count it more to be disdained
Than if 'twere meetly said—
And bless me here!

STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

CHAPTER FIRST.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN.

EBENEZER! Ebenezer!" cried the ll voice of a woman, piercing the l air of an early November morn- before the sun had scattered the vy mists that shrouded the south- ern coast of the State of Maine.

What's up now, Marm Win- p, that bring's you, getting your wet, through the young frost this o'day?" replied a rough-look- man, as he emerged with curry- b in hand, from the stable, and anced a few steps to meet the ost breathless woman.

Be quick, and saddle Parson, and s fast as you can to Sacket for priest, and ask him to come im- liately, for Mrs. Adele is very ill wants to see him."

Go for a priest!" slowly and zingly ejaculated the man; and yebrows moved upward, and his stiff bristly hair seemed to rise as if in horror at this command.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "if ever I heerd the beat of that from the mouth of a woman who tends meet- ing, and is always talking 'bout fight- ing the devil, and now I'll be blamed if she don't want to bring him right straight into her own house;" and he gave a short shrill whistle, and threw the currycomb into the stable by way of relief to his excessive as- tonishment.

"I haven't time, Ebenezer, to talk it over now," said Mrs. Winthrop soothingly, "but I promised Roger that his wife should not be opposed in the practice of her religion, and a promise to the dead is next to one made to God; so now that she wants the priest she's got to have him, and if you won't go, some of the other hands shall."

"Law now, Marm Winthrop, don't be getting riled. I never

meant I wouldn't go, but you see I was raythe posed. But I'd be a nice sort of a spooney if I was afeerd to ride five miles 'longside of a cloven foot and a pair of horns that a man just like myself takes a notion to wear as a badge of his master."

"I don't believe there is a word of truth in that old story, Ebenezer, for the only priest I ever saw looked just like other men, except that he wore a very long coat, and didn't act or talk half so solemn-like as Parson Dawson."

"Now that just shows how innocent you are, Marm Winthrop; as if such a cunning master didn't know how to hide his horns when nothing was to be gained by showing them. But I'm your man for the job, and if Parson, who is a keen one at scenting danger, will let the priest come near him, I'll bring him safe enough to home. Marm Adele is a nice little woman, and if she fancies wooden images, and water, and lighted candles, and all them sort of jimcracks 'bout her sick-bed, why as she isn't much more than a child, and a ignorant Southern one in the bargain, I reckon we might as well humor the poor thing and let her die in peace, and she and Mr. Roger can settle who was right in the next world. So I'll just go and fix myself up a bit so as to look respectable before the town folks. Now you go 'long back to the house, Marm Winthrop, and if riding 'longside of a popish priest don't speerit me into the bottomless pit, I'll be blamed if I don't go some day into his church and find out what all that tarnation lingo means."

This soliloquy being uttered between long strides that made him nearly breathless, Ebenezer Long disappeared in the house, emerging again, however, in an incredible short time, fully equipped in his Sunday blue swallow-tail coat, with huge brass buttons, and a shirt collar that nearly reached the top of his ears.

Sarah Winthrop was a tall, long woman, of about forty-five years, though looking much older. At times there were dim rays flitting over her face, indicative of a near approach to beauty when youth and love kept at bay the encroaching fanaticism of a crushing creed. As years rolled on, bringing with them family cares, an unsympathetic husband, and a ceaseless round of hard practical duties, the buoyancy of her temperament began slowly to yield, and the predestined portion of her earthly life shaped and annexed itself by degrees to that which she believed was yet to come. The constant questioning on this point, predicated upon the teachings of her church, and applied to her own case, soon assumed the form of that dark withering belief which shapes our merciful loving Father into a Nemesis who inflicts woe and wrath, even upon the innocent and unoffending. Thus, before Sarah Winthrop had crossed the threshold of middle life, she lived interiorly in an atmosphere of eternal woe, and in the heat of a fire whose flames were never quenched. All her subsequent life was influenced by this sleepless phantom, and by degrees her countenance, her temperament became shaped by these withering convictions. Naturally yielding in disposition, she accepted this faith in a patient despairing way, and performed her routine of duties as if regardless or indifferent to the burning pool which she believed was destined to be her only reward of the good she strove to accomplish for God and her fellow-creatures. But there were epochs in this barren life, when feeling and justice clenched the scales, and then the weak frame and agonized soul of the woman would be overwhelmed in a fearful tempest of sin and despair. But the chains that held her were welded with links of iron, and inevitably drew her back into the chasm of that dark fate whose fiat was too inexorable for her weak reason and fallible faith to combat.

Her husband, Silas Winthrop

(now dead), had been a hard, cold man, the perfect prototype in every respect of his great Puritan ancestor, one of the early governors of Massachusetts. Upon his oldest child, an only son, he concentrated the full force of his affections. Finding him intelligent and fond of books, he determined to give him the best advantages of education, and accordingly sent him to Harvard, fully believing that at the end of his course he would be willing to return home and take part in the management of the farm. The new associations, the cosmopolitan ideas and characters thus suddenly presented to Roger Winthrop naturally made a strong impression upon the facile mind of a youth, whose life had heretofore been so narrowly circumscribed. There was nothing either in the appearance or character of Roger, to indicate the Puritan stock from which he had sprung. One might rather imagine that a dash of the old Cavalier blood, of some gay votary of the court of Charles, had by chance filled his veins; or that the Pythagorean theory of transmigration had sent the spirit of an Ormond, or a Falmouth, to neutralize the stern Puritan element in this young New England branch. When, in his twentieth year, Roger returned home from college, he expressed a decided objection to leading the circumscribed life of a farmer. His father was too good a philosopher to quarrel with the crop his own sowing had produced, but there was a hard struggle and a hot contest before he yielded. It was a war of the exterminating spirit, the fanatical "Praise God Barebones" creed, the coarse cloth and cropped head of the Cromwellian, against the generous bestower, the tolerant believer, the loyal friend, clothed in the silken doublet and flowing locks of the Cavalier. Roger, however, gained his point, and was allowed to return to Harvard to pursue the study of law.

Roger had formed, while at college, a fraternity with several of the students from the Southern States. He admired their independence, their generosity, and that native-born fearless spirit, that open chivalrous manner in which they committed a fault, and as frankly confessed it. When his course was finished he determined upon the South as his future home. A few days after his arrival in New Orleans, he recorded his name among the then noble and eloquent fraternity at the bar. Feeling the necessity of a practical knowledge and facility in speaking the French language, he succeeded, through the assistance of some of his college friends, in procuring board in a Creole family of good position.

One of the inmates was a young girl who had but a few months previously returned from the Ursuline convent. She was an orphan, a descendant of both French and Spanish colonists. Her father was related to the unfortunate Nicholas Chauvin de Lafrenière, who held the office of attorney-general, and whose life, under Governor O'Riley, paid the penalty of rebelling against the transfer of his adopted home to the Spanish crown. The parents of Adele Lafrenière had once been the possessors of unbounded wealth, but through various causes of extravagance and rash speculations, it had been gradually reduced, until the father of the young orphan had left but enough to educate and preserve above actual want his only child and sole representative of a princely name. He bequeathed her to the guardianship of his old friend Evariste Duconge, and the care of her faithful old colored nurse Louise. Mr. Duconge felt a great interest and deep affection for his ward, but unfortunately his wife and daughter were not so amiably disposed; Adele's perfect beauty,—a blending of the highest type of the two races,—engendering a jealous fear that she might materially interfere with their own share of admiration in the gay world.

CHAPTER SECOND.

LOVE AND DEATH.

ROGER WINTHROP soon discovered the true state of Adele's position, for youth and chivalry catch quickly the signal of distress from beauty. The admiration early elicited by the young Creole's charms was blended with a pity which soon ripened into an absorbing passion. Hearts rather than gold influenced the sacred choice of woman in that remote day. Poorer in worldly goods Adele knew she could scarcely be, whilst in lieu of her present state of semi-dependence on stinted bounty, she was only too willing to accept in exchange the joyful privilege of owing everything in the future to the man she loved; for she truly felt there can be no obligation where love reigns supreme. Neither did Roger doubt his ability to provide for an increase of expenses, or solve the problem of how a certain sum that had been barely sufficient for the wants of one, could by the magic of love be made to do duty for two. But sacrifice is a sweet oblation, one too that a loyal heart never fears to meet. So without any grand preparations, with the willing consent of her guardian, their union was sealed; Adele feeling the full weight of its sacramental unction, while Roger only accepted the prayers that sanctified the bond as a necessary means to a desirable end.

Old Mr. Winthrop was speechless with horror when he heard of his son's alliance with a papist. His wrath was deep and bitter, for he was imbued with all the ignorant prejudices of his race on the subject of everything connected with Catholic faith and practice. Instead then of the anticipated congratulations, Roger received words that barely stopped in their bitterness short of a positive curse. In addition to this, his annuity was withdrawn, and his entire means were thus reduced to the limited and uncertain revenue of a young attorney. But he was neither discouraged n ened. Youth, health, formed a phalanx against ened poverty might bea many a long day. It sometimes Adele wishec more pin-money, but a educated and highly ac it never occurred to o native *insouciance* of t that she might add by th straitened means. Al delicate, and lady-like she was willing to unde soil or fatigue those prett fingers, upon which glitt remaining relics of fo and royal favor, would been permitted by her devoted servant, if sh willing to make the Louise found many way her young mistress's p total collapse, and whe of a year a little daugl came to gladden the life couple, there was no w fort and even luxurie mother and babe.

They had been marrie when old Mr. Winthrop had never resented his been derelict in expressi and respect. Although had never recalled his tives against his son, yet seemed to wish them c leaving him his blessir with an equal interest wit ter in the farm prop Winthrop's depressing t at this time terribly up her own preordained fat mind, to the exclusion o solations which the t heart can only find, s Mary did, at the foot o She yearned for some l some cheering voice, to the phantoms that her constantly evoked. S Roger so earnestly to br and child to gladden h days, that he found it ir

resist her, repeated appeals. With the prospect of a dull summer, and debilitated from the effects of climate, he was glad of an opportunity to breathe once more the invigorating air of his native State. Going out a few months after his arrival on a fishing excursion, Roger became overheated, and a sudden northwester blowing up, he took a cold, which resulted in typhoid pneumonia, and ended in death. The shock to his wife was fearful. Adele's was not a spirit to cope with adversity, or to draw from it the lesson that sweetens even while it wounds. Mrs. Winthrop had become deeply attached to her gentle daughter-in-law, and her heart was wholly absorbed in her little grandchild. She insisted then upon keeping them with her, and made Adele feel that she was truly in the home of a mother. Adele accepted her new position with an apathetic listlessness that now pervaded her life, although she strove to perform her duties to her child, and to requite Mrs. Winthrop's unceasing kindness. But there was no heart in her work; no feeling save the concentrated love for the lost one, now all centred upon her child. Grief and the cold climate, so trying to her exotic nature, soon developed a fatal disease of the lungs. Adele had occasionally visited the neighboring town, and made the acquaintance of the resident priest, who was an earnest, intelligent man, admirably suited to his post of missionary duties. Her last visit to Father Halloran had been made about two months previous to the summons from Mrs. Winthrop. He had been greatly shocked then by the evident rapid progress of her disease, and was not, therefore, much surprised, when he understood, between the half-scared semi-defiant manner of Ebenezer Long, who it was that required his official services. Father Halloran had acquired a thorough knowledge of the *ilk* to which his *compagnon du voyage* belonged. His keen sense of humor was roused by the originality of this shrewd native. He replied imperturbably to questions, that from any other source would have been deemed impertinent, but he never lost an opportunity of making him writhe under the keen blade of his own native Irish wit.

Mrs. Winthrop received Father Halloran, but concealed under her cold, undemonstrative manner, the quasi terror she really felt, in finding herself in such close proximity to a representative of the "Scarlet Woman." Going to the kitchen, to order an early dinner for the guest, she found Ebenezer holding forth upon the magnitude of the exploit, of riding five miles alone in company with a "Romish priest." "But I swan," he was saying, "if I could catch a tarnation sight of either his club-foot or horns; and blame me, if I ain't rayther inclined to think that it's all a lie, for he's jist as clever a man as ever I see, and don't throw Scriptur all the time at a feller, as Parson Dawson does." Susan Mather, a cross-eyed, sour-visaged woman, who filled the indispensable position in a New England household of help and equal combined, had listened in evident indignation at this harangue, only giving vent to her feelings by a vehement stirring of various compounds, and lifting off and on, with great emphasis, the lids of various pots.

"Didn't see any horns nor cloven foot, didn't yer?" at last she broke forth. "Do yer suppose that the devil's as green as yerself, and don't know how to keep his wares in the dark, when he wants to? Didn't quote Scriptur, nuther, didn't he? Guess not. People ain't given to scare away their friends, and a Romish priest can't talk very glib I reckon, about what's in a book that he darsn't look at! He's too busy mouthing Latin and worshipping images for that."

"Look yar now, Miss Susan;" here spoke up Louise, who had been ironing and listening quietly to the discussion; "jist you stop talking dat ar way 'bout a 'ligion you's ignorant of. I ain't berry larned myself on de subject, but I done har my ole massa say many times dat de Cafolic Church was older nor de 'merican States, and I don't blieve it would last so long, and keep a spreadin' and a spreadin', jist like de eagle's wings, if de debil war de head ob it all."

"Oh!" snapped in Susan, "I spose yer one of them too."

"No, I ain't xactly one ob dem nuther; becaise you see my ole fader sort o' won me ober to some ob de ole Af'can notions; and sides, I sort ob likes de lots ob singing and de shouting at de Mefodist camp-meeting. But for all dat, I says all de prayers Miss Elodie (dat's my ole mistress, Miss Adele's granmover), larned me, and I neber felt anyting but good, when I was done em. And I tell you what, Miss Susan, ef you'd a seen her die, a holding de image ob de Lord in her hand, and a looking on it wid reglar sparks ob glory in her eyes, and heerd de butiful words de priest was a saying to her, I reckon you'd guv ober talking 'bout sich folks 'longing to de debil."

"And what do I care," replied Susan, with her eyes flashing and her voice raised, "what an ignorant old Southern slave-driver like your 'massa,' as you call him, says."

Louise was a slow, good-tempered darkie; but she loved her owners, root and branch, better than her own blood, and it was her firm belief that all the knowledge and elegance of the world was centred in them. To hear her chief idol thus vilified was more than she could stand, and having acquired a modicum of the equality that she saw around her, she now broke upon Susan with a perfect torrent of wrath.

"You dar call my ole massa a slave-driber! Let me tell you, marm, dat our Soufern gemmen neber dirty dar hands dat a way, but leaves sich works to de Yanks, dat come down dar to larn cotton and sugar plantin'. I'se heerd great talk since I cum har 'bout de awful sin and de horror ub slav'ry, and I'se larnt not so bery long ago dat yer had de same awful sin a hanging to yer own skeerts. It's mighty funny, in my 'pinion, dat yer neber saw de wickedness ob it, till yer done turned all yer property in dat dere line inter yer own pockets;" and with that Spartan thrust Louise walked with the air of a queen out of the kitchen. Ebenezer had settled himself during this contest to his favorite pastime of whittling, and was enjoying in his own quiet way this tilt of the Amazons.

"Tell yer what, Susan," he said as Louise disappeared, "I think you better stick to cooking and chores, and not be running yer head agin religion and Southern planters. My stars, but can't the old darkie be spunky. I like her, and I'll be blamed if I don't stop talking philanthropy to her after this."

"Clear yourself, you lazy tramp, out of this!" screamed Susan, brandishing a pot-lid after the rapidly retiring figure. Ebenezer, feeling himself safe, held the door ajar and called back: "Don't be calling names, Susie, dear; it's unbecoming to the sex, and might spile yer chance of a husband; that's already as small as the little end of nothing." Bang! went the pot-cover on the closing door, making a mark similar to the one that the amiable Susan's great progenitor, Cotton Mather, left in his inkstand tilt with the devil.

During all this time Father Halloran had been sitting by the bedside of the invalid (who had rallied materially since the morning), imparting those consolations which yield such strength to the suffering. Adele sank and rallied by turns during the severe winter months, the good priest visiting her from time to time, con-

r with the promise of guid-
r as he could, the religious
of the little orphan she was
o leave among a people so
tic to her own most cherish-
ples.

Joseph had been her patron
fe, so did he guard her last
, his own festival being the
sen by God to call her
As her last moments drew
earthly longings and fears
, leaving only a perfect
t of peace and resignation,
the former dread and anx-
arting with her child.

Winthrop had promised
at the little one should be
d in her own faith, and that
d send her to a convent as
he was old enough to leave
. Whenever the weather
l, Louise took her to church,
ier Halloran always had a
or told her a story, which
ustrate or serve to impress
mind some important re-
truths. But unfortunately
ılfilment of these fair prom-
he end of three years Mrs.
p died; died as she had
th the promises of religion
r, but the torture of a dumb
n her soul, with the mock-
onsolation ringing through
, that God would be glori-
he damnation of her soul,
ned and foredoomed from
ning. Thus, in the midst
is of praise and prayers of
this poor soul, in agony
ble, passed into the presence
merciful One, who willeth
e shall perish. Let us hope
e who yet strive even under
ure of such a blighting creed,
l the judgments of God far
rciful than those of man.

Chapter Third.

ASPIRATIONS.

only surviving child of the
ps was Lucy, now the wife of Harvey Lyman, who had been married several years, and settled in one of the finest cities of the West. Mr. Lyman had risen from a poor clerkship to a position of weight and trust in the commercial world, and his advice and influence were sought in all affairs of importance. He aimed at wealth as the surest stepping-stone to business and social position, but he also united the study and culture that would combine the utility of the merchant with the principles and accomplishments of the gentleman. His wife determined to choose the sphere of literature, in which and through her patronage and the introduction of genius and genuine talent, she could create a new and exclusive circle; one, too, that would place her in a far more permanent and influential position than as a mere votary of fashion she could hope to attain. Their union had not been blest with children, and they considered this as the one gift needed to complete their worldly prosperity. During a visit to her mother, shortly after Adele's death, Mrs. Lyman had become deeply attached to the little orphan, and desirous of possessing her, she exacted a promise from Mrs. Winthrop, that, in the event of her own death, she would leave the child to her care.

Mrs. Lyman had been summoned in time to receive her mother's parting words and blessing. She dwelt particularly upon the fulfilment of her promise regarding little Adele's religious education. Believing that an injunction given at so solemn a moment was all that was necessary, she construed, in her weak state, her daughter's silence into assent. Roger Winthrop's share in the farm was of course to go to his child; but renting, after the old lady's death, for a small sum, it proved barely sufficient in a few years to pay Adele's school-bills.

As soon as the affairs of the estate were settled, Mrs. Lyman, with her young charge, returned to her home.

She was glad to include Louise, as she would relieve her of the trouble and the caprices of one who had been taught by the old woman to think herself a young queen. The faithful servant's last act was to take the child to pay a parting visit to Father Halloran and her mother's grave, to leave there her last tribute of remembrance and love.

From the beginning of her charge, Mrs. Lyman insidiously worked like a true iconoclast, to banish from the child's mind all her religious impressions. She soon found, however, that it would require caution and tact to conquer Louise's sense of duty to her dead mistress in subjection to her own will on this point. Many were the sullen rejoinders and open acts of disobedience to these demands. But finally a threat of total separation from her darling "little missy" produced the desired effect.

"I'se done what I could to 'form de promise to her dat's dead and gone," soliloquized the old woman; "and if taking away de child from dese ole eyes is to pay, I gives it up. Gor a'mighty must fight his own battles in de future, 'case you see I'se atween two fires; and leaving de little one alone widout her ole mammy to love and kere for her, is of de most consequence in my 'pinion, nor de toder. She's bound for de promised land whichsomever road she takes, an' just as long as de life is left in dis ole body, I 'tends to hold on to her skeerts."

By degrees her catechism, prayer-book, and all the sacred souvenirs that linked her young heart with her mother's faith, disappeared from Adele's sight, and new interests, together with attractive and opposite associations, chased away from the young facile mind even the remembrance of those early lessons of love and truth. Every educational advantage was bestowed upon Adele; for although her aunt prized her beauty, yet her greater ambition was to place her as a bright star in that literary galaxy, of which the Lymans were now the central orb. Fortunately for these aspirations Adele was very bright and ambitious of knowledge; not, however, for the same motive that inspired her aunt, but for the pleasure and the resources that she derived from its pursuit. Mrs. Lyman had long contemplated the accomplishment of some plan that would serve to unite and concentrate the artistic and literary ability of the city into a circle that would render it productive and available. In perfecting this plan, the Lymans determined that its inception should be characterized by a liberal and just estimate of the claimants, who might present themselves for the verdict of either genius or talent. An unimpeachable moral standard, especially among women, amenity of manner, together with a regard for the conventionalities of polite society, were among the requisite degrees for an *entrée* into this chosen circle. Hence all celebrities in the world of letters, music, science, and the arts, at home or from a distance, were graciously received.

The inauguration of the assembly upon the remodelled plan was announced for Adele's seventeenth birthday, a proper occasion her aunt thought to introduce her into the social sphere she was now old enough to adorn.

I fear if one of the young *débutantes* of the present extravagant day could have seen our heroine after her toilet was completed, that not even her exquisite loveliness could atone for the simplicity of her attire. The belle of forty years ago was happily privileged to be independent of velvets, laces, silks, and jewels. She could attend the entire round of a gay winter series of parties, arrayed in a simple white Swiss or crape dress; this varied and adorned by a variety of ribbons or flowers would insure her a full amount of admiration and attention from the most elegant and fastidious beaux. Then

the beauty, whose wardrobe might literally contain "nothing to wear," might compete, on the score of success, with "Miss Flora's" endless variety; for the *nouveau riches* was a plant whose influence was scarcely felt beyond the marshes from whence it sprung, and its gaudy, parasitic colors was powerless to detract from the beauty and charm of the lowly wayside flower. The rule then was: Dress in accordance with your means, and enjoy your opportunities of pleasure; but now it is, Dress as your rich neighbor does, or stay at home to indulge rebellious feelings against your lot in life.

Mrs. Lyman had been fortunate in her choice of the evening, for a celebrity in the literary world had arrived only the day before, and it was soon whispered that Miss Harriet Martineau would be among the guests. The rooms looked very handsome with their wax-lights, mirrors, and tasteful floral decorations, and were filled at an early hour with a company, many of whom for genuine talent might have adorned the *salon* of the Abbaye-aux-Bois or the drawing-rooms of "Holland House."

After the guests had assembled, there arose that modulated hum, the twin-sister of silence, which always waits on expectation. Mr. Grenville, who had been chosen as a reader of the contributed articles, next took his seat in the centre of the room, and at his side was placed Miss Martineau. Of course she was the celebrity of the evening; her claims being well established through the reputation that had preceded her from England, since the production of "Deerbrook," and a variety of essays contributed to British periodicals. Beyond this she was not personally attractive; indeed, she might be called extremely homely, and her toilet was neither elegant or in good taste. Conversation also was rendered difficult with her, as she was totally deaf, and sound could only reach her by the aid of an ear-trumpet, which at that time was quite a curiosity. All these disadvantages, however, were redeemed in her case, as in Frederica Bremer's, by a benevolent expression of countenance, her fine conversational powers, and the spirited interest she evinced in the scenes and persons around her. As the time arrived for dispersing, every one expressed full satisfaction with the success that had crowned the evening. Even Adele admitted that she had been agreeably disappointed, and fell asleep pondering and striving to interpret the mythical poem of the handsome Angelo Leland; wondering, too, what the future might weave out of these first impressions, and the lovely phantasies of her first glimpse of this fairy land of youth.

Thus the winter passed in a round of gayety, and before its close, Adele had attained the bewildering, fascinating realm of reigning belle by the universal consent, even of her own set.

Chapter Fourth.

FLOWERS OF EDEN.

The extreme rarity of Adele's type of beauty had riveted the artistic eye of Angelo Leland at their first meeting, but, being indifferent to general society, and finding but little attraction among its younger representatives, he contented himself with enjoying her loveliness as he would have done the points of a fine picture. As the opportunity, however, for studying this model became more frequent, and her ideas and general tone of mind impressed him as he moved listlessly through the gay vortex, there arose, by degrees, a consciousness of that impalpable, mystical affinity, drawing him towards her, which is as old as truth itself.

Adele likewise had experienced the influence of this power, ever since their second meeting; but, piqued by the seeming indifference of the only one who had failed to join her train of admirers, she determined

that no sign from her should gratify either her own desire for a nearer acquaintance, or concede to the vanity of this sole one who chose to stand thus alone, a mere dreamer, amid a gay, thoughtless multitude. It soon became, however, impossible for Angelo to longer resist her magical fascination; accordingly he made the advance one evening, as they stood near together on the green carpeted lawn of Riverdale, under the glowing light of a declining sun; both enjoying the rural loveliness of the first strawberry party of the season.

"You seem to enjoy that distant view of the river very much, Miss Winthrop," he said, after having watched some time in silence her earnest gaze.

"I do, indeed; as well as everything so lovely and suggestive at this season in the country."

"If you will accept my lead then for a short walk, I will conduct you to a spot which will afford a view far surpassing anything that can be seen from this point."

Crossing a stile at the west end of the garden brought them into a meadow, carpeted with fresh young grass, studded with anemones, stars of Bethlehem, and clusters of the exquisite little blue forget-me-not—which now, alas! are scarcely known to the modern florist, and rarely to be found by the gatherer of nature's uncultured children.

Adele had dropped the arm of her escort, and scarcely remembered his presence in this novel enjoyment, as she discovered the eyes of these dainty little fairies peering at her from various parts of the field. Angelo Leland had allowed her to run on, whilst he kept at a distance, enjoying her natural *abandon*. He could never succeed in narrowing either his ideas or manners in accordance with the circumscribed conventionalisms of the world, or play the mincing, flattering beau to my lady Beatrice.

Out of patience with the hollowness and meretricious taste of the mere worldling, he never hesitated to express his opinion of its slaves or customs. Hence he was dubbed by some "a cynic," by others a misanthrope; and, although handsome, and gifted beyond the majority, he was therefore not a favorite with those who liked soft words and simulated admiration better than a sincere adherence to honest convictions. Angelo had been intently watching and studying Adele's graceful motion, together with the lovely, artless nature, which, under the influence of God's special kingdom, was so unconsciously blending itself therewith. He almost wished, at one moment, for a Watteau brush, with which to perpetuate her Arcadian beauty. But such pale watertints were not within the measure of his gifts, and, even for such a subject, he turned from the momentary impulse, as if it were a degradation, to his own higher-toned inspirations.

Having seen her stand some time in evident perplexity upon the brink of a little stream, he walked quickly to her side, and, after reminding her in a gentle way that truant children were always punished, he guided her to a crossing, where, with the assistance of some large stones, she managed to reach the other side of the ravine with dry feet.

"You will have to take my arm now, Miss Winthrop, for you will find that steep hill rather tiresome. We must move quickly, too, or we will miss the grandest feature of the sunset," said Angelo. Already fatigued by her run over the meadow, Adele was quite out of breath when she reached the summit of the hill. But only for a moment was she conscious of a sense of weariness; in the next her mind was absorbed in the grandeur before her. The gates of "jasper and pearl," the streets of "gold and sardonyx," seemed revealed in the battlemented clouds, that were gathering their hosts to

usher to his rest the great king of day. The young verdure of the distant hills was bathed in the reflected light of these myriad tints, and the silvery sheen of the river embraced this gospel of creation's glory, and held it *en mirage* long after the labarum of golden purple had merged into the sombre hue that announces the coming night. Adele had dropped mechanically upon the grass, and, with eyes riveted upon the glorious vision, hands tightly folded upon her lap, and all her senses wrapped in a dream of elysium, she forgot even the existence and proximity of her fellow-worshipper. He was standing behind her, dividing his attention between the young girl and the scene. The one so old, even in its splendor, to the poet-artist; the other so new, in its pure, genuine freshness, to the sombre man of the world. Ah! he thought, what a pity that all this affluence is destined to be tainted, if not utterly destroyed, in that terrible maelstrom in which destiny has cast this lovely, fragile flower.

"Oh, do excuse me, Mr. Leland!" suddenly exclaimed Adele, quickly springing to her feet, and looking (with a blush) into his face; "I have been so rude, in devoting my attention so exclusively to my own feelings, instead of entertaining you, to whom I am indebted for such an exquisite treat:"

"You need never apologize to me, Miss Winthrop, for being natural. Empty words, in presence of such departed majesty, would indeed have been out of place."

"I am glad you think so, sir; but then you know," she continued laughingly, "that the *convenances* require, that when a gentleman is polite enough to give his attention to a lady, that she should at least requite them, by, by—"

"Some commonplace platitudes that are as empty as the wind. Excuse me for interrupting you, but you seemed at a loss for the proper word, and, as I take the reins of Atlas sometimes in hand, I am always ready to help the more timid ones over the artificial morasses and rocks."

"Thank you for your timely aid; but look at the river, how lovely it is. Oh, how I wish I were even a leaf upon its tide, to float down to my old beautiful home."

"My geography may be very much at fault, but really, Miss Winthrop, I can't see how you can reach the other side of the Alleghany Mountains by floating down this river."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Adele, laughing heartily; "why, what part of this Union, I should like to know, have you supposed I belonged to?"

"The land of the pilgrim fathers, of blue books, of pillories, etc."—here he paused; then continuing, as if reluctantly—"of witchcraft in its most dangerous form."

"Oh, what a slander, Mr. Leland; what a sad commentary upon your ethnographical discernment. Why, do I look like a Puritan, a Yankee?"

"Most assuredly not, especially at this moment, with your eyes flashing fire. But seriously, Miss Winthrop, I am delighted with this opportunity for enlightenment, for heretofore you have been a puzzle to me. I never could reconcile your physiognomical characteristics with the idea that the arctic coast of Maine was the region of your nativity. May I ask," he continued, with a mock dramatic air, "from which home of the gods you have descended?"

"From the realms of Flora, of Pomona; from the land of the orange and myrtle," she replied in the same vein; "but, to be serious, I am a native of Louisiana, born in New Orleans; but only know my beautiful home from the word-painting of my darling mother and the legendary lore of my old colored nurse. You, too, I should judge, Mr. Leland, are of Southern birth?"

"There you are mistaken, though

the impression is a natural one. I was born in the State of New York, but inherit my Southern lineaments from my mother, who was an Italian. Left an orphan very young, I was reared under the tutelage of my grandmother, who was a true Roman, ever, even in exile, clinging to the loving memory of her seven-hilled city. To her influence, I suppose it is, that are due many of my tastes and sentiments that are in general so unpopular with the prosaic American ideas. But, Miss Winthrop, we must return, for the twilight is already gathering."

"Yes, but there is a bright moon coming up to light our way. Oh, how I wish I could live always amid the repose and beauty of a scene like this!"

"I think you would soon weary of it, and long for those siren voices that rarely find their echo where truth reigns supreme. Beside, I don't think that you were born for the country, to love, as Willis says, pigs and chickens."

"Oh, what a shocking fall, Mr. Leland; though even they may be made the lower accessories to a higher good. You are a great painter, I am told; yet I am sure that your grandest conceptions are never spoiled because, in perpetuating them, you are forced to the menial task of washing your palette and brushes."

"I acknowledge the just retort, Miss Winthrop," he replied, gracefully raising his hat, as he walked homeward by Adele's side.

"As you cannot gather flowers now, I will show you a shorter route, which will take us to Riverdale in time for the strawberries and cream, for which I for one am quite ready, for, spite of the recent feast of soul, I confess to feeling dreadfully hungry."

Adele being surrounded by her admirers as soon as she reached the lawn, and plied with innumerable questions as to the cause and whereabouts of her absence, Angelo Leland, gently disengaging her arm, raised his hat, and, silently leaving the group, approached her no more that evening.

"What a stupid time you must have had," said volatile Sallie Perkins, "to be alone so long with that gloomy, tiresome man."

"He must reserve those qualities for your company, Sallie, for I assure you I found him a most agreeable and entertaining escort."

"Then you must like stupid people, that are always moralizing or talking about pictures and books."

"Well, yes; I confess that I do think that such people make a charming diversion, when there are so many silly things always floating on the surface of society." With this home-thrust, Adele moved away.

Angelo had wandered to a distant spot, preferring to be alone with the new train of thought and feeling that had bloomed within the last hour. Adele was the first woman he had ever met who had succeeded in interesting him beyond the passing moment; and yet he had been wandering for many years among the gay and lovely, ever hoping some day to realize that oft-recurring dream which should open the haven of a new and higher life for him. And now he had found this *vade mecum*, what was he to do with the gift? keep her, hold her against all competitors, or leave her to the narrow and blighting destiny for which he knew she was being trained by her aspiring worldly-minded relatives? Leave her to the torment and strife of a higher nature, with all its misery, in a gilded cage, or snatch her from the snare and fold her safe in the nepenthe of his own love? It was the old story, wealth and misery *versus* love and poverty. Which should decide?

Chapter Fifth.

FOREBODINGS.

The long dreamy summer days

were merging into the saddest of the year. The song of the birds grew fainter as they spread their wings for more sunny homes; the sweet-scented apple blossoms had ripened into fruit, and the forest trees bent and wailed, as the first mandate of the winter king mocked the approaching bereavement of their glory with a mantle of crimson and gold. With the flight of the birds, and the plaint of the falling leaves, had come the harvest time of two hearts. No word of committal had been spoken by either, yet each felt that the moment of destiny was at hand. Angelo had weighed the chances, and determined on the venture. He easily convinced himself that the income inherited from his grandmother, which heretofore had been barely sufficient to meet the expenses of his own luxurious tastes, might, by a wave of Cupid's torch, be doubly expanded. Then, too, he possessed both genius and talent, and with the necessity for earnest work, the inclination would surely come. Fame he had never as yet cared to attain. But now, with the incentive that springs from love,—with the conscious power of being able to lay at her feet a name emblazoned with such glory as had been won alone by the artists of past centuries,—with this noble incentive, he believed that he might yet set his name in glowing colors, side by side with a Correggio or a Durer, upon the tablet of centuries yet to come.

Adele had likewise been passing through even a greater contest, for she lived in a sphere where every feeling underwent the analysis of a valuation, whose basis was profit or loss. Often, when she thought her wares as precious as diamond dust, she would see them reduced by the alembic of her practical, scheming aunt, to a pile of glittering sand. Inheriting the native *insouciance* of her mother's character, though dashed with the energy and will of her father's spirit, she loved ease and comfort, and delighted in the indulgence of her luxurious tastes. Her aunt fully understood the test that her love for Angelo Leland would subject her to, and thus armed, worked steadily against his chance of success. She indulged more than ever her extravagant fancies, dwelt upon the advantages of wealth, and was correspondingly eloquent upon the horrors of poverty. Old Louise, too, who divined the bent her darling's heart was taking, and remembered, only too bitterly, all the woes that had followed the loss of fortune to the other members of the family, became roused into a determined rebellion against "her child" marrying such a poor "young gentleman" as Mr. Leland. To aid her cause she never lost an opportunity of detailing to Adele, when dressing her, minute particulars of the grandeur, ease, and affluence of her grandparents, when they were among the richest of the land, and then growing eloquent, from excess of feeling, she would draw the contrast between that time and their subsequent poverty. These pictures rarely failed to move one so impressionable as Adele. During a recent visit, Angelo had observed with a secret pang the growing coldness of both Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, as well as the vacillating character of Adele. He knew that her nature was true—knew that if she would be guided alone by the pure impulses of her heart, that the happiness of both would be secured.

"What have you been doing in your line lately?" asked Mr. Lyman, as Angelo was about taking his leave.

"I have just finished a fancy piece," he replied, "which seems to please some of our best connoisseurs, and at their request I have consented to place it in Welden's gallery."

"A very good idea, indeed," said Mr. Lyman, in a patronizing tone. "I am decidedly in favor of culti-

vating the public taste. A just estimate of works of art will not interfere with our commercial prosperity. Pictures beautify a house and elevate our tastes. If our people would believe this, and give more patronage to such objects, a growing and discriminating value would be the result. I will bring the ladies to-morrow to see your work, and if convenient, would like to meet you there, in order to have you explain the fine points of the picture."

Angelo preceded the party to the gallery the next morning, in order to see it hung in the most favorable light. He looked upon it with love, for it gave back the lights and shadows that had glinted from his own heart upon the insensible canvas. Mr. Lyman was the first to arrive, as the ladies had engaged to meet him there; but as Angelo wished that the eyes of Adele should be the first to fall upon the picture, he managed to divert Mr. Lyman's attention by examining and discussing other works of art. In a few moments the ladies arrived, and Angelo conducted them to the upper gallery, where "The Voyage of Love" was hung. He placed himself in a position to command the first expression of Adele's eyes. She had stood about five minutes in rapt attention, gazing with a far-away expression, as if reading a chapter of her own life in the Sibylline leaves of fate; then suddenly raising her eyes, humid with the halo of love, they fell upon Angelo's face, and he knew then that the stone had been rolled away, and all the old doubts and fears, all the deferred hopes, floated radiantly out into a cloudless sky.

The scene depicted represented a lovely valley bordered by a silvery stream. The heavens still retained the auroral tints of rosy gold, and the soft, fleecy whiteness of the newborn day. The ground was green, and dotted with tiny blossoms of clover and anemones, through which a brown path had been tracked to the river's brink. Over tl large dark rock, which was ered luxuriantly with mos and a wild vine of sweetbi bloom. At the base of thi small boat, into which a y was placing a beautiful gir raising her foot, turns upc a look of mingled love and Upon this countenance an the whole wealth of the pa had evidently been bestov was as lovely as a poet's dr golden hair and violet (shaded by a wide brimmec sat jauntily upon her head. passionate heart gleame lover's eyes, and said, ' me," as he held her han swered her questioning ; courage and safety. An miliar with the secrets of hearts would have discov glance the lovely blonde c ture mirrored in the beaut eyed one then standing l semblance of her second prosaic people are general tuse to discern the heart ir of the hands, so Adele al preted the allegory in its t entire work was redolent (a trust, and a love that ha fruition. The "Voyage seemed not only an ani but one safely and blissful plished.

Whilst the Lymans wer ing their admiration of th tion they were joined by aged man, whose general a might now be designated dy ;" but all the wealth (could never impart to l though not clumsy figure, t *faire* which always marks t man.

"Ah, good morning, g(ing, sir," he said, as if in a hurry. "Like myself, l the picters, I see! Pretty but them wishy-washy th no meaning in 'em is not Give me dogs and horse

ns, with a bit of a house, nkling of carts and bar- gs a body can understand; daubs that your fancy high art,' is all stuff and

," replied Mr. Lyman, that you are always in fa- practical, Mr. Rowland. it that you find time to- te on such nonsense, since o use in your line for such

true, sir. But you see my to keep up with the fash- she insists upon my new oom being fixed off like houses; so as picters are e, she says we must have , and I stole a minute to n her here, to see what I k up at a bargain. After come to think of it, that ding the girl into the boat ad, and I think it might ip a bare place, and match ll with a poultry yard I t; they're 'bout the same nder if it's to sell, and price?"

gentleman who painted it replied Mr. Lyman, and uced Angelo to the mil-

labor of love, his soul's o that piece of vegetation! suggestion was profana- might as well have asked ut a money value on the l at his side. Angelo's so terse and unmistakably that Mr. Rowland, after a e at him, turned, with a ontempt, and made a rapid

is he?" asked Mrs. Lyman sband.

the new western Crœsus, Midas, for everything he eems to turn into gold. clever kind of fellow in hough his grammar might dley Murray, and his man- d certainly throw a Ches- terfield into spasms. But they'll both be swallowed, for the taste for gilded pills is growing fast."

"Is he married?" queried his wife.

"No, indeed, and not likely to be. That Cerberus of a sister would keep all such aspirants at bay, even if Rowland was inclined, at this late day, to risk a ticket in the matrimonial lottery."

"You are complimentary, Harvey."

"Why, my dear, you know that I always say I was fortunate enough to draw the one eel out of the bag of snakes."

"And no doubt would risk, like the great chancellor's old father, a second dip into the sack, if I give you a chance," retorted his wife. "But," she continued, "I want you to introduce me to that man. I will call on his sister, and invite them to our next *soirée*."

"What branch of literature or the fine arts do you expect them to illustrate, my dear?"

"Pshaw! You needn't laugh at me, Harvey. People have to go out of their own circle, sometimes, when the motive is strong enough."

Mr. Lyman looked inquiringly at his wife; then as a new light dawned upon him, exclaimed:

"What scheming brains and ambitious purposes you women develop, when self-interest moves you. It is a grand plan, Lucy, but it won't work."

"We will see. Only don't thwart me, Harvey, and I'll engage to succeed," said his wife, as she parted with him at the door.

Chapter Sixth.

SILVER BELLS.

"We are to have a new acquisition to our *soirée*, to-night," said Mrs. Lyman, at the breakfast-table, about two weeks after the visit to Welden's gallery.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Adele; "I

have not heard of any distinguished arrivals."

"Nor have I; but I have determined to be less exclusive than last winter, and to invite at subsequent meetings a few friends, irrespective of any literary consideration. By the way, Adele, did you notice that large fine-looking man who was talking to your uncle the day we went to see Mr. Leland's picture?"

"Do you mean the man that offered to buy it, and whose good taste and grammar were so remarkable?" asked Adele, with a perceptible sneer.

"The same, my dear. I admit that his style of conversation is not euphonious; but you must acknowledge that he is very handsome."

"Yes, if a lump of flesh and blood, with the soul left out, may be called so."

"Now, my dear child, you are prejudiced; you mustn't expect everybody to come up to your fastidious standard. If you look for an Adonis, or *belle-lettres* scholar, in every man you meet, you will be sadly disappointed. We must take people as we find them, and give worth, as well as talent, its just due."

Adele made no reply to this admirable principle, but wondered at the sudden budding of these democratic views in the mind of her aunt, who heretofore had maintained a very different doctrine. She rather suspected, however, that the work, in this instance, was entirely vested in the individual's moneybags.

With the initiative of the morning she was not surprised when she saw her aunt, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Rowland, approaching her for the purpose of a formal introduction. Inclined to be amused, and having no qualms as to the subject thus used, Adele devoted her entire attention to him, and with marvellous tact managed to draw him into a conversation that betrayed his weakest points. She played with him as a skilful angler does with the fish upon his hook, and when satisfied as to his true measure, and wearied with his vulgarity and *persiflage*, she managed to give him the slip for some one more desirable.

Angelo Leland had watched with a beating heart the whole proceeding. Intuitively he divined the motive, and shuddered as he saw the end Mrs. Lyman was striving to accomplish. At the first opportunity he secured Adele's promise for a walk the next morning, to one of the adjacent hills, to gather, before the heavy frosts, her winter supply of fall leaves and berries.

When they had reached the calm and silence of one of nature's loveliest haunts, after a short pause, as if under the sacred influence of the scene, Angelo said: "I owe you an apology, Miss Adele, for being a little late; but the truth is, I was prompted to the performance of a good action this morning, and as such inspirations come to me at rare intervals now, I thought best to submit to the guidance of my good angel." Adele raised her eyes inquiringly to his face. "I have been to church," he continued, "and heard mass for the first time in many months, and I must acknowledge that the influence of the service touched a chord that rarely vibrates now."

"Your excuse, if one were needed, is certainly sufficient; but what particular festival is this to call forth such a sudden burst of devotion?"

"Why don't you know it is the first of November, the feast of 'All Saints?'"

"So it is," she replied. "I wish I had remembered it in time, for I think I too would have gone to the Catholic Church, if only to commemorate the event it marks for me —that of my birth. It is strange that my heart always seems drawn to that church. I never feel in other places the sense of rest and elevation that comes to me when I sit in the dim, solemn light of her time-

hallowed aisles. With Southey, I can truly say:

"'The silence of that sacred pile falls on the heart.'"

"Then you do sometimes visit your venerable and true mother?" said Angelo, with a tone of emotion in his voice.

"Yes, indeed, I do," replied Adele. "It is an impulse that I find impossible, at times, to resist. Nothing possesses such a charm for me, as the lights, flowers, and incense of that altar, that is associated with my earliest memories, and which always so vividly recalls the face and voice of my darling mother. Sometimes, when sitting there alone, allowing fancy to draw me where she listeth, I imagine that I can hear her dear, soft voice whisper through the solemn stillness."

"And yet, Miss Adele, you steadfastly reject those, your best and purest impulses."

"Why I only look upon it as a beautiful sentiment now. Some day, perhaps, it may take form—some far-distant day, when the glamour of youth is past, and years and cares press the necessity of religion as a part of one's life. At present I find the music and splendid eloquence of Mr. Chandler sufficiently suggestive to keep me solemn enough for a long, dull Sunday."

"I am too bad a renegade to lecture or even advise you in so serious a matter; but recreant as I have been, I confess to a still ardent latent affection for the faith of my childhood—an affection which no cold, soulless form of Protestantism can ever fill."

Adele remained silent, weaving a wreath of fall leaves and lichens, for several moments; then heaving a long sigh, she drew from her pocket an exquisite rosary, of turquoise and pearl beads, strung on gold wire.

"Perhaps, Mr. Leland," she said, "you can tell me the devotional use of this bauble?"

"Why, it is a rosary! Where did you get it, Miss Adele!"

"This morning my aunt gave it to me, with some other jewels that had belonged to my mother."

After musing a few seconds, Angelo said, "I am ashamed to own that I have entirely forgotten the form of the devotion, with the exception of the invocation to the Blessed Virgin; but I can find it in a prayer book, if you are really anxious to learn it."

"No," replied Adele; "I don't care particularly about the prayers, but I think I should like to keep this always about me;" and she was twining it about her hands as she spoke, "as a talisman, for mamma's sake." Then suddenly exclaiming, "Oh, I know! I see now what I can do! I will have the chain opened here, by the cross, with a clasp, will twist it around my arm so, and wear it as a bracelet," and she suited the action to the word.

"A very artistic idea," replied Angelo, with a smile the least bit sinister; "and just like your sex, always keeping the ornamental in view. But allow me to make a suggestion. If, as you say, you really want to wear this souvenir as a talisman for your dead mother's sake, don't you think that the memorial would be doubly hallowed by combining its true use, as she did; thus making it externally not only a link with her earthly life, but through prayer one also with her heavenly."

"Why, Mr. Leland," said Adele, as she looked earnestly in his face, "how pious your mood is this morning. I never saw you in such a frame of mind before. You must have chosen Fra Bartolomeo as your patron in piety as well as in arts."

"Don't laugh at me, Adele. I *am* serious, and as solemnly impressed to-day as if the Fates were busy cutting some precious golden thread of my life."

She was impressed, spite of herself, by his solemnity, so, more to

humor his mood than to gratify her own curiosity, she said,

"But to return to the rosary; tell me what I must do to sustain that poetic idea of yours, about a link with mamma, on earth and in heaven."

"Only these words;" and he repeated, as he raised his hat reverentially, slowly and solemnly, the salutation of the angel Gabriel, and the daily invocation of every child of the Church.

"It is pretty," said Adele, after a pause; "yes, and touching too. How strange," she continued, "as I ponder the words, they seem like the strain of a familiar lullaby. I must have known it once. Let me try if I can repeat it."

And as she followed his prompting, there seemed to arise before her a beautiful, pallid woman, wrapped in shawls, reclining in an easy chair, with her hand on the head of a little child, who was kneeling at her feet, lisping this same prayer. The vision flooded her soul with such vividness that she felt it to be the reproduction of some distant and forgotten scene. Memories of her mother, of her childish days, filled her heart, and burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly.

The low surging of the autumn wind, the dropping of the leaves, which fell like music in this Dodona grove, filled her soul with a diapason of tender memories, and struck a wailing chord, like a *requiescat* for the faith so long dead.

Angelo Leland had left her in that sacred solitude to the indulgence of those retrospections, for he knew their value, and trusted that through them she might be led back to the old faith.

When he returned, with his hands filled with leaves as exquisitely tinted as if his own brush had arranged the colors, he was surprised to find Adele not only apparently recovered from her momentary sadness, but evidently determined to banish it from her thoughts. Springing up and replacing her bonnet as she wiped the still lingering moisture from her eyes, she exclaimed: "Here have we two been wasting this lovely morning in talk dismal enough to give even Puck the blues. I hate to be sad; I don't see the use of people making such a serious matter of life; I am sure God meant us to enjoy it, so I, for one, intend to catch only the sunbeams and leave the motes for those who fancy such companionship."

"Then you mean to join the school of the laughing philosophers only, and consent to drink alone the foam of the glass, leaving the lees for those who accept the 'goblet with its bitter leaf?'"

"Of course, and thereby follow the advice of Solomon, by not anticipating the evil days."

"Your philosophy reminds me," replied Angelo, with a tinge of sadness in his tone, "of that beautiful old legend of a valorous king, who, pitying the selfish and miserable lives of his predecessors, determined to prove to the world that perfect and complete happiness was within the reach of every earnest seeker. So being both generous and unselfish, he determined that his subjects should enjoy every gala day, and every happy event that should crown his own life. Accordingly it was proclaimed that whenever a musical silver bell, the cord of which hung in the king's cabinet, should be rung, that all the bells of the city should, in peals of joy, summon the people to leave their various pursuits to celebrate and share the happiness of their king."

"Well, of course," interrupted Adele, "with all the resources for enjoyment at majesty's command, he found what he sought. The people must have wearied of his bell-ringing."

"You are mistaken. King though he was, endowed with plenary power in all else, he failed in his invocations for happiness, as miserably as the poorest peasant of his

all the luxury of an easy, suous life; the glory and *elan* :; the deep absorbing lore of and philosophy; the lulling, g cadence of music; the charms of poesy; the witch- ve; all failed in turn to yield g more than a temporary pleasure. Time and again, ıder some one of these influ- is hand was extended to pull en cord, but it was always by some *contretemps*, or ıcting influence, that either d or totally destroyed the sen- of joy. Once, only once the heard to peal, and then—" paused.

:n what," petulantly said "Go on, please; tell me the

; it is a sad story, and you ıile ago that you didn't want such."

now you have interested me ited my curiosity, so I retract; ıember, only for this time,

lo continued: "Every gift n be bestowed upon man, lofty position and exalted ad been this king's. He had bride of his first and purest t death claimed her before the blossoms had withered. He en crowned, through the of his arms, by glory and ıt the blood of his own beloved had dimmed with tears the of his conquests. He had wealth by an increase of ter- but this acquisition turned rd of his own brother against rt. Through a second mar- oble children were born to ıt just as they blossomed into ss, one by one this precious recalled. Family pride and ıate friends gathered around side, but still there was a in every bud. Thus death last to him, as it comes to with its shadows he felt the ing truth, that with all his natural gifts and opportunities, life, its promises and aspirations, had proved an utter failure. And now he must relinquish crown and sceptre, nay, even the boon of life, with the full consciousness that he had never realized for one day a sense of perfect unalloyed happiness. Then as his breath became more labored, and his eyes grew dim, as the vista of futurity was slowly opening before him, there came floating through the air, rousing his waning senses, a sound, low and distant at first, but gathering in volume and drawing nearer and nearer to the palace walls. Rousing himself, with an effort, from his stupor, the king asked, 'What sound is that?'

"'It is the mourning of your people, sire, for the extremity of their beloved king.'

"Then there passed over his whitened face a ray of light like unto the rosy glow left by the setting sun, as he feebly cried, 'Then my people love me! Thank God for this assurance that I have not lived in vain, but that even in these last moments, I may claim and take with me hence, one trophy, one sensation of genuine happiness.' And reaching out his trembling, emaciated hand, and seizing the silken cord, with one long pull, the silver bell pealed forth its first and last blessed annunciation of this long-sought, protracted token of joy. And as its vibrations mingled with the prayers and sobs of the people to this blessed *requiem*, the soul of the good king passed into eternity."*

Adele sat perfectly silent for some moments after he finished the legend, looking at the river. At length, rousing from her reverie, she said: "It is a beautiful story, but I don't like the sentiment, and won't believe it."

* This story was sketched many months before Mr. Stoddart's poem of the "King's Bell" was published. The writer has adopted the text of the old legend from Doctor Doran, which differs materially in the closing scene from the one rendered so beautifully by Mr. Stoddart.

"Then you don't believe that to be truly and faithfully loved is the greatest of all earthly gifts? Ah, Adele, how you love to torture me. Why not respond to your best impulses, which are always just and true?"

"Do be reasonable, Mr. Leland," she replied, turning away her head, "and be satisfied with the assurances I have already given you."

Angelo sighed heavily, walked away, then returning, said: "I am going to speak to your uncle this evening, and end this suspense."

"*Bon voyage, mon ami*," she replied, assuming a tone of forced banter to conceal the really deep feelings that were agitating her; "but I fear you will only invoke the tempest; and so will I," she continued, "if we don't hurry home." She took the lead down the narrow path, her gayety gone, and a sad, thoughtful expression in her eyes. There was a great contest in this young heart between love, ambition, and fear. Which should eventually conquer neither could tell.

Angelo did speak to Mr. Lyman that evening, but, as he judged him to be totally unfitted for all the purposes of earnest practical life, he refused her hand as gently as possible. He strove to convince him that Adele's was a temperament that could neither be useful nor happy under poverty. He concluded by advising him to dispel this fancy, just as he would have told him to throw off his coat or take off his boots. Love and hearts were at a heavy discount in Mr. Lyman's schedule. With many expressions of regret for the necessary cessation of his visits, which he trusted would be only for a time—"as, of course, they would both be reasonable"—he bade him good-night.

(To be continued.)

LIBERALISM AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

I.

ONE of the strongest arguments which the liberals are in the habit of adducing in their own favor is the example of the United States of America. Observe, say they, that young republic of the New World! It has sprung into existence, has been educated, has increased under the influences of our principles. There is no nation that can be compared with it in prosperity, in greatness, in the enjoyment of every delicious fruit of civil culture. Who, then, will not appreciate the worth of our principles, and will not desire to experience their beneficent effects on his own country? Before so specious an argument, many simpletons remain convinced, and declare that Liberalism is right, the proofs being so evident. But sensible persons, who do not accept facts blindly, but examine them and find out their causes, easily perceive, that, on the contrary, if there be a practical argument capable of confounding Liberalism, it is precisely the example of the United States. Because, looking at the matter seriously, we easily discover that the greatness and prosperity of that nation are due to the fact, that it is formed and constituted upon principles entirely contrary to those professed by modern Liberalism; and that, on the other hand, by moving away from the former in the direction of the latter, it has already begun to fall seriously in the moral order, so that, if a remedy be not applied in time, the material order

will be ruined likewise. An excellent work has just appeared from the pen of M. Claude Jannet, which goes far to correct false opinions on this subject.* Hitherto judgments of America were founded upon the work of M. Tocqueville, *La Democratie en Amerique.* But, in the first place, this writer only visited the northern part of the republic, without setting foot in the southern part, which is the most important. (The writer evidently alludes to the Middle States.) In the second place, from 1832, when Tocqueville compiled his history, down to our days, things in America have changed greatly. Suffice it to say, that the population is more than doubled, averaging now about forty millions, and the principal cities have increased in an incredible manner. It followed as a consequence, that the nation, which was almost exclusively agricultural, became industrial and commercial, and now not the rural districts, but the cities preponderate in the public *régime.* Besides immigration, not scarce and desultory, as it used to be, but rapid and like a torrent, has debilitated the assimilating force of the country in such a manner that the new-comers do not become invested with the nature of the original colonists, but preserve their own. Availing ourselves then of the work of M. Jannet, which was written after a very attentive observation of present facts, and from exclusively American documents, it is the object of this article to show, that the example of the United States of America, instead of favoring Liberalism, is a manifest condemnation of it.

II.

A DESIRE of escaping from the religious persecution of the mother country induced, about the middle of the seventeenth century, many Puritans and English Catholics to seek an asylum in the new world. The Puritans founded New England, the Catholics Maryland. Both New England and Maryland, however, were merely colonies, subject to the dominion of the king of England. The subordinate sovereignty which they enjoyed, instead of deriving from the will of the individual associates, came from the free grant of the prince, and was exercised, not by the entire community, but by its most notable members. "Their little states or communities," writes M. Jannet, "were not constituted in virtue of a social contract, into which each person carried his primordial right of sovereignty. Nothing of the kind. All those colonies were formally constituted into a political society by charters, in virtue of which the kings of England granted the landed properties comprised in the writ, the right of administration, of judicature, of electing the local functionaries, and of sanctioning laws, provided they were not contrary to those of the kingdom, to a certain number of persons expressly named in the charter, to their heirs and successors, and to all those who would afterwards be admitted into the colony as freemen. It was through the cession of rights and successive amplification that the body of freemen became invested with political sovereignty, but always in virtue of a delegation, and under the lofty dominion of the crown." Popular sovereignty, in the sense of the liberals, was entirely excluded, both on account of the fountain whence sprang the power, and on account of the quality of the subject invested with the power. The fountain, or source, was the authority of the prince, the subject the freeman. Although the word *freeman* etymologically signifies individual independence, still, according to the old English and Germanic laws, it was only given to the fathers of families, landowners. Liberty of conscience, according to the acceptation by the Liberals, was

* Les Etats-Unis contemporains. Les Mœurs, les Institutions, et les Idées depuis la guerre de secession, par Claude Jannet. Ouvrage précédé d'une lettre de M. Le Play. Paris, 1876.

also excluded. Indeed, both the Catholics and the Puritans strove for the free exercise of their own religion, not because they recognized the right of every man to hold that belief which best suited his fancy, but because they considered their own the only true religion, and themselves bound by the law of God to profess it. Nay, the Puritans excluded from their community the exercise of every other form of worship. Jannet writes: "They did not establish in the religious order the thesis of absolute liberty. They vindicated the right of practicing their own religion, because the only true one, and not in virtue of a right inherent in every man. Like the first Christians, in the face of the Pagan emperors, they invoked the absolute sovereignty of God; only, instead of taking their rule of belief from the decisions of the popes and the councils, they gathered it from the particular interpretations of their own theologians." Of intolerance towards dissenters, he says: "From its own side, the civil power placed its first duty in *sustaining the Church*, according to the words of the celebrated minister, John Cotton. Not only did he proscribe those who did not adhere to the principles of Congregationalism, and prohibit, under the most atrocious penalties, Catholics, Quakers, and Anabaptists, from entering the colony, but the General Court studied to maintain a rigorous orthodoxy among the different congregations of the colony, and cruelly exiled all who professed the slightest contrary doctrine." It is true that the Catholics of Maryland proclaimed liberty of worship. But, besides restricting this liberty to those who believed in Christ, they did not make such a concession in deference to a *liberalesque principle*, but only to soften, by their example, the intolerance of the Protestant colonies. Their generosity cost them dearly, and proved how foolishly Catholics give admittance to heresy.

Availing themselves of the religious liberty in Maryland, the Puritans of the North and other dissenters flocked there in such numbers, that they were soon in the majority. Having overthrown the government of Lord Baltimore, they sanctioned the most oppressive laws against Catholics, which not only excluded them from public and private offices, and deprived them of political rights, but also interdicted the opening of schools, and the celebration of mass outside of private houses, nay, forbade them to pass in front of the palace of the government, and to frequent certain quarters of the city. Behold how Protestants acknowledge the generosity of Catholics! We have luminous examples of this today in Prussia and Switzerland, where the Catholics are compensated with a most ferocious persecution for their condescension towards the German Lutherans and the Swiss colonists, in the peace which succeeded the religious wars, and in the treaties concluded for political union. Catholics are generally charged with intolerance, but in truth it is the property of Protestants and their direct descendants, the Liberals of today. As for political naturalism and the complete independence of the state of religious influence—another capital principle of liberalism—the American colonies were so remote from it that they rather seemed a theocratic government. To speak of the Protestants alone, the real sovereign of Puritan institutions was God, and the Bible their fundamental statute. Setting out with the idea, most just in itself, that this life, with the things thereof, was but a preparation for the future, they made civil society subordinate to this end, and constrained individual members to observe the Decalogue. In this they imitated all the great races. But they pushed their theocratic notions farther still, and modelled their institutions after those of the epoch of the Judges of Israel. The

code of Connecticut, for instance, textually reproduced a series of verses from Deuteronomy and Leviticus. The other colonies of the North and South were, in substance, constituted according to the same principles. With such ordinances, peace, prosperity, and good morals flourished among those people during the colonial period, and according to such principles were formed those brave spirits that afterwards fought so nobly against British arrogance.

III.

HAVING gained the victory over the mother country the colonies of America proclaimed their independence in 1776, and instituted themselves into democratic States, united together for the common defence. This was the origin of the Grand Republic of the United States of America, which received its definite Constitution in the Congress of 1787. In virtue of this Constitution, and of the enterprising spirit and tenacious respect for the law which are characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, that people soon soared to the summit of civil culture, and won the admiration of the whole world. Yet that Constitution is far from being the result of liberalesque principles. In the first place, it did not pretend to establish a code of the rights and duties of the man and the citizen, but presupposed the one and the other, and only determined the laws which arose from the new condition of things. The framers of that Constitution did not consider it necessary to remodel society from the beginning, dissolving it into its first inorganic elements, but supposed it already subsisting in its organic parts, with its traditions and rights of individual liberty, of property, of family, of religion. It was only necessary for these parts to be united anew, in consequence of their separation from the old centre. "Instead of proceeding *a priori*," observes M. Jannet, "upon a razed table, the Constitution limited itself to regulating the relations of living and organic entities, such as were the States, and in their simply belonging to the Union, it organized the different federal powers according to the model furnished by their own special constitutions." As for the organization of these powers, it has nothing in common with the ideas of the present revolution. This aims at making numbers prevail. "That assured the prevalence of right," M. Jannet continues; "far from favoring the sovereignty of the people, Washington and the authors of the Federal Constitution wished to establish *a government of counterpoises*, in which no particular power could pretend to be the representative of the will of the people, and in which the rights of the minority would be secure from the attacks of the majority." This is evident from the attributes of each power and from the manner of their institution. The Senate represents the individual States and protects their rights. Each State has two Senators, independently of the number of inhabitants. Now, in reality, the Senate is the directing body of the Federal Union. Besides the legislative power which it has in common with the House of Representatives, it participates, with the President, in the executive power. To him belongs the confirmation of international treaties, and the nomination of the principal officers of government. The House of Representatives is in reality elected by the people, but each State, although sending a number proportionate to the number of inhabitants, has the absolute right of determining the conditions of capacity in the electors. "But the great safeguard given to the minority," writes M. Jannet, "and the most effective barrier against the excesses of the people, or their representatives, is in the powerful organization and independence of the judiciary power. The exception of unconsti-

tutionality can always be brought up before the Federal courts. They have the right of declaring unconstitutional and of refusing the application of those laws of Congress which seem contrary to the text and principles of the Constitution. The Supreme Court of the United States thus exercises a revision of the laws voted by the different States. The Constitution prohibits the States from making retroactive criminal laws, or laws which alter or destroy rights acquired in virtue of a contract. Now, when a citizen thinks himself offended by the application of such a law, he appeals to the Federal courts, which, in virtue of this article of the Constitution, vote a prevalence to the rights acquired by individuals, or by a corporation, against the unjust decisions of any legislature;" nay, more, the very seat of Congress is a guarantee against popular influences. It is not one of the large cities of the Union, but the little city of Washington, in the little District of Columbia, which is under the government of Congress.

IV.

THE only thing which seems to harmonize with the principles of modern liberalism, is the absolute liberty of conscience and worship sanctioned by the Constitution. But if it be seriously considered, this is precisely the point most at variance with the aforesaid principles. In fact, full liberty of worship was given, not as resulting from a natural right, and to be introduced everywhere according to the maxims of liberalism, but as a political necessity in such a multiplicity of different creeds, and particularly as an act of justice to the Catholics, who had hitherto been persecuted and oppressed.

This was the principal argument by which Franklin, who was sent by the Americans to ask the assistance of France, induced Louis XVI to become the ally of the young republic. Here another difference is evident. The liberty of worship of the Liberals is promoted for the detriment of Catholics. Liberty of worship was proclaimed by the Constitution of the United States for the good of Catholics, and well the Church knew how to avail herself of this liberty for the propagation of the faith. In 1789 the first bishopric was formed in the United States. At present there is a numerous ecclesiastical hierarchy, which exercises spiritual jurisdiction over seven millions of Catholics, or over nearly the sixth part of the entire population. "In 1875," says Jannet, "the Catholic hierarchy is composed of eleven ecclesiastical provinces, which count eleven archbishoprics, forty-seven bishoprics, and nine vicariates apostolic. The religious orders are very numerous. To confine our citations to the male orders, the Jesuits, Lazarists, Franciscans, and Dominicans have numerous houses. The first are distinguished for their colleges, and missions among the Indians. The Benedictines have founded several agricultural and scientific institutions of considerable importance. Finally, a congregation, adapted to special preaching throughout the country, has been formed in New York, under the title of Paulists. The American clergy are second to none, either in point of discipline or science. Thanks to the liberty which they enjoy before the civil power, no false opinion has ever been harbored among them which would alter the great current of tradition. Gallicanism and liberal Catholicism have never penetrated into the United States. Even before the Vatican Council the American Catholics professed a belief in Papal infallibility. Although deeply attached to the republican institutions of the country, they thoroughly comprehend the superior principle of legitimacy which rules all political forms, and they sanction

ıose which are conformable to :ional law."

ıother capital difference between berty of worship of the Liberals that of the Americans is, that ɔrmer is only apparent, the lat- positive reality. For a proof ıis, it is sufficient to look at ia, Switzerland, and Italy, :ries in which liberty of wor- is proclaimed by sound of ɔet. In Prussia iniquitous laws assed against the Catholics, ec- stical jurisdiction is usurped, eligious orders are suppressed, ıcred ministers are deposed and soned. In Switzerland, besides ar attempts against the rights of ɔlics, their churches are taken these and given to the new ics. Though Italy has not de- led to these excesses, still the ch of God suffers severely. ɔps are not deposed, but they ıot recognized; they are not soned, but they are driven from residences. The religious are ɔanished from the country, but are suppressed as corporations, their goods confiscated. The ıistration of the sacraments is orbidden, but laws are passed ı hinder it materially. Such is :y of worship as understood by ıiberals.

ɔw widely different is the con- ɔn in the United States! ɛ, the bishops directly ap- ed by the Pope, without the ference of the government, are ;nized as such. They acquire, ss, and administer property in quality of bishops; religious s are founded; they open schools universities without any hin- :e from the government. The ɔlics freely profess their religion ıave, equally with the rest, full :y of association and founda- "Civil personality," says M. ɛt, "is amply granted to par- and congregations of whatso- denomination. Nay, there are States in which it is sufficient that any Christian association have an organic regulation, to be fully recognized as a corporation enjoying civil existence." In short, to show that religious liberty in the United States is a truth, and not a falsehood, as it is under the Liberal governments, we will recite the sentence pronounced in 1873, by the Court of Appeal of the State of Kentucky, upon the suit for defamation entered by a certain Lucas against the excommunication pronounced by his pastor. "The Court cannot examine whether the Church has done well or ill in excommunicating Lucas, because it is incompetent and powerless to repair the wrong which the plaintiff contends was done him. In becoming a member of that Church, he freely submitted himself to its authority, and no tribunal on earth can examine the acts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction." It would be eminently proper to send Bismarck and also the honorables of the Italian Parliament to the school of the American jurisconsults.

V.

WHILE this religious liberty gives so much independence to ecclesiastical authority on one hand, it does not, on the other, include that separation of the Church from the State which the legal atheism of Liberalism demands. It is true that the American Constitution does not speak of religion. That was, as Dr. Baird observes, because it was not deemed necessary to speak of it, because it was simply a question of giving a Constitution to people who already had their religious organization. Still, Congress and the Federal authorities show, in practice, that they recognize Christianity as the religion of the State. The oath is taken on the Bible. Sunday is scrupulously observed. The army and navy have chaplains paid by the government, and subsidies are given to the missioners, even Catholic,

who devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians. A more luminous proof of what we assert is found in the essentially religious conflict which the government sustains against the Mormons in Utah, where even force is employed to disperse them, because polygamy is contrary to the law of the Gospel. The sessions of Congress begin with a prayer, offered up by a chaplain specially appointed; and in the capitol itself there is a chapel where divine service is celebrated on Sunday for the members of Congress. But the tie between civil society and religion is still more evident in the legislative institutions of individual States. "The legislation of all the States," says Jannet, "without distinction, punishes the flagrant violation of Sunday, and blasphemy. The elections never take place on Sunday, and, in order to facilitate for the electors the exercise of their right, recent laws declare that election days are legal holidays. On Sundays all the shops and taverns are closed, and public amusements, as also business, are suspended."

As for matrimony, its religious celebration renders it valid before the law. The certificate given to the contracting parties by the sacred minister, is amply sufficient for any juridical transaction. Is this, we ask, liberty of worship, as understood by the Liberals?

VI.

In conclusion, considering the republican form of government in the United States of America, sovereignty resides in the people, not as they are materially, but formally. That is to say, sovereignty resides in the people, not because by the word *people* we understand a mere multitude of citizens, but inasmuch as this multitude is organized into a social body, a "*cœtus hominum jure sociatus*," as Cicero has it. On this point, M. Jannet justly remarks, "A nation is neither the universality nor the majority of adult individuals who exist at a given time in a country. A nation is a people organized into families, corporations, communes, provinces, united in conformity with traditional customs, and binding themselves with past and future generations."

In this manner a people can be the subject in which sovereignty resides when the political head or chief who ruled is wanting. Thus it happened in America after the war of independence. "In countries," continues M. Jannet, "where there is no hereditary dynasty, sovereignty resides, through that very fact, in the assembly of the heads of the different primordial agglomerations, organic members of the nation, who provide for the interests of the community, by uniting themselves according to the forms determined by custom." On the contrary, Liberalism understands by the people, the crowd, single individuals gathered together. In accordance with this conception, it forms its constitutions. For the accomplishment of anything, it is sufficient for Liberalism that a hundred ruffians, led on by any assassin, go shouting through the streets. That is the voice of the "sovereign people."

In the liberalesque constitutions there is nothing which bears a resemblance to the American Republic. In them, political omnipotence is vested in the Chamber of Deputies. The Senate only repeats the decisions of the Chamber, and the Prince gives them a nominal sanction. Through the ministerial responsibility, they (liberalesque constitutions) subject the executive power to themselves, and through this, the judiciary power also. In the American Constitution, on the contrary, the ministers are not responsible, and the President is quite free in the use of his powers. The Senate is more potent than the House of Representatives, and is eminently conservative in character. But neither the one nor the other

r influence on the judiciary
The latter can make the
one individual prevail in the
an unjust law. In short,
ing is so established, that not
or the popular conceit, but
holds empire. Historical,
l, domestic, and religious
re regarded as absolutely in-
, and that autocracy of the
which forms the delight of
erals here, is an absurdity

In this manner the American republic has become the model of true liberty for the people, has flourished and prospered in the way of progress, until at this day it is second to no nation of the earth; and if there is aught in the United States which would make us apprehensive for the future, it requires no great amount of reasoning to trace the evil to the Liberalism which is making Europe the scene of so much confusion today.

A MEASURELESS ILL.

ears, a measureless ill,
ears, forever, to part."—TENNYSON.

JOHN RUSSELL and I were
g on the bridge. The after-
as lovely, though it was a
afternoon; the air had all
ness of early spring. Faintly,
tinctly over the silent hills
ter came the strains of that
of sad airs, "*Ah, che la*

It is a hackneyed song, and
hroated singers have torn its
in tatters, and the brassy-
l band at the fort had often
d on it as they did now, and
nding in this bright glimpse
g in wintry weather, it seem-
a wail for all the sorrow in
ld.

ened until old John spoke.
you never heard of the
? I thought everybody knew
ryls for miles around. They
hat the first Esau Berryl was
l Tory in the Revolutionary
nd that he called young
Washington "a disloyal vi-
ıe day; but then he was an
man, and I don't blame him
ting to his country, right or

You don't like that? Well,
olks have their ideas and old
ave theirs, but in *my* time
olks used to follow the ideas of their elders, and it seems to me they got along well enough.

Old Esau Berryl died, and left one son, the second Esau. Young Jim Berryl, *his* son, was one of Moseby's men in the war, and Esau, who liked blue coats better than gray, swore that he was no true Berryl, and so Jim never came home. But it's of Arthur the elder that I want to talk.

Arthur was a fine fellow. One of your tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested chaps—a real Southerner, you Yanks have nothing like it—with sharp gray eyes that could see through a bale of cotton, and a forest of brown hair on his face; yes, a regular forest, more fit for a savage than a Christian—not that Arthur Berryl was much of a Christian; but never mind that just now.

He went into the No'the'n army in '61, and came out three years later, a Colonel with no right hand. A cannon-ball had shattered it. This one of the Berryls hadn't much use for his right hand in the way of work. He had a house over there in Virginia, and some money that his mother had left him; and besides, everybody knows that old Esau is a mighty rich man. And the old fellow was swelled up with pride about his son, "the Colonel." I didn't

blame him, though I always was a "reb"—every man for his own way of thinking, *I* say—though it made me mad when I thought of my own poor boy who fought might and main with Moseby, and then came home to his poor old dad with not so much as a stripe on his sleeve, but *we* had neither money nor rank to throw away.

Ah, you don't see that up No'th this time of year. Yellow jessamine, I swear!

[My old friend rested both hands on his hickory stick, and paused to gaze at a negro who was passing. The negro's arms were full of bright yellow blossoms, though the sun was not yet warm enough to break the ice in the Potomac.]

Yes, the jessamine reminds of that day, for there was some of it growing near the grave. I don't boast much of education, *but* I have feelings, and education can't give a man feelings, can it? and that jessamine makes me feel downhearted.

And as Arthur Berryl had nothing to do, for a man with no right hand can do precious little, he went the way of all young men, and fell in love.

She *was* pretty, I tell you. Our nig, Julius—at least, he was ours before you Yanks took him—was courting her mother's Sue, and so we found out all the particulars.

Her name was Annie Desmond. Her mother was a widow with some little property. They lived over there, not far from the canal.

It was just after we were converted, my wife and I. Poor Rob, my son, would have died in prison up No'th, if the Sisters of Charity, Heaven bless 'em! had not taken his mother's place, and so when he came home, he made his mother and me believe there must be something in a religion that could turn out such women. We weren't much on religion; she was a hard-shell Baptist when she was young; I was a sort of Episcopalian, and when Rob grew up, he just believed in Moseby.

Well, one fine day we three knelt at the altar-rails in Trinity Church, and we've thanked God ever since.

And so that was the way we first saw Annie Desmond. She was at Mass every Sunday. Pretty was no word for her. She wasn't tall, and she wasn't short; but when she walked up the aisle, you felt that there was a lady coming, her step was so light and firm. I'm no hand at describing looks. I only know that her face was bright and sweet, that it was gay sometimes, and reverent sometimes; but I never saw it sad until I saw it in despair.

Her cheeks were prettier than the color of my pink oleanders, and her eyes were dark, and blue, and clear. One day, when her hat blew off on the church steps, her hair seemed a regular shower of brown and gold threads. I never spoke to her, neither did my wife; but if she had been our own daughter we could n't have taken more interest in her.

Colonel Berryl was passing along the street that day when her hat blew away. He caught it in his one hand, and gave it to her with a low bow. I saw their eyes meet. Ah, I know the signs; I've been young, and I told mother that I wished it was Rob, instead of Arthur Berryl. And I doubly wish it had been now!

Colonel Berryl was in love, and Annie Desmond was the girl. The Berryls brag of their family, you know. We think a great deal of family down here. I know some people around here who wouldn't be anything if it wasn't for their families, but these Desmonds though they hadn't any family in particular. Mrs. Desmond, it is true, did say something about being descended from the kings of Ireland; but then that doesn't count for much down here; it's not like being descended from a Washington, a Carroll, or a Lee, and when I mention those names, I think of Russell, for we are an old family, I assure you, though we have worked hard in our time.

:smond was mighty glad
rthur Berryl come to her
:s said. Annie liked him
:st; but I think her mother
favored him, and made
:asy for the young couple.
)jected to Annie. There
ty of pretty girls around
ct and Virginia—girls of
y and all manner of creeds.
see why a Berryl should
atholic.
said: "Don't you mind
n. She's been bred in it,
nly a girl, and after awhile
:ve just as little as either of
e her, and I'll do anything
ıer now, and, by and by,
nything to please me."
dn't keep up his opposi-
he believed that Arthur
sest head of the family.
l not believe much. He
: school of Jefferson and
:; his son swore by Hux-
'ndall. The old man held
was a Supreme Being; the
ı was not certain whether
l there was or not.
au disliked all forms of
y, but, quite naturally, he
ıolicity more than all.
to Arthur, "If this girl
our wife, you may let her
Popish practices, if you
ut if there are any chil-
you let a priest come near
have any superstitious
over them, I'll leave every
ı, and every acre of land,
So help me —." And
y a Name in which he did
:.
aughed lightly. The Ber-
'ere dear to his heart.
ne," he said to his father.
ernoon, just at sundown,
ur Berryl and Annie Des-
ing out of a boat, after a
the Potomac. How ten-
ıelped her on shore, how
spirited he looked as he
is arm! And she looked
with such a light in her
pretty eyes! My old heart was moved. It was a pretty sight. But the storm in the western sky made a very ugly background.

"It's all fixed," I told my wife when I went home. And, after a while, Julius came in, and told mother all that Sue said. Yes, it was all fixed.

Arthur promised Mrs. Desmond all she wanted. Bless you, he was ready to promise anything. He couldn't help it when he thought of Annie. He was too deep in love to mind what he said.

They would be married by a priest. The children should be baptized, and sent to school wherever Annie pleased, and, in time,—who knows? —he might become a Catholic.

At the last moment, it seems, Mrs. Desmond's heart misgave her. She consulted one of the Jesuits at the College, and then she cried all night; but she, like a woman, dried her tears when the marriage took place in her little parlor, and at the wedding reception in the Berryl mansion, she leant on old Esau's arm as smiling as a darkey in Christmas time.

Time passed. Young Mrs. Berryl was liked by everybody. There wasn't a night that Arthur did not have her at some sor-ee or other among the bong tong of Washington, as the papers say. He was very proud of her, and once or twice we saw him at eleven o'clock mass with her.

"All went merry as a marriage-bell." That's out of Byron. You young folks don't read him or Moore nowadays. Perhaps it's for the best.

One day old Esau actually laughed. A little grandson had come into the world. He was a pretty baby, Sue said, like his mother, but he was quiet and still, and he never cried at all. All the life in him seemed to be in his pretty blue eyes.

Mrs. Desmond wanted to have him baptized at once.

This made old Esau swear. He wouldn't hear of it.

Arthur sided with his father.

Mrs. Desmond looked at the child again. She entreated Arthur to send for a priest.

"Never shall a priest enter these doors, ma'am," roared old Esau.

Mrs. Desmond appealed to Arthur. He said, "My father and you must settle this."

She reminded him of his promise. He only smiled. She was a hot-tempered woman, and she let her tongue have full swing. Then she left the house.

Days counted into three weeks. The child still lived, and moved a little, and cried a little. Sue said he wouldn't live; he was just like a snowflake.

Every day Mrs. Desmond visited her daughter. Every day the dispute about the child's baptism was renewed. Old Esau stood stiff; and, in this, Arthur was too much afraid of his father to yield to the pleadings of his wife.

Poor girl! Black Sue said it made her cry to see her young mistress's white, anxious face.

Mrs. Desmond made her usual visit, and looked at the baby. Sue said that Annie was lying back in an armchair, but she opened her eyes and watched her mother as if her life depended on it. Esau dropped his newspaper and watched her.

She saw something in her mother's face that frightened her.

Mrs. Desmond stood near the toilet-table with the child in her arms. Sue was in the doorway. She had left a pitcher of water on the table, and was going out, when Annie's voice, like the moan of the wind, made her turn.

"*He is dying!*"

They called the baby by no name yet.

The young wife knelt at her husband's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Have mercy, Arthur," she said.

Her face turned as white as a dead woman's at the look in his face. She fell back with a dull thud.

Esau, Arthur, and Sue, her instantly.

Mrs. Desmond stood a the child near the toilet-tal others had their backs Whether she baptized the not, or whether he was alr when she took him in her never told.

When Annie recovered h the baby lay cold and still-

The funeral was a gran such a little thing. It w damp day, but my wife ar with the rest over to the Cemetery, where the Berry family vault.

Annie stood near the could not see her face for black veil, but I could hear

Mrs. Desmond stood ne stern and severe. On the was Arthur, as stern, but see a man in pain. Esau wasr

They waited at the gr nearly everybody had gone. and I drew off a short dist waited too. Women are s

"*Come,*" said Mrs. sternly, and she took her c arm.

Annie raised her veil. seemed frozen into desp wife almost screamed at si Annie gave her hand to A took it in his.

"Good-by," she whispe

"Good-by," he said, turn

And so they parted.

John Russell looked th down at the water, and a c of east wind blew through gray whiskers, telling us glimpse of spring was p sky was gray with evening. of jessamine, crushed an lay at my feet. The ban Whipple again began t This time it was a merry from the *Grand Duchess* words it suggested chime my mood and the sadness a

"De n'avoir plus jamais sur t
Un moment de félicité."

CHANGED.

THE music of Spring's in the grove, Will;
The flowers are out in the dell;
And the pioneer bee exults, lad,
O'er the gleam of the cowslip's bell.
Far down by the murmuring brook, there,
The pure shining daffodils blow;
But the golden dreams are away, lad,
That were mine in that Spring long ago!

There is balm in the morning breeze, Will;
There is song in the morning skies;
And the rosy sunbeams kiss, lad,
The dew from the violets' eyes.
Far down in the depths of the pine-wood,
In the twilight the blackbirds sing;
But never the joy can they bring, lad,
That they gave in that golden Spring!

There are frisking lambs in the meads, Will;
There are bees on the bending flowers;
And the wild-dove coos to his mate, lad,
'Mid the hush of the evening hours.
The lily dreams over the fount, Will,
And the sunbeam sleeps on the sea;
But the songs and the flowers of yore, lad,
Shall never come back to me!

There's a shadow across my path, Will,
In the midst of the gleam of Spring;
And the piping thrush on the thorn, lad,
Sings not as it used to sing.
And the lustre has gone from the stars, Will,
While they seem far away and cold;
They are not the same stars that looked down, lad,
Through those glorious nights of old!

There's a grave far down in the vale, Will,
By the side of the churchyard wall;
There often I sit all alone, lad,
Till the dews in the twilight fall;
And I gaze on the violets sweet, Will,
That watch her with tender eyes;
And I mingle my tears with the dews, lad,
As they fall from the far-off skies!

Here are the flowers she gave me, Will—
"Just withered violets," you say;
But I'll ever keep fresh in my heart, lad,
That face who has passed away!
And when in that Garden we meet, Will,
Where the violets always blow,
She'll smile as I give her the flowers, lad,
That I got from her long ago!

DIAMOND OR GLASS.

AN ARGUMENT ON THE REAL PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN THE EUC ADDRESSED TO SINCERE PROTESTANTS.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

THREE hundred years ago a great number of Christians in various countries separated themselves from the Catholic Church, and founded new religious communions, such as that of the Confession of Augsburg, the Reformed Church, the Anglican, etc. From this separation there then resulted a long and bloody war, whereby Germany was for thirty years laid waste, and reduced to the greatest misery. At length a peace was concluded in the year 1648, and it was agreed that Catholics, the Reformed Protestants, and those of the Confession of Augsburg, should enjoy equal privileges. During the two hundred years that have intervened, the relations between Catholics and Protestants have been but little altered until quite recently; most of the countries and districts have kept to the religion to which they belonged in 1648. It is true, even to this very day, individuals have here and there changed their religion; now a number of Catholics becoming Protestants, and then again a number of Protestants joining the Catholic Church. Only lately (1854) several hundreds of the most learned men in England, chiefly Protestant ecclesiastics, became Catholics. On the other hand, the Catholic village of Mühlhausen, in Baden, partially went over to Protestantism a few years ago. And even now many so-called pious Protestants take no small pains to induce Catholics to apostatize. They turn their attention more especially to people of the lower orders whose religion has not been sufficiently strengthened by instruction, and put tracts into their hands in which the Church is misrepresented nounced. The greatest zeal displayed in this matter by Mariott, of Basle, and in th States by the New York Tr ety, the Young Men's Chri sociation, and other societie less with the idea that they a God's work. Yet it is obv even from the standpoint o antism, he who desires converts and extend the kir God, should go to the heat know nothing of God, or to who do not believe in Chr the unbelieving sinners of confession of faith. To con would be a more necessary a torious work than that of lay for Catholics. Not that it is of little consequence wheth Catholics or Protestants; fo between these two confessio is far wider than is gener posed. And however harsl tolerant it may seem to man it, it is the fact that the and efforts of the Protestant alluded to render it necessa pose this gulf to view in o the Catholics whom they ious to pervert, may know where they stand. Instead ing of the difference betwee that doctrine, regarded fror olic or Protestant point of v my intention to consider life, heart, innermost bei most sacred secrets of the religion, and to place be reader the Holy Eucharist.

We must not seek, with a good-humored liberality, b indifference to truth, to slig this by. Here stands a r

; heaven, or a valley deep as
The doctrine of the Catholic
on this point is as follows:
Holy Eucharist there is pres-
a hidden and supernatural
ır Saviour, Jesus Christ, his
ıd blood, body and soul, di-
ınd humanity—not his sensi-
n only, but his real and true
d body—as perfect as when
ş upon the cross. Most Prot-
on the other hand, affirm
: bread and wine in the Eu-
only *represents* the body and
ɔf our Lord, somewhat after
nner in which a wooden cru-
ıy be said to be a reminiscence
rucified Saviour. Other Prot-
again, explain the matter in
ways. Now the question at
this: If the Catholic Church
ts doctrine of the Eucharist,
esus Christ be not really pres-
it, then Catholics pray to an
ıost as their Saviour and God;
e all Catholics idolaters, and
reason further removed from
unity than Jews and Turks;
ery Catholic could then do
; better than turn Protestant.
rever, the Catholic Church
what is right and true, and
ınts are in the wrong in re-
the Eucharist, then is the
Christ wanting among Protes-
hey have then dispensed with,
ned, and lost that most Holy
ent—the source of grace and
they have been made orphans
rived of their shepherd; their
s Supper" is a painted fire
rms not—a mere picture in
here is no life.
in the Catholic Church alone
re is any practical faith in the
ist. Hence the Protestant, as
he knows that the belief of
holic Church is right, must
o her if he wishes to secure
nal salvation.
ollowing is, therefore, a great
mentous question for Protes-
s well as Catholics: What is
harist, and where may it really
be found? He who has been fully and firmly convinced on this point will then know which is the true Church founded by Christ. This is what we are now about to examine into. Every reader, be he Protestant or Catholic, should lay aside all his prejudices, and carefully and honestly consider, in the presence of God, what I shall lay before him, and honor the truth by deciding in its favor.

II.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF JOHN.

In this chapter it is related how Christ fed several thousand people—as many, in fact, as would constitute the inhabitants of a town—with a few loaves of bread, and that twelve baskets full remained over and above. He caused the bread, while it was being distributed by the Apostles, to increase in their hands. Thus Jesus, by providing food for the body in such a miraculous way, has placed it within our comprehension that he can also provide food for the soul miraculously, and that through the hands of the Apostles and their successors.

On the evening on which the disciples were sailing over the sea, they saw him walking upon the waters of the deep in a violent storm. He approached and got on board. In this Jesus showed that the tempest, that, in fact, the laws of nature generally, could have no power over his body (as they have and would then have had over ours) should he think fit to pass beyond the order of nature.

On the following day, when the Jews, out of curiosity, had again crowded round him, in order to be again fed in such a marvellous way, Jesus spoke words which neither the Jews nor the disciples could understand, but which were a prophecy and promise of that which came to pass a year afterwards. Jesus said, verses 51 and 52: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven (52). If any man eat of this

bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." Now search the world over for something which is bread, which lives, which comes from heaven; which is also flesh, which is at the same time a human and divine person (viz., the crucified Saviour, Jesus Christ himself), and which, in fine, must be eaten in order that we may receive a special life in which others have no share. The Protestant knows nothing of such mysterious bread; hence he invents artificial interpretations of these words of the Saviour—forcing into them a meaning which they do not possess. On the other hand, there is in the Catholic Church something which is believed and honored, and with which all the words quoted above are in keeping, viz., the consecrated host. Our senses tell us that it is bread; our faith proclaims it to be flesh. It is, in fact, the body of Jesus Christ himself who came down from heaven, and suffered upon the cross; it is therefore living, and nourishes the higher life of the soul. Now, if the Protestant doctrine of the Lord's Supper be true, then the words of Jesus, as uttered by him, are meaningless. But if the doctrine of the Catholic Church is true, then is Jesus Christ the living bread which came down from heaven, and that bread is the body and blood which he offered as a sacrifice upon the cross. Which will you believe?

These words of the Lord could not, of course, be understood by the Jews at the time when they were uttered; but they might have had some such thoughts as these: "He who has wrought such great miracles as we have witnessed, has been sent by God, and certainly speaks the truth; we will, therefore, believe his words, even though we do not comprehend them, and are willing to wait until he speaks clearly about the matter." But miserable human nature is full of pride; it will not submit to the revealed word, unless the latter appeal to its understanding. The Jews made little of our Lord's miracles, and mocked at his words as though they were something eccentric and senseless. The Holy Scriptures say, verse 53: "The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

What will Jesus do after such a hateful reception as this? He will declare more definitely how his words are to be taken. Had he meant them as Protestants understand them, he would have said: "Be not so foolish as to think of eating my flesh. I am only about to institute a supper whereat bread is eaten, and I am commemorated." If, however, the Saviour had meant his words to be taken in the sense in which Catholics understand them, he must have spoken precisely as he really did speak in the following verses:

54. "Then Jesus said to them, Amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you." 56. "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Which will you believe? And now there came a schism. Such people as relied more upon their own judgments than upon the incomprehensible words of the Saviour, said: "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" Whereupon Jesus said something else quite unheard of and incomprehensible to them, and which occurred on the forty-third day after the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. He said: 62. "Doth this scandalize you? If then you shall see the Son of man ascend where he was before?" He meant: "As surely as I shall ascend visibly into heaven with my body, although to human reason it seems an impossibility, so sure is it that my flesh is food for creatures. And just as the ascension is a great miracle, so also is my descension into the Holy Eucharist." The body of our Lord in the Eucharist is certainly

isible body, that has a form, and bulk like ours, but it is ed like bodies after the res- n, which the Apostle Paul, 5, calls incorruptible, noble, l, spiritual, and heavenly. our Lord said, 64: "It is t that quickeneth; the flesh nothing. The words that poken to you are spirit and These words signify: If we ly flesh, the same is taken body from which life has pelled; we, therefore, eat hout life or spirit—dead flesh. flesh that I will give unto turated with spirit and life; ing and possessed of a soul, fficacious only through the is in it.

ossible our Saviour may have eral other things on this oc- which are not recorded in it. It is, however, quite that the disciples did not declaration more endurable comprehensible; for many pon his speech as so incon- hat they went back after this ed no more with him. But the shepherd that goes after sheep. If, then, his words to be understood as refer- the real eating of his body, not have allowed these to through a misunderstand- few words necessary to ex- the dubious disciples that is were only a figure, and be taken as merely symbol- e not too much for our Sa- Instead, however, of calling k and explaining the matter in another and more soft- m, Jesus said to the Twelve: ou also go away?" Where- non Peter gave the beautiful "Lord, to whom shall we ou hast the words of eternal nd we have believed and wn that thou art the Christ, of God."

ews and many of the dis- elieved not the words of the Saviour because they could not understand them. The apostles, on the other hand, could also not comprehend them, but believed them notwithstanding, because they acknowledged him to be the Son of God.

Whom do Protestants resemble, who find the words of Jesus too hard, and therefore ascribe a different meaning to them; and to whom is the Catholic Church like, which holds fast to the saying of the Lord: "My flesh is meat indeed?"

Will you stay with the Jews, and disciples, and Protestants, who find the saying of the Lord hard, or will you hold fast to St. Peter and the Catholic Church, who really believe and maintain what our Lord has said and taught?

III.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

THE three first Evangelists tell precisely the same story. I will here quote their own words, and I beg the reader to peruse them as if they were something quite new and now brought under his notice for the first time. These words are to be found in Matthew 26: 26; Mark 14: 22; Luke 22: 19. "And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to his disciples, and said: Take ye and eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do for a commemoration of me. And, taking the chalice, he gave thanks and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." If now you also had been present at that supper, how would you have understood this? You would have understood it just according to your own real character. The more worldly and proud you were, the less literally would you have believed the words of the Saviour. Your eyes tell you that this is bread and wine. Christ

says: "This is my body and blood." If you do not wish to make your Lord a liar, and yet still persist in believing your senses rather than him, it stands to reason that you must invent kinds of significations, as if the words of our Lord were not meant literally, although all three Evangelists relate the same thing, without the slightest intimation that our Lord's words were to be taken figuratively. If, on the other hand, you have a truly pious and upright disposition, you will not attach artificial meanings to the words of our Lord. He himself has pointed out the way in which his words should be accepted and interpreted. In Luke 18: 17 he says: "Amen, I say to you: whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a child, shall not enter into it." But what our Lord says of the blessed Eucharist, and what takes place at the same moment and *is*, belongs to the most important matter in God's kingdom. Now how would a child interpret the words of our Lord: "THIS IS MY BODY?" Would the child explain them in all kinds of ways, like Luther, Calvin, Carlstadt, and Zwingli, or would it take them in their plain and literal sense as our Lord spoke them, viz., that under the appearance of bread there is present in a miraculous way the true body of Christ? The child would accept and believe the words of our Lord literally, just as the Catholic Church accepts and believes them in their literal sense. And the Catholic Church accepts and believes our Lord's words in a childlike manner. He, however, who, after the fashion of Protestants, speaks of bare meanings and artificial explanations, does not receive the word of God "as a child." It is a remarkable fact, too, that our Saviour in holy writ never once blames any one for having too great or too exaggerated a faith, although he is continually complaining that there is too little of it. He blames Nicodemus for regarding the second birth by baptism and the Holy Ghost as impossible. He blamed the disciples for not wishing to understand and believe what he said to them of his own resurrection. On the other hand, he always expressed his satisfaction whenever any one evinced an unusually strong faith; as, for example, in the case of the woman who was troubled with an issue of blood, and who believed that she could be cured by touching his garment; and in that of the centurion who said: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; only say the word and thy servant shall be healed." Now our Saviour has given the most positive assurance that that, which in the Blessed Eucharist has the form of bread, is his body, and that his body is meat indeed. This is the belief of the Catholic Church. The Protestant, however, does not allow the words of the Lord to have their proper force, but disputes them away, as it were, by twisting and turning them, and inventing meanings for them.

Let us, however, suppose that we Catholics have erred, and that the Blessed Eucharist is not the true body and blood of Christ: how will it be when they come before their Judge, for we too shall have to give an account of our faith? Our Saviour could not blame Catholics for being in error. But Catholics could reproach our Lord and say: "Lord, thou hast commanded us to believe thy words, and we have done so; if we have erred, the fault is thine. Thou hast in thy omniscience foreknown that millions and millions of Catholics would place faith in thy assurance that thou thyself art present with thy soul and body, under the form of the consecrated bread, and that they would for that very reason worship the host. Why didst thou not make use of different words? Why didst thou not say: This *represents* my body? If it were

ıy body, thou thyself art to
that so many millions of
lics worship an empty host, a
le of bread—that they have be-
idolaters." Hence Erasmus,
tterdam, said with truth: "I
ıever yet been able to persuade
f that Christ, who is truth and
:ould have allowed his beloved
h to remain so long in such a
ıs error as that of worshipping
sel of bread as if it were him-

ɔn the other hand, Protestants
the wrong with their explana-
hey have no possible excuse
l our Lord reproach them thus:
y did you not believe my
, 'This *is* my body?' Who
ou to attach a different mean-
› them from that which they
Not even does a sparrow fall
the house-top without the
edge and will of God. You
have concluded also that no
would fall from my lips at the
tant moment when I instituted
oly Eucharist, which had not
vell weighed and considered."
: the Catholic alone is in the
path.

IV.

THE APOSTLE PAUL.

all the apostles the greater part
ıtestants think most of St. Paul,
se they find in his epistles the
ɔassages that seem to bear out
one-sided and false assertion
ankind will be justified through
ılone. If now we do not com-
he numerous other passages of
Writ, which speak of the neces-
charity and good works, with
of St. Paul; and if we are not
that the Apostle Paul merely
:d to the Mosaic dispensation
ıternal justification as distinct
ın upright spirit, then we may
ıly fall into this error; just as
ter, in his second epistle, 3: 16,
hat in the epistles of St. Paul
ıre certain things hard to be
ıtood, which the unlearned and
unstable wrest to their own destruction. This by the way.

Now the Apostle Paul was not present at the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, because he did not then believe in Christ, and was a violent enemy of Christianity. That which he knew and learned after his conversion respecting the Holy Eucharist, he could only have ascertained either through the other apostles or through a special revelation from above. And in point of fact Paul did receive a special revelation respecting the Holy Eucharist. But if God himself deemed it necessary to reveal miraculously something to a creature, this revelation would surely be so accurate that no fresh misunderstanding could spring from it. And had the apostles not properly understood our Lord at the Last Supper, he would certainly have rectified the misunderstanding on the occasion of this fresh revelation which the Apostle Paul had respecting it.

Hence the words of the Apostle Paul about the Blessed Eucharist are very important. I will quote them. They occur in the first epistle to the Corinthians, chap. 11, verses 23–29: "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread, and giving thanks broke and said: Take ye and eat; this is my body which shall be delivered for you; this do for the commemoration of me. In like manner also the chalice, after he had supped, saying: This chalice is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as often as ye shall drink for a commemoration of me. For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until he come. Therefore whosoever shall eat this bread and drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself; and so let him eat

of that bread and drink of the chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." Hence, not even here is there one word about "*representing*," but only about "*real presence*." But there is another circumstance that makes these words of the Apostle Paul particularly remarkable. He warns the Corinthians against receiving the Eucharist unprepared, lest they be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. If, however, we consider when and where the apostle wrote this warning, we shall find that he did not write the epistle till several years after our Saviour ascended into heaven; and he wrote the epistle to the Christians of Corinth. But Corinth is a town in Greece, in Europe, hence in quite a different part of the world to that in which the Saviour lived; for our Saviour was from Judea, in Asia. Now I ask, how could the Corinthians have been "guilty of a body" which was in another division of the globe, and which had been taken up to heaven many years before? There is either no sense or reason in all this, or the body and blood of the Lord must be really present in the Eucharist—at all times and in all places, wherever it is honored in the prescribed manner. If, then, you believe that the Apostle Paul did not write nonsense, you must also believe that the body of the Lord is really and truly present in the Eucharist under the appearance of bread. This is the belief and teaching of the Catholic Church. Hence she "*discerns*" in the host the true "body of the Lord" as distinct from common bread. And all those who, in opposition to the Catholic Church, regard the Eucharist merely as a commemoration do *not* "discern the body of the Lord."

You see from what has been already said that there is hardly *any truth of faith* which has such clear and definite proofs to support it as the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.

V.

EARLY CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION.

WERE you to search among all the Christians that have lived from the beginning of Christianity up to the present time for instruction as to the true interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures respecting the Holy Eucharist, where would you count upon obtaining the surest and most credible explanation? This is not difficult to find. Next to the apostles, the Fathers of the Church must be best able to give the information which was given by the apostles themselves or their disciples, especially the Fathers of the first centuries. Many of their writings have perished in the lapse of ages. There are, however, enough of them still extant to enable one to see that they believed and taught the very same thing respecting transubstantiation that the Catholic Church now believes and teaches, and has always believed and taught.

a. St. Ignatius had seen our Lord after his resurrection, had been instructed by the apostles, and was consecrated bishop in the same manner as Timothy and Titus. There are still extant a few of the letters which he wrote to various Christian churches. In his pastoral to the Church of Smyrna, he speaks of erroneous doctrines which ought to have been avoided, because they did not admit the Holy Eucharist to be the flesh of our Redeemer Jesus Christ, or that it was the same as that which suffered for our sins, and rose again. He expresses himself in similar terms in his epistle to the Romans and to the Christians of ancient Philadelphia.

b. Justin the Martyr, born one hundred years after the birth of Christ, was at first a heathen philosopher, and afterwards became a Christian. He wrote an Apology, in

order to induce the Emperor Antoninus not to persecute the Christians. He says of the Holy Eucharist (*Apologia*, I, c. 66): "We are taught that the food blessed by his word is the flesh and blood of this flesh-made Jesus." Justin shows above all in this work that the Christians of that time were quite as fully convinced that the Holy Eucharist is the body and blood of Jesus as that he was the Son of God, and had become man.

c. Irenæus, subsequently Bishop of Lyons, associated with and was instructed by a disciple of the Apostle John, viz., St. Polycarp; he was, at the same time, thoroughly well-grounded in worldly knowledge. This saint says, in his work against heretics (5 B, 2 C), "Just as the wood of the vine planted in the earth bears fruit in due season, and just as the grain of corn which has fallen to the earth springs up manifold, through the Spirit which permeates everything, but which afterwards, through the wisdom of God goes for man's use (as bread), and (if the word of God be added) becomes the Eucharist, which is the body and blood of Christ, so also are our bodies fed by him, and laid in the earth, and are decomposed, and will in their time rise up at the bidding of God, which endows them with the power of rising again to the glory of God the Father."

d. Clement was, in the second century after Christ, rector of a kind of Christian University in Alexandria, the so-called School of the Catechumens. He was an extraordinarily learned and acute man, and had once been a heathen. He writes in his book, *The Pedagogue* (1, 1, c. 6): "The Logos (Christ) is everything to the child, father and mother, and instructor and nurse. Eat, she says, my flesh, and drink my blood. O what an incomprehensible secret!"

e. Dionysius, who was, some sixty years later, bishop of this same Alexandria, wrote a letter to the Bishop of Pentapolis, in which he says that women who find themselves in a certain condition, *should not touch the body and blood of the Lord* during that time; that the women troubled with an issue of blood had *merely touched the hem of his garment.* That to pray to and meditate upon the Lord was proper for all conditions, but that to approach the Most Holy was ineligible to those who were not perfectly pure in soul and body.

f. Cyril was Bishop of Jerusalem three hundred years after Christ. He says, in his *Catechetical Instructions*, which he composed in order to instruct Catholics in their religion: "Bread and wine were, before the appeal to the Holy Trinity, only bread and wine; after the appeal, the bread becomes the body of Christ; and the wine his blood." And in the Catechism, 22, he says: "The body (of Christ) is given in the form of bread, and the blood in the form of wine, in order that thou mayst become, after having partaken of it, *his body and blood relation*, for we are thus made bearers of Christ, as his body and blood is infused into our members; hence we become, according to St. Peter, participators in his divine nature."

St. Augustine mentions (Hom. 26) that great care should be taken while distributing the body of Christ, that no portion of it fall to the ground. If a Catholic take holy water, he considers it no want of respect if any drops of it fall to the ground, but a sacrilege if any particle of the host should be let fall. Hence the Eucharist must be regarded as something very different from mere blessed bread, since so much anxiety is shown lest any should fall.

In this way we might fill a whole volume with the opinions of the oldest Fathers of the Church, in which they unanimously declare that in the Holy Eucharist the body of Jesus crucified and risen again is really present. They ascribe to the Holy Eucharist such effects as are only possible if

Christ be really present in it. They say: "It forgives sins, enlightens the spirit, increases faith, communicates a higher life, sanctifies soul and body, protects against internal and external enemies, strengthens against all temptations, and prepares our bodies in a mysterious way for a glorious resurrection."

And what is there more worthy of veneration than the oldest councils of the Church, in which several hundred bishops came together from all parts of the world, wherever Christianity existed, in order to inquire and examine into any doubt as to the truth, antiquity, or apostolicity of a doctrine? If the promise of Christ to send the Holy Ghost to and remain with his Church, lest the gates of hell should prevail against her, meant anything, this must be doubly true of such councils of the Church.

Now the first General Council of the Church, that of Nicæa, A.D. 325, was regarded, even by Luther and Calvin, as regular. But what does it say of the Holy Eucharist? (Concl. Nic. I.) It issues this decree: "We must elevate our spirit by faith, and acknowledge that upon that holy table lies the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and is offered in an unbloody manner by the priests. And when we actually receive his precious body and blood, we must believe that it is the pledge of our resurrection."

The second General Council of Nicæa expresses itself in equally definite terms, as also the still more ancient Council of Ephesus. But if you will not believe these venerable guides of the earliest Christians, where then is Christian truth to be found? Can you obtain more reliable information respecting it from Luther, of Saxony, or Zwingli, of Switzerland? That, however, the early Christians knew and had no other belief than that after the consecration the bread becomes the true body of Christ, may be gathered from the oldest forms of prayer which were ordered to be used in their service, and are still extant—I refer to the religious ceremonial regulations, which are so ancient that they were called after the Apostles, because it was generally believed that they were composed by the Apostles themselves; they are called *Liturgies*. In the liturgy of St. James, God is thus addressed: "Send thy Holy Spirit over us, and thy offerings, in order that he may change this bread into the sacred body of Christ, through his holy, beneficent and glorious presence. Amen. And this chalice into the precious blood of Christ. Amen." In the liturgy of St. Mark a similar prayer is made; and after the consecration the people prostrate themselves upon the ground, and the priest recites the creed: "I believe, believe and confess to the last breath of my life, that *this* is the living body of thy only Son, our Lord, God, and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, which he took from the Holy and Blessed Mary, and united with his Godhead, without confusion, intermixture, or change."

Even among the religious parties which in the early times—more than a thousand years before the Reformation—had separated themselves from the Catholic Church, their ceremonial regulations prove that they always believed in the true and real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. In the Liturgy of the Nestorians, who separated themselves from the Church of Christ in the year A. D. 431, it says: "We will approach with fear and reverence the secret of the body and precious blood of our Redeemer." And in a kind of Nestorian Breviary occur these words: "The Cherubim stand in awe before thee; the Seraphim cannot withstand thy gaze; and we, we see thee daily upon the altar; we partake of thy body and thy precious blood. The body of Jesus Christ and his precious blood are upon the altar; let us approach it with fear

and say with the angels: y, holy is the Lord God." ı the famous Hugo Grotius ı very learned Protestant, ıs: "In all the Greek, rabic, Syriac, and other I find prayers to God that be pleased to bless the through his Holy Spirit, ge them into the body and his Son. Hence such an ıd universal custom, which ɜ come down from the ear- s, ought not to have been ' (*Vide* his Polemic against ıist preacher, Rivet.) ɜ the Christians thus held e belief that they partook nd blood in the Eucharist, ɜasily understand how the came to hit upon the fol- ost extraordinary calumny. common saying of theirs, ı the Christians held their gatherings a child (a boy) ıered, and that the adults esh with bread dipped in . This was sometimes an which the Pagan rulers ıemselves to criminate the Christians. That this was a pure calumny is now well and universally known; but even this calumny had manifestly a certain amount of truth in it. The Jews and heathens would not have fallen upon the strange idea that Christians slaughtered and ate children, if they had not heard that the flesh and blood of the Son of Man was partaken of by Christians in the Eucharist. But neither Jews nor Pagans could understand this; more particularly as it was a rule amongst Christians to say nothing about the sacraments to those who had not already been thoroughly instructed in the faith and in the salient truths of Christianity. Hence they concluded that this eating was in a natural way, and that a child was killed for the purpose.

Thus we have, independently of the Holy Scriptures, the most ancient and reliable proofs that, in the beginning of Christianity, the perpetual, true, and real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist was taught, believed, and faithfully adhered to.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SLIPS OF THE PRESS.

ɾs of the sharpest reporters play them false; type, like tter, will get in the wrong ɗ consequent errors escape lynx-eyed of "readers." ts may be annoying to the ovoking to the orator, and to the peruser, but are none musing for all that.

nission of a single letter is to completely alter the of a sentence, and convert dinary piece of news into ther incredible statement. himself could hardly have to steal "a small ox" out 's reticule, and hide it in his waistcoat-pocket; and the greatest of gormandizers was never credited with having "eaten a cabman;" yet, according to newspaper reports, men have been found guilty of both offences. A like initial mishap led to the world being informed that the Russians had defeated certain Polish insurgents "with great laughter;" and by the cutting off of a final letter, a great party-leader was made to defy his opponents with the extraordinary announcement: "You cannot fight against the future; *Tim* is on our side!" An American journal once gave a grave account of a river mis-

adventure, wherein a steamer nearly came to grief through running against a rat—explaining in its next issue that it should have said "raft;" and a Southern editor had to apologize for calling Mobile the fourth coffee-pot, instead of the fourth coffee-port, in the States. Only the other day, we saw an essay on *The Long Reigns of English Sovereigns* alluded to as "a disquisition upon the long reins of English sovereigns;" an absurd blunder, indeed, but not quite so bad as that in a bookseller's catalogue, which made "the *immoral* works of the poet Milton" figure among his stock-in-trade; or the exactly similar misprint in the poets' corner of an Oxford newspaper, making some elegiac verses end:

> Death is past, and all its sorrows
> Swallowed up in victory;
> Endless joys in bliss await them,
> Life and *immorality!*

Some admirer of the famous actress, Mrs. Oldfield, wrote a funeral oration in her praise, which, thanks to the printer, opened thus: "Let oratory be silent, rhetoric be dumb; let the pomp and pageantry of sorrow, the silent procession, the sable hearse, and the mourning *fiends*, pass unregarded by!" To deprive the word "windows" of its *n* seems to be a favorite trick with compositors; an auctioneer lately announced his intention of knocking down "a surplus stock of bay-widows, complete, glazed with best British plate;" and worse still, an Irish paper reporting the burning down of a school-house, told how a brave fellow ran to the place, gained access to the school-room, "at once kicked out three of the widows, and then proceeded to throw out the children to the people assembled there, and by that means succeeded in saving several."

Equally awkward results accrue from the substitution of one letter for another. A theatrical critic desiring to note the fact that a fair representative of Shakspeare's *Ariel* "did not sing," was made answerable for the uncomplimentary assertion that the lady "did nothing." A popular periodical added to our stock of historical knowledge by informing us that Henry IV of England derived the "red nose" from his grandfather, of course intending to say he inherited from his grandsire the cognizance of the red rose; a blunder reminding one of Fanny Fudge's complaint of the stupid printer transforming "freshly blown roses" into "fleshy brown noses;" and doubtless the writer of the heraldic essay re-echoed the fair Fanny's anathema. Equally annoying must it have been to the clergyman who wrote of "the force of a Scripture parable," to find himself made responsible for such an unclerical expression as "the *farce* of a Scripture parable." The printer of a statement circulated by an Accident Assurance Company, setting forth the compensation received by insurers unfortunate or fortunate enough to have occasion to test the value of their investments, seems to have set his mind upon producing the oddest misprints. According to the official document, one individual obtained two hundred pounds because his "wig upset in turning a corner;" another got three hundred pounds for being thrown from his "chairs" when his "house took fright;" and a third lost his life, thereby costing the company a thousand pounds, by by being "blown from his gig."

In an American acting edition of Gerald Griffin's *Gisippus*, Chremes heralds the arrival of the hero of the play with:

> There's a smile!—you longed to see one—
> The smile successful lore wears;

instead of—

> The smile successful *love* wears.

We should much like to know whether the misreading established itself upon the American stage. When Othello, wise all too late, becomes convinced of the baseness of his trusted ancient, the betrayed Moor exclaims:

'ards his feet; but that's a fable!

:o cloven hoofs, that ut-
s in a modern edition
y, where the line runs—

'ards his feet; but that's a *table!*

g, that might have ema-
matter-of-fact commen-
ıe which would doubt-
he sensibilities of an
ıite as greatly as the
t. No stranger news
rom Mexico than that
›w and thirty-seven men
st in a *bottle;* and no
ıedy for neuralgia was
ıded than that put forth
lphia journal, which as-
cerned they might easily
ıfferings by simply put-
d *pig* in the mouth. A
›er complimented the
hduke Alexis by speak-
as "the noble Kuss," a
likely to be due to the
fancy for a joke, as to
n "setting up." Print-
are sometimes suspici-
ne to the matter: one
believe it was by pure
: one newspaper startled
ith the news that a train
:r a cow and cut it in
:hat another concluded
ement of a theatrical
for the benefit of the
and Jewellers' Institute,
fication: "Tickers only
· that a third made its
:scribe one of Lance's
ıs "a *Sauce* that makes
ater."

as easily marred by the
an unnecessary letter as
ion of a necessary one.
lines, for instance, as
ıoted in a review:

e you, sweet, because you choose
life than mine could be?
here, and no man knows
: years ago 'twixt you and me—
tten at the selfsame time,
ummertide was in its prime;
:t, and one died with the rose.

we infer that the lady
an were born at the self-same hour, in the midsummer sea-son; but the poet really never hinted anything of the sort, for he wrote:

Two *loves* begotten at the selfsame time,
When that gold summertide was in its prime.

As Portia's love-anxious eyes follow the steps of her heart's lord as he moves towards the fateful caskets, she compares Bassanio to

Young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy;

by merely transposing a couple of letters, the above lines are modernized with a vengeance into—

Young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling *Tory*.

A curious misprint, involving an absurd impossibility, is to be found in an edition of Shakspeare's plays published within the last five years; the following words being put in the mouth of Henry IV when recounting the smooth and welcome news brought by Sir Walter Blunt from the North:

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand Sects, two and twenty knights,
Balked in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains.

Here the error is palpable enough; but, generally speaking, when it is a matter not of letters but of words, typographical mistakes may easily pass undetected. Few readers of Thackeray's *Lectures upon the English Humorists* would see anything out of the way in his alluding to Smollett's Dr. Morgan as "the wild apothecary," or suspect that "wild" ought to be "Welsh;" and we are sure no one acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Manley would demur at her being styled "the detestable authoress of the *New Atalantis*," although Thackeray really wrote "the delectable authoress." For slips of this sort, however, the writer must be held accountable. To illegible or doubtful handwriting we are certainly indebted for the odd statement respecting Dr. Livingstone, that he was well in health, but much troubled by the people about him: "The *savants* are not to be trusted, and it was only by strat-

agem that he got his letter forwarded to Mr. Kirk;" for "savants" read "servants," and the statement may be accepted as true. It was not the compositor's fault that a new geranium was lauded as likely to prove "a great addition to our *pastures*," instead of "to our parterres;" that an actress noted for dressing superbly was said to have "*lisped* as usual in the best taste;" or that the military world was amused by a newspaper announcing, long before "autumn manœuvres" were thought of, that the authorities at Aldershot had ordered every regiment in camp to be marched out twice a week, to *battle*, attended by one combatant and one medical officer, when the order issued was that the troops should *bathe* regularly. Neither can there be much doubt that the pen was to blame for its being necessary for the *New Haven Register* to tell its readers: "In the article upon Yale College, in our last, for 'alum water' read '*alma mater!*'" A blunder ridiculous enough, in all conscience, but not so ridiculous as that perpetrated by the *Pittsburgh Argus*, when it described a certain gentleman as "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state," in place of lauding him as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State."

Press errors of another description must be debited rather to treacherous ears than heedless hands. That fact, however, would hardly reconcile a man to seeing a near relative set down in a blue-book as "a pauper in the workhouse," instead of "a partner in the works." A silver-voiced lawyer, complimenting the leader of the House, by remarking of him, that "eloquence was bursting from every pore," had the sentence transformed by a cruel reporter into "perspiration exuded from every pore;" and when, in "another place," the same legal light pronounced the law administered in courts of equity to be perfect *terra incognita* to practitioners in th courts of common law, he was rep resented to have said the justice ad ministered in the one was "a pe fect terror" to practitioners in th other.

Lord Brougham was fond of re lating an amusing instance of misr porting, which was no joke to th victim of it. A bishop, at one o his country visitations, found occa sion to complain of the deplorabl state of a certain church, the roof o which was evidently anything bu water-tight; after rating those con cerned for their neglect, his lordshi finished by declaring emphaticall that he would not visit the *damp ol church* again until it was put in de cent order. His horror may b imagined when he discovered him self reported in the local journal a having declared: "I shall not visi this damned old church again." The bishop lost no time in callin the editor's attention to the mistake that worthy thereupon setting him self right with his readers by statin that he willingly gave publicity t his lordship's explanation, but h had every confidence in the accurac of his reporter. The editor of a evening paper could hardly hav had similar confidence in his subor dinate when the latter caused hi journal to record that a prisoner ha been sentenced to "four months imprisonment in the House of Com mons!" In this case, we fancy th reporter must have been in the sam exhilarated condition as his Amer can brother, who ended his accoun of a city banquet with the frank ac mission: "It is not distinctly re membered by anybody present wh made the last speech!"

Advertisers are adepts at ambiguity A lady advertises her desire to ob tain a husband "with a Roman nos having strong religious tendencies." "A spinster particularly fond o children" informs the public tha she "wishes for two or three, *having none of her own.*" Somebody wants

"a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion;" a draper desires to meet with an assistant who would "take an active and energetic interest in a small first-class trade, and in a quiet family;" and a Boston chemist advertises "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." Slipshod English is not, however, confined to the advertisement columns, or we should not be able to read of the shooting of a wild-cat "by a little boy five feet eight inches long;" of a procession, which "was very fine, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Mr. Perry, the chaplain;" nor should we be "much scandalized to note the fact," that "Miss Corry, in the presence of a large number of officials, named the ship yesterday, and she was quietly warped out to her moorings in the river by ropes." An American paper, dilating upon the success attained by a "self-made man," said he "arrived in California twenty years ago with only *one* shirt to his back; and since then, has contrived, by close application to business, to accumulate *over ten millions.*" President Taylor's celebrated bull: "We are at peace with all the world, and continue to cherish relations of amity with the rest of mankind," is pretty fairly matched by one perpetrated by an English theatrical paper, which, after announcing a forthcoming benefit performance, went on: "Of course, *every one will be there*, and for the edification *of those who are absent*, a full report will be found in our next paper."

In our grandfathers' days, the hunting out of comical cross-readings was a favorite diversion of small witlings; such things are only produced now by sheer acident, when, in "making-up" for the press, a portion of a column of type gets mysteriously imported into a place where it has no manner of business, thereby causing things to become considerably mixed. By the intrusion of the termination of a criminal trial into an operatic criticism, a panegyrical account of a new singer finished up with, "he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, so that society will for some time be freed from the infliction of his presence." By part of a report of a public meeting straying into one about the accidents on a foggy night, it was made to appear that a "Mr. Hodson moved the Brandy Quay into the water." A weekly newspaper lately served up this piece of hotch-potch: "Yesterday, a coal porter named John Sharp was received into the chest on Friday evening. It appears that he had gone to the hospital, having received severe bruises about the Metropolitan Market, to purchase a horse, and seeing one to please him, he bought it; he took it home, and when in the act of examining it, the animal struck out and kicked him." A country paper contrived to beat the above by dexterously combining a paragraph concerning an unlucky dog with another concerning a popular preacher: "The Rev. J. Thompson preached to a large congregation last Sunday. This was his last sermon previous to his departure for London. He exhorted his brethren and sisters; and after offering a devout prayer, took a whim to cut some frantic freaks. He ran up the High Street and down Queen Street to the college. At this stage of the proceedings, some boys seized him, tied a tea-kettle to his tail, and let him go. A great crowd gathered, and for a few minutes there was a lively scene." This was, however, nothing compared with what made the Rev. Dr. Mudge mad. The doctor had been presented with a gold-headed cane, and the same week a patent pig-killing and sausage-making machine had been tried at a factory in the place of which he was pastor. The writer of a report of the presentation and a description of the new machine

for the local newspaper thus records the accident that ensued: "The inconsiderate Caxtonian who made up the forms of the paper got the two locals mixed up in a frightful manner, and when we went to press, something like this was the apalling result: Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation, the unsuspicious pig was seized by the hind-legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute, the carcass was in the water. Thereupon, he came forward, and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more tha those around him for the m which such a huge animal into fragments was simply a ing. The doctor conclude marks, when the machine sei and in less time than it takes it, the pig was cut into fra and worked up into delici sages. The occasion will remembered by the doctor's as one of the most delightful lives. The best pieces can cured for tenpence a poun we are sure that those who so long under his ministry joice that he has been tre handsomely." We cannot v the genuineness of the forego whether it be genuine or n tured, it would be difficult t more complete specimen of graphical mixture.

THE FLOWER YOU GAVE ME.

I PLANTED it within my heart, and lo!
The thorns about its stem transfixed me so,
That, steeped in my heart's blood, its roots did grow.

And hot my tears fell on its rose-hued bloom;
And deep my sighs drank in its rare perfume;
And dark my pain its beauty bathed in gloom.

So I, the flow'ret might have cast away,
But Pray'r came knocking to my heart one day,
And, midst its wounds, entreated leave to stay.

Her white feet scarce had entered softly there,
When from those blood-steeped roots shot tendrils fair,
Which, with the thorns, she wove in crown most rare,

And on the stem then dropping heav'nly dew
Of resignation, soon transformed it grew
To semblance of the Cross, a stronghold true,

O love! for your sweet blossom; and a blest
And changeless shelter where my pain can rest,
Cross, crown, and flow'r by Pray'r held in my breast!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

of the opening of the Ition, at Philadelphia, on ied the whole subject of if the Lord's Day to be Catholic position, that it is nat it is to be observed by gious services, but that it nitential gloom like Good s itself alike to the com- l as the religious feelings day of rest, of relaxation, revelry or dissipation, not l, of sorrow, gloom, and l-fashioned idea of many is a day of penance is ex- qually cherished prejudice al" or Catholic Sunday is equally being dissipated. ay better observed than in districts; in the Tyrol, in country districts of Italy, e. First, the faithful go to meet in social intercourse, ge green, or take a stroll. rotestant minister in Phil- his subject:

word 'Continental,' or lay, in this connection, as nen, as if Sunday on the ope were a mere riot of ssipation. The fact is, it ind. I have used the op- ving it in two long visits, ly say that it is a rational, , which every honest on- e in. The population of s, at least of France and wisely. Quite as large a I believe, attend services so here. Their churches crowded, and by actual have repeatedly made in Paris, Rome, Florence, aller places, not merely as large a proportion of as is the case here. The spent in refreshing pleas- usiness is practically sus- are as generally closed in York. The same is al- aris. In rural cities and nday is a quiet and charm- , but orderly."

added that the Catholics d at work now endeavor- rk on a Sunday.

ition be open on part of ans.

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ited States have much to learn from what the Catholics of Europe are now doing. Take for example the Catholic committees of France. These committees are composed of leading lay Catholics as well as of bishops and priests, and all act together in a spirit of co-operation. They somewhat resemble the Catholic Unions of America. But French Catholics know, that to produce any effect on the general public, these committees must act together as one body, and the "General Convention of Catholic Committees" met in Paris last month. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris presided, several bishops assisted, and a list of the committees and their work shows how wide a field their exertions cover. There is first the "Committee on Prayer," whose object is to form and encourage all sodalities, confraternities, and associations of prayer. Then comes the "Committee of Pontifical Works," designed to aid in the collection of Peter's pence and the support of the Holy See. Practical work is attended to by the "Committee of Works," which devises ways and means to aid the bishops and clergy in all their enterprises. Education is so important that its interests are attended to by a Committee of Education. The Catholic press is supported and aided by another committee; Christian art, in all its multifarious branches, from the decoration of churches to a child's religious card, is attended to by another committee, while the formation of Catholic working men's associations, and the complex problems arising from the relations and conflicts of labor and capital are attended to by the "Committee on Social Economy." As all these interests may become the subject of legislation and governmental action, there is a "Committee on Legislation," to watch the movements of the politicians, and all acts hostile to the Catholic Church.

Certainly there is ample room, indeed, a pressing necessity, for similar organizations in this country.

THE following extract from a recent pastoral of a French bishop deserves attention. He quotes some persons, who say: "Behold France, Austria, Italy, and Spain, that is to say, all the Catholic powers rapidly declining, and losing their prestige, whilst England, Russia, and Germany—that is to say, all the heretical powers—are in the way of prosperity, and are increasing rapidly. Catholicity breaks down nations, whilst Protestantism raises them up; the Latin race are in a decline, the future is for the Ger-

manic races and for the nations of the North."

The Bishop proceeds to confute this idea, and to show that England and France are at least equal in courage, enterprise, and skill, while in charity, and in the condition of the poorer classes, France is far ahead of England. As regards Germany, it must be noted that nearly half of the Germans are Catholics, who are not inferior in any way to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Belgium is the most flourishing and happy country in Europe, and it is thoroughly Catholic. In South America, the most Catholic and the most flourishing state is Brazil. Mexico, and the other states, often quoted as examples of the bad effects of the Catholic religion, are, in reality, strong proofs of quite another fact, viz., the rank absurdity of proclaiming republics in countries where the people are not prepared for them by the previous exercise of some degree of freedom.

The prosperous condition of the North of Ireland is often contrasted with the poverty of the South, the wealth of the Protestants with the penury of the Catholics. But half of the alleged poverty of Catholic Ireland is untrue, and the rest is explained by the persecutions it has undergone.

IT has been said, and with some truth, that Catholics are not such readers as Protestants. This is rapidly becoming less and less true. For it there are several reasons, and we think that one reason is the want of good, cheap libraries, or sets of books. In novels, for example, a set of Dickens's novels, or Scott's tales, or Mrs. Wood's stories, can be procured for twenty-five cents or fifty cents a volume. There should be sets of Catholic biographies, histories, works on science and on art, permeated with a true Catholic spirit, indeed, yet not ignoring the works and discoveries of others. Abundant stores of materials are on hand for such a series; and if brought out in a cheap form, we should imagine there would be no lack of purchasers. But the Catholic personages must be real flesh and blood, and not walking saints; and the historical sketches must be truthful, and not merely laudatory panegyrics of the chief actors, who were on the right side, and unsparing denunciation of all those who were on the wrong side. There have been noble characters who have, unfortunately, spent all their best energies on the wrong side; and there have been worthless kings and emperors, who have yet strenuously supported the Catholic Church for their own purposes.

DURING the present month the Church in the United States has lost several priests. Rev. A. Louis Rosecrans, one of the Paulist missionary fathers, and eldest son of Major-General Rosecrans, died, at New York, on the 11th May, at the age of 27. He was ordained priest in 1872, by his uncle, Bishop S. H. Rosecrans, of Columbus. Father Archer, of St. Louis, has also gone; and Father Heter, O. M. I.

The Rev. Thomas E. Legouais, S. J., also died, at the College of St. Francis Xavier, 49 West Fifteenth Street, N. Y., in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Born in France in 1793, he became a friar in 1821. In 1832 Father Legouais came to America, and went to St. Mary's College, Marion County, Kentucky; then to St. John's College, Fordham, in 1846. In 1870 he was removed to St. Francis Xavier's College, in Sixteenth Street, N. Y., where he spent the last years of his holy life. For half a century Father Legouais was engaged as professor or spiritual adviser in the field of education.

AN outburst of Turkish fanaticism, resulting in the murder of the consuls of France and Germany, at Salonica, has caused or precipitated further complications in the East. The two nations, insulted in the persons of their respective envoys, immediately demanded that due reparation be made. French, German, English, and Italian war vessels have been ordered to Salonica and to various other ports. Although several of the murderers have been executed, the excitement has by no means calmed. Riots have broken out in Constantinople, massacres are reported as having taken place in Bosnia, and the foreigners and Christians in Turkey are arming.

Salonica, the ancient Thessalonica, where St. Paul preached, and famous also in history as the scene of the terrible massacre in 390, for which the Emperor Theodosius was put under penance by St. Ambrose, is a city of 70,000 inhabitants at the head of the Gulf of Salonica. There are 20,000 Jews and as many Greeks in the city.

THE discussion on Freemasonry has revived lately. The conversion of the Marquis of Ripon, who occupied a high position in the "craft" in England, the late exposure in France by Bishop Dupanloup, and other circumstances, have contributed to this result. To many it appears simply as a friendly confederation engaged in offices of mutual assistance, yet there is truth in these remarks of the Dublin *Nation*:

"A society, the rites of which are incredibly childish; which exacts from its votaries an impious oath of secrecy before revealing to them its objects; which, by creating a secret state within the state, and a family within the family, endangers alike the state and the family; and, finally, so many of whose lodges ring with anti-Christian and antisocial anathemas, stands self-condemned,

and can never be to men of virtue who closely examine it, anything else than a beacon-light to warn them of danger."

ON April 30th the Los Angeles Cathedral, in California, was consecrated by Archbishop Alemany, assisted by Bishops Arnat and Mora. The consecration was followed by a sermon, at which Archbishop Alemany gave a very interesting sketch of the California missions, and showed that Catholicity was the first faith preached in California, and Catholics the first settlers, a fact which the very names of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and many more testify.

In the evening the relics of St. Vibiana were transferred from the old church to the cathedral. The relics were conveyed in a magnificent urn, and were accompanied by a procession of great length and considerable pomp.

The diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, in California, has 34,000 Catholics and 36 priests. A full account of the early missions to California will be found in the RECORD of April, 1873.

THE influence of anti-Catholic feeling was, as is well known, felt in Ohio last fall at the election there, and this year it has been felt, to a smaller extent it is true, but still perceptibly, in New Hampshire and Connecticut. It seems strange that in this country, where the Catholic Church is not identified with any political party, that this should be the case. As regards Connecticut, however, we see that there are five or six Catholics in its Legislature; and it also appears that there are many persons and families all over the State, who have Irish Catholic names who are yet not Catholics. How many were lost to the Church from the first settlement of America, until the appointment of Bishop Carroll, none can tell. Although it is true that from 1776 till 1876 the Church has increased from a nonentity to a position of power, yet thousands were lost to the Church in the early days from the want of priests!

THE College of St. Joseph for foreign missions at Mill Hill, London, which has sent missionaries to the negroes of the United States, has published a very interesting report. The Rev. James Noonan is provincial, and there are missions at Baltimore and Marlborough in Maryland, at Louisville in Kentucky, and Charleston in South Carolina.

There are thousands of colored people in all our great cities who are entirely neglected. Yet no race is so susceptible of religious ideas. There have been negro saints, there are many negro Catholics in Africa and in Louisiana and Florida, to say nothing of South America. Yet what efforts to catholicize the negro are made by American Catholics in the great cities? Very few, indeed.

THE annual crusade, in England, against the religious communities was inaugurated in Parliament last month, when Sir Thomas Chambers asked it to undertake an inquiry into the number, rate of increase, character, and present position in relation to the law of monastic and conventual institutions in Great Britain.

This wiseacre said that instead of 53 convents, as there was in 1853, there were now 399!. In these abodes, he said, the inmates were deprived of "liberty," "rights," and "property." It seems incredible that so foolish and insulting an inquiry should find any supporters; yet no less than 80 bigots supported it, and it was rejected by a majority of 40. This is one species of annoyance to which we are not subject in America.

CHURCH building continues in the United States with its usual energy. Among recent important dedications of new churches are those of St. Vincent's, Chicago, belonging to the Lazarists; St. Charles Borromeo's, Philadelphia; and the two cathedrals of Savannah and Los Angeles. The former cathedral cost $200,000, and has been erected by Bishop Gross in two years.

The congregation of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, are about to build a new edifice.

The corner-stone of the new church of St. Paul the Apostle, attached to the house of the Paulist Fathers, Fifty-ninth Street, in New York, will be laid on the 14th of June.

ON the 13th of June the new and beautiful church at Clonliffe, Ireland, dedicated to the Holy Cross, will be dedicated. His Eminence, Cardinal Cullen, writes in his Pastoral: "This church is destined to preserve a precious relic of the cross, given to me by his Holiness Pius IX, and also to commemorate the dedication of the Archdiocese of Dublin to the Sacred Heart on Passion Sunday, 1873."

On the very spot where of yore the power of the heathen Danes in Ireland was broken and destroyed, the Catholicity of St. Patrick's land has erected a memorial to the Saving Emblem of our Redemption. A more appropriate or significant event could hardly be chronicled.

THE International Exhibition, at Philadelphia, was opened by the President of the United States on May 10th. The proceed-

ings were uninteresting, and the Cantata by Lanier contained a glorification of the Mayflower, and the Huguenots, ignoring both Penn and the Pilgrims of Maryland, as was to be expected. However, the people were there in great numbers, and the triumphs of human ingenuity and skill displayed in both the Main Building and Machinery Hall are truly wonderful. It is still a moot point if the Exhibition will pay in a pecuniary point of view; but it is indisputable that it is a school of knowledge such as we have never had in America, for all who choose to use it as such.

CATHOLIC papers multiply. Within the last few years Ohio has started the *Cleveland Universe* and the *Catholic Columbian;* Indiana, the *Central Catholic;* Georgia, the *Southern Cross;* Florida, the *St. Augustine Instructor;* and Brooklyn, the *Catholic Review*, to mention no others. The *Connecticut Catholic* has now appeared in the "Wooden Nutmeg" State, and the *Messenger* in West Virginia, while other papers will soon be started. All the above promise a long life; but others seem "born but to die." We shall not feel satisfied before every diocese in the United States has its own Catholic paper. There is room enough for all.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL was born in Mallow, Ireland, in 1800, studied at Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, and was ordained May 20th, 1826, at Notre Dame. First Professor, then President of Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, he was consecrated Bishop of Cincinnati at the Cathedral of Baltimore in 1833. His diocese embraced the State of Ohio. At that time the City of Cincinnati had only *one* church. It has *now* sixty. The State is divided into three dioceses, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus, which contain 450,000 Catholics, 377 priests, and 443 churches, to say nothing of schools, convents, monasteries, hospitals, etc.

FUNERAL arrangements seem to be attracting some attention lately. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, has been trying to abolish the custom of having so many carriages. And now Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, says: "We hate to see a profusion of flowers at funerals. A few roses, violets, or sprigs of myrtle, are not out of place in the death-room; but harps, crosses, garlands, and pyramids of costly exotics, which a perverse custom is now introducing around the coffin, look supremely foolish."

There is a great deal more of vanity and display about these extravagances than good sense or propriety.

ON Sunday, May 21st, was commenced, at Cincinnati, the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Most Reverend Archbishop Purcell. This great prelate, one of the most illustrious of the American hierarchy, was ordained priest on the 20th of May, 1826, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, by Archbishop Quelen, the saintly occupant of the See of Paris. Out of three hundred who were ordained on that occasion, the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati and the present Bishop of Chartres are the sole survivors. The celebration lasted three days.

THE Cathedral at Baltimore was consecrated on Ascension Thursday, May 25th, by Archbishop Bayley, assisted by Archbishop Wood and Bishops Gross, Becker, McNierney, Gibbons, Corrigan, and Kane. The cornerstone was laid July 7th, 1806, by Bishop Carroll. It was completed and dedicated in 1821. It has long been burdened with a heavy debt, which has now been cleared off, and consequently it is consecrated forever to the service of God.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BERTHA: An Historical Romance of the time of Henry IV, Emperor of Germany. By Conrad von Boldnden. Translated by S. B. A. Harper. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street. 1876.

The reign of Henry IV of Germany will long be remembered. It was the source of unspeakable miseries to the people of Germany and Italy, and of great evils in the Church. His father, Henry III, was a wise and prudent prince, but Henry IV disdained to walk in the footsteps of his illustrious father. He was possessed of great natural ability, but was the slave of uncontrolled passions and of inordinate ambition. He surrounded himself, too, with evil counsellors and unprincipled courtiers and favorites, who, seeking only their own advancement, encouraged the Emperor to give loose reins to his evil instincts. He passed much of his time in dissipation and debauch, and intrusted the administration of the empire to persons as licentious, prodigal, and arbitrary as himself. Hence complaints were

all sides of the most outrageous
nmitted by the Emperor person-
so by his immediate favorites and
, of watchful fathers and faithful
nurdered that the children and
guarded might be made the vic-
wless passion and lust, of lands
force from their lawful owners,
citizens and nobles tortured, im-
or banished without just cause,
vithout even the slightest color of
edings.

ls of the Church were at that time
r feudal tenures. This placed
and abbots of that period on a
l civil equality with the other
obles. It also, however, afforded
eror of Germany a pretext to de-
iem the homage which temporal
required under the feudal system
their liege lord, and also assume
o select the persons who should
s and bishoprics when they be-
nt. Henry IV was not slow to
ese claims and exercise the pow-
:hey involved, according to his
uction of them. He seized ab-
bishoprics as occasion served
prompted, and openly sold the
nefices to the highest bidders.
y claimed the right of nomina-
so that of investiture. When a
bbot died he seized the ring and
and kept possession of these sym-
esiastical jurisdiction. He placed
mfit and corrupt men in high
ices, and thus created innumera-
s, and a most shameful deteriora-
rals among the clergy and the

e the Holy Roman Pontiff could
all this with indifference. First,
gentle remonstrances were ad-
the Emperor, and afterwards
roofs, until at last the conflict
in the excommunication of Henry
gory VII, followed by Henry's
ypocritical penance and profes-
rition at Canossa.

before us only deals with the
Henry IV's flagitious career, that
it mainly in which his virtuous
le Queen, Bertha, is abandoned
nd in his licentiousness he at-
divorce her. This attempt is
y the firmness of the representa-
Holy Roman See in Germany;
, moved party by fear, and partly,
a shortlived contrition, becomes
o Bertha.

urse of the narrative a great num-
orical personages and events are
and a truthful picture given of
s and customs of that age, char-
great piety, faith, and devotion
on the part of some, and by horrible cruelty and terrible wickedness on the part of others. The power and the historic truthfulness of "Conrad von Boldnden's" stories are so well known, that it is almost needless for us to say that the one we are noticing is both interesting and instructive.

READINGS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Arranged with Chronological Tables, Explanatory Notes, and Maps for the Use of Students. By J. G. Wenham, Canon of Southwark. Second Edition. London: Burns & Oates, Portman Street and Paternoster Row. 1876.

A knowledge of Holy Scripture is important to the Christian. In the words of St. Paul, "all Scripture, divinely inspired, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice." And if this be generally important at all times, it is specially so now, when efforts are everywhere made to secure the highest cultivation of the intellect as regards all matters outside of religion.

Yet to rely on persons acquiring this knowledge of Holy Scripture by simply putting the Bible into their hands will not answer. For, first, the Bible is not the private, personal possession of any individual, but is part of the treasure of divine revelation committed to the Church, by her to be taught, explained, and expounded. And if the absurdity of expecting each individual to interpret it for himself were not sufficiently obvious from its own extrinsic and intrinsic difficulties on the one hand, and the utter incompetency of the majority of persons from want of the requisite learning and the requisite intellectual training and ability on the other, it would become so, when the profound nature of the truths stated or touched upon in the Sacred Scriptures are considered. But we are not left to our own reasonings on this subject. The Church expressly teaches that the inspired writings and their interpretation were committed to her, and that she only has the ability and the office authoritatively to interpret them; for which see St. Peter, the first Sovereign Pontiff (2d Epistle of St Peter 1 : 20).

Apart from this, however, there are certain practical reasons why it will not do to put the Bible itself and it only into the student's hands. It is too long and too intricate for him to make out of it a consecutive history (much less a digest of Christian doctrine). "He cannot," as Canon Wenham well remarks, "learn it all, and wants the knowledge of what he may best leave out. Moreover, the difficulties he will continually meet, and which are studiously brought out by modern thinkers, will make him say with the Ethiopian, when Philip, the Deacon, asked him, 'Understandest thou what

thou readest?' 'How can I unless some one show me.'"

With a view of assisting students of the Old Testament in overcoming some of these difficulties, he has made selections and arranged them in such order as to form a consecutive history, adding short remarks, where required, to keep up the connection, and explanations on points of difficulty taken from approved writers.

The "Readings" are divided into four historical periods:

1. *The Patriarchs;* or the Old Testament history from the beginning to the birth of Moses, *i. e.*, from B. C. 4004 to B. C. 1571, a period of 2433 years.

2. *The Israelites;* or the history of God's chosen people from the birth of Moses to the end of the Judges, *i. e.*, from B. C. 1571 to B. C. 1075, a period of 496 years.

3. *The Kings;* or history of the Israelites from the establishment of the kingdom to its end, *i. e.*, from B. C. 1075 to B. C. 606, a period of 469 years,

4. *The Prophets;* history of the Jews from B. C. 606 to the birth of Christ, including a particular account of the prophetic writings.

A work such as this is one of no small difficulty, but Canon Wenham has brought to its accomplishment great care and judgment, and performed the task undertaken with great success. To persons desirous of tracing out continuously the history of God's fulfilment of the declaration and promise, that the woman should crush the serpent's head, up to the bringing forth into the world at Bethlehem by the Immaculate Mother of God of the Holy Child, Jesus, this work will be one of great use and value.

REAL LIFE. By Madame Mathilde Frourent (Mme. Bourdon). Translated from the French by Miss Newlin. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

This book is specially written, as we learn from the preface, for young girls and young wives. It is not a treatise on morality, nor a series of lectures on domestic duties; but a narrative in the form of letters of the incidents which a young girl, trained in the practice of true religion, and continuing in it through wedded life up to old age, may expect to meet and pass through. The writer says: "We have tried to paint life as it is, with its great and modest duties, its secret struggles, which God's eye alone sees and makes account of, the joys and sorrows of home, and the happiness of earth, which is only (according to Ducis) a sorrow more or less consoled." The heroine is placed in the middle rank of society, equally removed from poverty and material splendor, sheltered from those great catastrophes which often follow brilliant fortunes. Her joys and her sorrows come to her from her own family. Her experiences are simply those of woman as daughter, wife, and mother. And these are depicted by the writer as they are in real life, and stripped of the romantic hues with which the fervid imagination of youth is apt to clothe them. The thought of God is always present amidst the difficulties, the struggles, the trials, the consolations, the rewards, and the victories, which attend the Christian woman; the teachings of religion always intervening to moderate her joys and console her in sorrow.

Following out these thoughts and on this plan, the author has written, in a series of letters, commencing with girlhood, and continuing on through married life to advanced age, a very interesting and readable little work, and at the same time one that is both instructive and edifying. It is handsomely bound, and is very suitable for presentation as a premium for merit in our Catholic female schools and academies, and by parents to their daughters.

ALL AROUND THE MOON: From the French of Jules Verne. Freely translated by Edward Roth. With a Map of the Moon, constructed and engraved for this edition, and also with an Appendix, containing the Famous Moon Hoax, by R. Adonis Locke. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street. 1876.

Those who have read any of Jules Verne's works, and especially those who have read his *Baltimore Gun Club*, will not fail to read *All Around the Moon*. It is the sequel of the *Baltimore Gun Club*, the plot and plan of which it carries out to a proper finale with wonderful consistency of detail.

Intermingled with the imaginary incidents of the trip towards and around the moon are many clear statements of scientific facts and principles, and explanations of the manner of solving important problems in physics. The work, therefore, while serving the purpose of relaxation to educated adults from severer pursuits, and amusement to intelligent youth, will also impart valuable information, and some not easily obtainable even from ordinary treatises on astronomy and physics. The task of translating the work into English has been well performed by Prof. Roth. Indeed, it is scarcely doing him justice to style it a translation. It is rather a reproduction in a form suited to America of the original work.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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OLD LIES AND NEW.*

ERE is no portion of history so
, no centuries so fecund in po-
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ations and theories as those
the systematic and organized
ılgation of the tenets and errors,
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with the incredible swiftness
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lvance of the light of Christian
and found a home in the "um-
ous grotto and cool recesses"
man perversity and sin, to be
oned forth at intervals as the
Grace, now risen, was tempo-
rarily eclipsed or obscured by the crimes and passions of men. In this test struggle and inaugural conflict the triumph and defeat were unvaried—sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other. Each alternation did not develop a new phase. Christianity gained steadily though not without frequent and terrible disasters and reverses. There were two forces at war, each distinct and compact of its kind. Roman Paganism was the strongest and most comprehensive as well as the most aggressive system of Paganism, admitting, absorbing, and toning to its own ambitious designs the idolatrous practices and gods of all the nations dependent on or subject to its consecrated eagles. Christianity, though preyed on from the beginning by corrupters, errorists, and heretics, hardly felt yet the weakness of internal disorder and the difficulty of misguidance. Those early "children of darkness" were, for the most part, such as blended, or tried to blend, the principles and external worships of the two contending elements, and by compromise thus effect a recon-

icium Roberti Bellarmini Politiani Societa-
theologi de libro quem Lutherani vocant
æ cum brevi apologia pro eodem judicio.
apud Josephum Guliano editorem. 1859.

ciliation. They were the popular religionists of their day; disavowed as deserters and emphatically disclaimed by the Pagan; denounced as false teachers, and anathematized by the Christian. Although the contest was prolonged by the innate strength and favoring circumstances on the one hand, and by an undying and ever-increasing vitality on the other, still the progress of centuries found little or no variety of kind, though some of degree, as the one strengthened by new accessions and the other fainted from numerous defections. The same cries went up under Diocletian as under Nero; "Christians to the lions," shouted the Pagan priest; "Christ is God," protested the gasping martyr. New institutions, new modes of thought, new forms of public decorum, new relations of individual with individual, individual with community, community with community, and nation with nation were introduced, and, in a word, the world found itself, after the convulsion of the strife had subsided, revolutionized and almost completely regenerated. The victory was complete, the overthrow final.

How differently has resulted "the trial of strength" between Catholicity and Protestantism its periodic history, as well as the burning issues of the day, abundantly testify. The reasons for this discrepancy and dissimilarity of result are not far to seek. All eruptions from within the Church have maintained, almost equally in duration and counterpoised advantages, the same bitter struggle. Overlooking the continuous chain of Eastern heresies that shoot from afar their branches into our own age, and possess an apparent perpetuity through the renovating fountain of change, there are more than a sufficiency of rebellious examples in the Western World. Arianism had its long day, its advocates and persistent votaries; Pelagianism fought a lengthened fight; Iconoclasm brought sorrow and exile to numerous Christian souls, and desolated many a renowned temple; the Paulicians, and still later on, the Albigenses, Waldenses, and Lollards died not at the breath of anathema nor surrendered at the bidding of the Church.

It is apt to be demanded in this connection: How does it come to pass, if the Catholic Church be identical with the primitive Church which overturned the idols of Paganism in its infancy, and eventually subdued the most warlike and determined race of antiquity, fondly wedded as they were by habit, prejudice, and arrogance to their customs, religion, and immorality, that, with all its powers of allurement and coercion, perfected disciplinary *régime*, innumerable devotees, grand array of learned doctors and theologians, and all those other countless helps long possession gave, a mere handful of resolute men not only emancipated themselves from its doctrines and laws, but bade defiance to its utmost exertions and menaces, and finally succeeded in seducing a third of its membership, and remains still defiant, unconquerable, and in some places superior to it in numbers, influence, and respectability? This is the negative argument of desperation, often employed to silence the inquisitive whisperings of conscience and to calm the troubled soul dissatisfied, as it frequently is, with the indefinite and unstable tenets held or laid by as conducive motives quicken or utterly abandon those without the pale of the Church. It is a bright but fatal phantasm, a sort of "soothing syrup" administered to "minds diseased." Circumstances alter cases. The Church had to contend, it is true, in its infancy, but with Paganism; and Paganism possessed nothing in common with Christianity. It had principles, codes, ceremonies, rites, and practices of its own. It had gods and idols, priests and sacrifices, objects and ends diametrically

antagonistic to the "Word." It is in the nature of things that when institutions are in mutual hostility they will strive forever, if equally balanced, or, if unequally, until the stronger asserts its destructive superiority, and then "the weaker goes to the wall." There was no connecting link, no participation, no neutral ground, no stated period of truce by which or through which, the conservation of a single custom or iota of the doctrine of the one was not an injury and loss to the other. Hence interminable antagonism, without the possibility of mistaking the opposing interests, was alone practicable. With Protestantism, as with other Christian heresies, the relation is radically different.

Those who severed their connections with the Church through a spirit of obstinacy, or from other cause, carried with them in their revolt many of the doctrines, some of the ceremonies, and most of the moral code of Catholicity. These "stolen goods" gave them some grounds at least on which to make the pretence of Christian teachers. Fortuitous political complications, national enmities, temporary advantages, or personal jealousies, in most instances, were ready to defend the pretentious; and after the rebelling generation had disappeared the heresy became hereditary.

Where there are so many things in common as between Catholicity and Protestantism, both believing in the same God, both worshipping the same Redeemer, both guided by a scarcely distinguishable morality, the full force, simple excellence, and undivided strength of the Catholic Church cannot operate as on an open antagonist and external enemy, and many of its efforts redound as much to the service, if not to the honor, of Protestantism as to its own advancement. Since doctrine and morality are so intimately and inseparably connected, and as morality is a common possession and general heritage, it is impossible to further either without furnishing the means of strength to those without the Church but still Christian to some extent. Thus contrasted the standard of judgment to which the world, with few exceptions, appeals, loses its dial and indicator; and hence the Church fights heresy "with one hand tied behind its back." While the Catholic Church is identical with the primitive Church, its present enemies are to be foiled by other weapons and other tactics than were the old idolaters, as they have and use the chain-armor of Christian morality, though wanting the helmet of faith.

However absurd in logic the process of compelling the owner to substantiate and prove his claim and right of ownership must have in it something analogous to nature. This is the course pursued in almost every walk of life. Is a man's title to a piece of real estate questioned, he has to produce his title-deeds. Is a man's horse stolen, and he discovers the animal in its hiding-place, he has to "prove property" ere he regains his own. Justice would seem to require proof from the new claimant, but the universal consent of mankind, with a seeming anomaly, favors the questioner. This mode of procedure is founded, probably, on the supposition that the rightful owner can have no difficulty in confirming his claim, and the dispute thus most easily set aside and ended. Though not rigidly logical, yet it is practically so, and less prolific of disputes, contentions, and injuries than the other would be. On this general sense of convenience the principle is founded and upheld. Many Catholics, even Catholic publicists and polemics are averse to this principle; and deem it the more prudent course to challenge their opponents to the proof. This gives the opponent the advantage of presumption—no slight advantage; and

the choice of selection, which dexterously used opens him a way of honorable retreat, at least, and causes no little annoyance and inconvenience to the asserter of truth. Much may be said for both methods without doubt, and in fact circumstances alone can determine the more prudent course in special cases. But the analogy of active life is no bad guide at worst, and this is almost universally in favor of the demand for proof from the oldest claimant—the one supposed capable of furnishing it with the greatest facility. Usually, too, in philosophic and theological treatises, more especially of modern composition, this is the formula in which the various theses are presented. The truth once established, the solution of difficulties and sophisms is more easy and more intelligible—consequences not to be despised if anything more than the debater's skill is looked to in such controversies.

There never was a dissension, religious, political, or otherwise, among men that has given rise to so much controversy as that originated by Luther. This is owing in a great measure, no doubt, to the art of printing, through which theological discussions formerly confined to seats of learning—universities, colleges, and monasteries—were brought within reach of the humblest citizen. Whether this is an advantage or disadvantage to the citizen it is not an object here to inquire or decide. But from the baronial hall to the mud cabin all places rang and ring with the discordant tones of controversy. Under such a ferment very naturally the exponents of either religious system could not but join issue. We have, in consequence, multitudinous volumes of polemics—attacks and rejoinders, answers and replies, accusations and countercharges, refutations and replications. Very little of that large collection contains anything distinctively and peculiarly of more worth than the ordinary ability of an educated man could at any time supply. There is certainly a great display of what is termed "the smartness of debate," but beyond this not much that will survive the corroding touch of time. Passing over innumerable others less known or less appreciated, among the most celebrated "discussions" are those of Purcell and Campbell, Hughes and Breckenridge, Maguire and Pope, Bossuet and Claude, Eck and Luther. It is generally now conceded, except by the most ardent and thoughtless partisans of Protestantism, that victory, if victory it might be termed, remained with the Catholic contestants. Private conferences and brochures, letters and essays, tracts and volumes on controverted doctrines abound in all the languages of modern Europe.

The literature of Protestantism, in so far as it can be said to have a characteristic literature at all, comprises very little that is not polemical. The best productions of the Protestant mind are rather political and historical than religious. This fact indicates the genius of the system. As men formulated it we naturally expect to find human considerations, modes of thought and interests predominant; our expectations are disappointed only as fanatical ebullitions originate some religious novelties destined to die when the first heats have cooled. It is not intended to deny that Protestantism has produced great men; or more exactly, that great men were Protestants. This is a fact unquestioned and unquestionable, for nothing intellectual can destroy nature's formations. No one, whose judgment or opinion would entitle him to the slightest consideration, would venture to withhold this appellation from such men as Bacon, Newton, Leibnitz, and Locke. They had intellects of the first order, and as far as anything human can be said to be, their names and memories will be immortal, and are already graven on the

select catalogue of philosophers. Undoubted Protestants, yet it would be somewhat difficult, from what remains to us of their views and theories, to determine with accuracy to what sect they really adhered, and how far they embraced, *examined*, the tenets and teachings of Protestantism. Most assuredly their commanding and extraordinary talents were not devoted to either the defence or explication of their religious views, but given up entirely to the furtherance of general science—philosophy, intellectual, and physical, and astronomy. As far as they expressed themselves at all, it was rather in favor of Christianity or Christian morality in general than to uphold any particular set of tenets; Locke, perhaps, may be said to be anti-catholic to some extent, but Leibnitz was much more pro-catholic. The neo-philosophic school of Germany was never nearer to Protestantism than apathy could advance it; and of later years is decidedly and pronouncedly hostile, and therefore those leaders of infidel thought are excluded in this connection. It is somewhat unfortunate for Protestantism, in the reputable and educated world, that its gratitude and plaudits were never bestowed on its ablest exponents. They were, as men of enlarged and cultured minds usually are, free to a great extent from that malign spirit of oppressive intolerance which possesses small but restless minds. Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, and Knox, among the "reformers" of the British isles, are the most highly honored, whilst Hales, Chillingworth, Usher, Taylor, and Tillotson hardly meet with the recognition from their religious partisans that is accorded them from without. This is putting a premium on zeal at the expense of ability, and setting passionate and irrational fervor over the head of calm, powerful logic and immense erudition. As long as man is man there will be found candidates for honors of whatever kind. Intense hatred of Catholicity has hitherto been accounted the chief indication of Protestant orthodoxy. It is not a thing to be wondered at, then, that all sorts of subterfuges and ingenious politics have been employed, in order to manifest this hatred, and so gain the rewards. Rumors of conspiracies without end, charges of immoral practices, idolatrous rites, despotic designs, and that "chiefest bosomed smell," premeditated lying, abound *ad nauseam*. From the Centuriators of Magdeburg to Gladstone, from Philip Melanchthon to Maria Monk, the tortuous genesis of calumny has wound its meandering stream.

It is a study well worthy of the historical philosopher to examine and collect the broken, if not "rusty," tools, and mutilated harnesses of Protestantism as they lay scattered and abandoned on every battle-field of polemic warfare. One thing the upholders of the "reformed doctrines" must be credited with; they never used an implement found on trial defective or inefficient, but were ever ready and crafty enough to forge new weapons, and introduce new strategy. Some, perhaps, will incline to term this an evidence of weakness; and the writer will not pause to dispute their inclination. No doubt the critical survey of this vast field of historical investigation is laborious, and would in all probability but illy recompense the thought and time expended; yet, without some such examination, the history of Europe, in its political divisions, its peace-treaties, its battles, its policies, and even in its literature, subsequent to its religious disruption, must remain, as it is in a great measure, a conundrum, and a fertile subject for political romancers. Used by the experienced historical critic, this is the master-key with which he could unlock and truly hold up to view the cabinet secrets, the spy systems, the political crimes and intrigues,

the assassinations and judicial murders, the rebellions and uprisings of the people, and in a word, all the turbulent elements, engines, and agencies that were brought successively into requisition by governments and parties. To illustrate more fully what is meant, let us select from among many such, one example, the more especially as its baseness is now acknowledged on all sides. The wickedness of Titus Oates would be phenomenal even in the lowest rank of criminal humanity, if we could trace its connections no further than the person of the base wretch who perpetrated it. Furthermore, without such connections it would be impossible in any civilized or even any savage land, where the most elementary notions of natural justice prevailed. The success of his perjury discloses in the clearest light, and far beyond what diaries or annals contain, what was the actual state of popular feelings at that time in England—burning hatred and dread of "popery," artificially fanned by the intriguing Shaftesbury, and his "brisk boys;" and sated thus by the blood of innocent victims. When the Stuart family were exiled, and the Prince of Orange and his consort reigning on the throne of the unwise James II, the same policy was attempted, but without other result than that of bringing contempt and incarceration on its authors. Leave Titus Oates out of this section of English history, and we are puzzled why the house of Stuart fell so fast; his strange, wicked, and gaunt figure must be conjured up in order to understand the feelings of the people, and the machinations of the politicians.

It certainly would be unjust as well as impolitic, though it is customary so to do, to reproach any party with the misdemeanors and injustices of past generations, whose perfidiousness is openly disclaimed. But when the same policy is pursued, albeit, through other channels, it cannot be deemed imprudent nor recriminatory, when no recrimination is intended, to institute a comparison between a special period of the past and the present time; for it may conduce to shake the confidence of some in the methods they have devised, and by which they ardently hope to demolish the Catholic Church—vain hope. Experience is supposed to teach wisdom, and does so; but her schoolroom is left in almost unbroken silence and utter solitude, whilst her rival novelty waves her giddy wand above the heads of eager millions. Hence crimes and follies are reiterated, errors revived, nations relapse into exploded politics, and thus is history made to repeat itself.

Almost a century had to drag its slow length along ere the spirit of Protestantism showed its ungloved hand. It found the world Catholic in thought as well as in worship and habits. No easy task it had set before itself; and it would have proved a fruitless effort to attempt to sweep away those barriers to its advancement, did not treason and apostasy in the Catholic ranks add millions to its cohorts. But why was this? Many causes concurred to bring about the result. Petty kings and chieftains sought independence; needy barons beheld with greedy eye the rich abbey lands; wicked priests winced under vows they abhorred, but dared not openly violate, and multitudes of ignorant people, incensed through national hatred, intemperate declamations, and false rumors, followed this evil leadership of ambitious princes, covetous barons, and lustful priests; the old story of the blind leading the blind. Once a party was formed, of course apologists and defenders were found. The object the writer has in penning these lines is to contrast the first defence and aggression with those of the present time, and to narrate as far as limited space and more lim-

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tween the learned cardinal and eloquent bishop, the writer regards, and he thinks not without reason, the opponent of James I, Matheus Tortas, Bellarmine's *nom de plume*, as the Martel of the "Reformation." Not alone in its irreligious effects, but in its cause and principles, he demonstrates with irresistible lucidity and logical force, part by part, its radical fallacy and hollowness. The "redoubted champion," as Hallam names him, he hesitated not to engage a royal theologian or one of plebeian origin. It is not to be wondered at that James should commission his ambassador at the Hague to engage the services of "some smart Jesuit with a quick and nimble spirit, to bestow a few lines against the atheisms of the wretch" (Vorstius). —Vide Lingard, *History of England*, chap. 2, James, A. D. 1619.

"Deus bone, quam misera conditio est sub eo rege vivere, qui injuriam sibi fieri judicat, si quis ab ejus exemplo scribere discat." "Good God! what wretchedness to live under this king, who regards it as an injury to him that others should follow the example of writing (treatises) which he himself set!" exclaims the cardinal in his *Apologia*, chap. v, or rather refutation of the kingly book, entitled *Triplici Nodo Triplex Cuneus*. Truly miserable, indeed, was the condition of Catholics under this silly royal pedant—the sordid, selfish, and unworthy son of Mary Stuart. He doubtless felt himself crushed by the gigantic grasp of this heaven-born prince, whose patent of nobility kings could neither bestow nor cancel. Jesuits are (falsely and groundlessly) supposed inimical to popular liberties and rights; yet it would be difficult to cite from any respectable authority, or the writings of any moderate and liberty-loving divine of any school whatsoever, an expression so contemptuous for folly and absurdity in high places. Bellarmine has no hesitation, as he should have none, in placing his own holy

office and noble rank, in spiritual concerns, far above that of the "anointed king."

For the benefit of those, a growing nuisance, who attribute so much virtue to family and genealogical relations, the light in which such matters appeared to this great and profound theologian, might with propriety and in edification be set forth. James forgot not, as royalty and nobility seldom forget, to remind Bellarmine of the obscurity of his birth, and in consequence the magnitude of the presumption that could raise him up to contend with a personage by birth and by position his "dread lord." "I am," says James, "praeter regis majestatem esse puto, ut in lite, ac certamine cardinali se componat, saltem cum eo cardinali, qui non felicius ac illustrious quam iste natus." "I think it beneath the majesty of a king to enter the lists with a cardinal, much more with one whose parentage was neither noble nor splendid."—Ib., cap. 4. To which the Cardinal makes reply thus: "Fatetur Bellarminus parentes suos homines privatos, sed honestos et probos fuisse." "Bellarmine does not deny that his parents were humble, but they were upright and honest." A herald's college could not have devised a nobler pedigree, and none but the sickly *protégés* of sudden good fortune would desire any other.

Withal, this hard-headed logician and master of dialects could make a shrewd point by a witticism. As to the title of James's book, in his first reply he write: "Sed qui cuneos ad scindendos nodos tres adhibere curavit, hoc uno maxime pecasse videtur, quod non recte cuneos ad nodos applicuit," which might be freely rendered: "This last Alexander did not know how to use his blade." Another still more celebrated, and usually credited to Dryden, belongs totally to Bellarmine: "Mirum est autem valde, quod rex *reformationem* religionis, ac non potius *deformationem* appellet." Ap., Id., cap. 1. The "basilicon doron" is shown by the cardinal to be a very poor gift, indeed, if not positively a "basilicon kakon." He was not a man to stumble over words nor call things by other than their proper names. He called a lie a lie—mendacium—and not a misrepresentation; an error with him was an "error," and not a misconception. This may seem harshness or rudeness to affected fastidiousness, or "ears polite," but uprightness and frankness were not then discarded virtues.

In the little "tractatus" whose title is affixed to this paper, he enumerates six errors and sixty-seven lies as found in the Book of Concordance issued by the Lutheran doctors. With errors in doctrinal matters there is no further trouble, as no doctrine is now considered necessary to the attainment of salvation by those without the Church; a few old-fashioned people alone excepted. The apostolic symbol itself is now counted among the literary webs of "monkish" fancy and contrivance. Advancing years sharpened the "vision" of the descendants of the "reformed" so much that they are able to discover superstitions and corruptions where their ancestors saw nothing but divine truth; and hence the newly illuminated have made a more thorough purgation; and are thereby enabled to hold up to the admiring gaze of those who "liked not to have God in their knowledge" a *carte blanche*. But what they have lost or thrown away in doctrine seems to have sharpened their powers of imputation. What Bellarmine so summarily terms "mendacia" are false charges trumped up against the Catholic Church. This was and is the dominant policy, though in its earlier stages of development it was somewhat clogged by trying to bear with it a specific set of tenets. The "ordeal of fire" through which Protestantism had to pass brought wisdom,

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or both held tenaciously
e right" of kings. The
ud, whose leading feature
trait was the doctrine of
edience," was as natu-
lary of this royal preroga-
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Then came the Common-
with it Presbyterianism
sm, as either party tempo-
led. On the restoration
I, Anglicanism returned
nary haunts. The Revolution confirmed the State religion, which has remained unshaken during a period of almost two centuries. But the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland, under more liberal and enlightened statesmanship, is ominous of its downfall in England once again.

Where liberty of conscience is equally and impartially secured to all, at least in theory, and to some extent in practice also, we see men without scruple and without hesitation by thousands abandoning Protestantism, or embracing and selecting sect after sect, merely on social considerations. There are no political restraints or disqualifications, and hence those consequences. Where Protestantism is not political, it aims at seizing social or fashionable domination. To sustain itself, some temporal monopoly is indispensable. It is evident to any one, who has taken the trouble to observe, that our republican Episcopalianism tries to be the "politest," our Presbyterianism to be the "most learned," and our Methodism, with its vulgar tastes and ambitions, to do the "biggest things."

All those sects teaching nothing, or having nothing to teach, are yet actuated by jealousy and hatred against the Catholic Church, whose primary mission is to teach, and then to sanctify. In that olden time of the "reformers," the charges fabricated against the Church were chiefly in relation to doctrine; now they are charges of political ambition and persistent designs to rob people of their liberty. That tender Philip (Philippus humanissimus), as Bellarmine styles him, inveighed against the innovation of "private masses," but with an impudence which the simplest of his followers would not now be guilty of, named the innovator Gregory the Great (*Mend.* 19). To this the cardinal opposes an instance of a "private mass" that was celebrated in the days of St. Augustine nearly two hundred years before

the age of Gregory, and cites St. Augustine himself as authority (lib. 22, *de Civ. Dei*, cap. 8). It is not, however, a subject for surprise that the leaders of Protestant thought make no such charge now, as few, if any of them, could tell what the "mass" is beyond what the lexicographer defines it: "*The Roman Catholic rite at the Eucharist or Communion.*" There are other innovations, indeed, against which they declaim with equal vehemence, and in a more mendacious strain, if possible. Hostility to the present system of public schools is an "innovation;" and it could not be well otherwise, as the system itself is of pretty modern compilation. A few years ago it was a more inviting theme, for the Catholic Church had then very few parochial schools or other institutions of learning within the echo of the English tongue. That ignorance was the mainstay of "priestcraft" seemed not then an improbable statement to ring out from a thousand pulpits to ears itching for items of "popish infamy." The zeal of the Catholic priesthood in the cause of Catholic education, and the sacrifices they make in support of their church schools, are rather stern and obtrusive facts that will not vanish at the bidding of bigot or zealot. The very contrary is in some instances asserted now, "the Catholics will soon control education." The progress and success of Catholic educational institutes clothe, as with a mist, the imagination of each fervid pulpit orator who has to depend on novel sensations to sustain him. "Hands off!" they cry; "the destiny of this republic is interwoven with the stability of our free school system." The utterance of such an assertion presupposes an audience both profoundly ignorant of their country's history, and not advanced in years. Old men, learned or unlearned, unless their memories be abnormally treacherous, must remember as prosperous a state of things and a much more moral nation ere they heard of free schools. Many, no doubt, hearing or reading such an assertion, swell with indignation at the presumption of those miscreants who lay unholy hands on what they are led to believe the main pillar of liberty's temple. When the great Washington declared that his hopes for the continuance and existence of the republic were grounded on a religious and moral people, he hardly meant a free-school no-religion and a one-day-in-seven morality. This oversight of his is attributable to the fact that his school-boy days were not passed within the hallowed precincts of a public school. Had his good angel drawn aside the veil that shut out the coming century from his gaze, and touching with the live coal of prophetic vision his dimming orbs pointed to the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six, when the glorious country he had called into existence had completed its centennial cycle, what would have been the feelings and what the thoughts of the noble "*pater patriæ?*" He would have seen the population multiplied tenfold, wealth increased a thousand fold, the vast wilderness of the West reclaimed, and mapped off into flourishing and populous commonwealths; but he would behold in conjunction the increased multitudes, in great part, irreligious and immoral, fast losing the principles and traditional manners of their ancestors, yielding to the spirit of change, and substituting for religion and morality a superficial knowledge of reading and writing. The prospect would not have been bright or encouraging.

Another section of this false charge is, that Catholics seek to exclude the Bible from the schools, because of their enmity to the "pure gospel." The expression, "pure gospel," in the mouths of the enemies of the Catholic Church was in vogue in Bellarmine's day—"puram evangelii doctrinam" (*Mend.* 24)—and

has as yet lost none of its unction through ceaseless repetition. This is a mere "slogan" to divert the main issue. Catholics, indeed, would be worse than senseless, if their objections were confined to the reading of a chapter of the Bible, no matter how corrupt the version chosen, in the school-room, whilst the text-books used, studied, and constantly in the hands of their children, are infinitely more distinctively Protestant in tone and idiom. To demonstrate this, let us assume that the passage, "This is my body," occurs in the Bible lesson of the morning, and that in the afternoon the child reads the story of the "blind preacher," where the communion-service of Protestantism is set forth in rapturous terms. The childish mind, if it retains any impression at all, will not readily discover that these words of the Bible lesson mean "this is not my body, but its symbol," whereas in the reading lesson it will have the Protestant doctrine in full to swallow, in the words "mystic symbol." The series of books prescribed by statute law in some of the States is apparently prepared for proselytizing purposes. In those books, Protestantism is a fact supposed accepted of all, and its genius and peculiarities are portrayed as if unquestioned; in the Bible it is at best a theory that takes shape by connecting certain passages unconnected in the text, but requiring some ingenuity to discover, which feat the mind of the pupil is not prepared to perform. This much only to demonstrate that the cry "the Bible in danger," is one of the misrepresentations of our time which Bellarmine would call by its true name—*mendacium*. The true reason of Catholic hostility to State education has its origin in other and far higher grounds. The issue cannot be decided by interposing the Bible, as did the crafty Amru the Koran in the struggle between Ali and Moawiyah, thus transferring by a ruse the Kaliphate. Catholics have far more reverence for the Bible than any sect or all the sects together; but their reverence is of the sacred kind, and does not evaporate in the noisy wriggles of declamation or blatant demagoguery. Its lessons impressed on the heart, and not its words on the lips; its spirit, and not its dead letter, commands and receives Catholic homage. It hardly admits of doubt that, ere this nineteenth century will have run to its close, those sects that now take issue with the Catholic Church on the school question will be as zealous and ardent in their advocacy of the parochial system as they are now violently hostile to it. They may not acknowledge their past error; this would be too much to expect from such a multitude of infallible institutions, but they will act as if they never erred in the matter at all. Their very existence will soon depend entirely on a reversed movement. Secret associations and the practical infidelity of the free school is fast gnawing away their vitals and decimating daily their ranks. They will soon learn, though they will never cordially co-operate, that the endeavors of the Catholic Church are in the cause of universal Christianity, and that any defeat she may have to accept will be a deathblow to some Christian interest. If the awakening comes ere the "prince of darkness" has massed his forces, it will be well; but if the daytime and season for work is allowed to pass, the inevitable night will follow.

Seeing that the Protestant world considers the Catholic Church too much occupied in teaching religious truths to the young, it will be curious, if of no higher utility, to contrast the early with the present charge. "Apud adversarios (Catholicos) nulla prorsus est 'catechesis' puerorum." (*Mend.* 46.) "The Catholics do not instruct their children in the Catechism." How has it come to pass that the very contradicting of

this calumny is now the favorite expression? The interest of the first separatists required, on account of the religious bias of public opinion, that they should exhibit, if practicable, more fervor and zeal for Christian doctrines and morals than was found among the Catholic clergy. Now the world has so far forgotten religion that it estimates more highly the crudest materialism than either Christian doctrine or morality; and hence the charge would not elicit the requisite odium, but much more remove the "priest-ridden stigma" which it pleases the enemies of the Catholic Church now to endeavor to stamp on the Catholic laity. Catechetical instructions do not accord well with "free religion," which means, taken in its fullest acceptance, no religion. It is not possible that any sane person, possessing the ordinary rational powers of man, and exercising them, can believe that generations untaught in youth, whilst the mind is susceptible and the passions dormant, will, when age has strengthened and aroused those passions, and worldly pursuits taken possession of the mind and affections, select, from the almost countless forms of Christianity found in the world, the form containing most truth, if any at all is chosen, and not that form which is likely to be most lucrative, or that which holds out the greatest social advantages, or some other temporal considerations of a like kind. In such cases it is not religion that is free, but the man is unprincipled and selfish.

This is a sonorous phrase in the mouth of the demagogue: "Free speech, free school, and free religion." But it is the merest clap-trap in reality. Neither speech, nor school, nor religion is free, but in so far as the prevailing majority wish to recognize their freedom. If the age were ripe for philosophizing, we might note that absolute coexistent freedom for all three is incompatible. "Free speech" is bounded on one side by the "free school," on whose sacred territory it must not infringe; and if it should inadvertently so do, or believing and acting on its proclaimed freedom, should venture boldly in, it will be very soon undeceived by the howl of indignation that will greet its advance. "Free speech" is bounded on the other side by "free religion," or the Bible in the public schools, steamboats, hotels, etc. If "free speech" should attempt to arraign this dissemination of the Scriptures, it is no longer "free" but "atheistic," "papistic," or "materialistic," and therefore not to be tolerated in this "enlightened land." "Free speech" may protest, but Young Men's Christian Associations will donate their Bibles, and thrust their tracts into our hands in the cause of "free religion," and Catholics and others will be persecuted socially and politically, because they do not admire the precepts of iron-ribbed "free religion." This is restraint number two to "free speech," which might be multiplied indefinitely.

When will the world discover that what is unjust can never be free in the rational sense of the term? Justice is a natural right; civil freedom only a social compact. Every compact that infringes justice is void in law, in equity, in morality, in reason, and in religion; and therefore freedom being a compact, if it should in any of its enactments include an injustice, is in so much a violation, and consequently an oppression, and hence not freedom but tyranny under a pseudonym. Liberty is founded on natural justice. The key-note of the "Declaration of Independence," "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," declares this a self-evident principle. The man who penned those grand words was too much of a philosopher to entertain the fallacy that men are free from the womb, or free at any time to com-

mit a crime or inflict an injury, or that men are equal in strength, in stature, or intellect. What then do these words mean? Evidently that the birthright of all men is impartial justice at all times, and under all circumstances, or as another great political philosopher has more accurately expressed it, Edmund Burke, "Men have equal rights but not to equal things," *i. e., sua cuique.* They mean this or they mean nothing. If liberty then be founded on justice, which cannot be questioned, any infringement of justice is a detriment to liberty, no matter under what pretext the infringement is committed. The "common good," or necessity, "the tyrant's plea," is, as we find it manipulated by modern statesmen, a large and many plicated cloak invented by statecraft to hide its oppressions.

The theory of a State organization, that has countenance from politicians now, is something of an absurdity. They premise that a certain number of men met and agreed among themselves to form a commonwealth for mutual protection of interests, and having done this, the parties, leaving their shadows in the assembly-room to support the written contract, named a constitution (of shadows?), withdrew, and returning singly, declared themselves made for and from their shadows, and not their shadows made for or from them. From this hypothesis alone can it be deduced that the citizen is made for the State, and not the State for the citizen, and by him, too. This lifting up of scribbled parchments over the heads of men may be termed at once republican oppression and legal idolatry—the insanity of the current century.

Let us have, then, just rights of speech, if we are to have the gift at all, for the Indian in his solitary forest-chase can have the freest of "free speech;" let us have just rights of school, which neither teachers, books, majorities, trustees, nor politicians can violate or destroy at the demand of their constituents; let us have just rights of religion, which cannot be denied in public institutions by spectacled matrons lifting their graceful arms in horror at the mention of some kinds of religion, or crushed out by kidnapping charities, or signed away to sects favored by the incumbents of the "White House," or legislated against in Congress or out of it, or interfered with in any way by law, or lawmakers, or law-breakers, or community, or clique, or individual in public or private capacity. When these things are guaranteed, we will then have truly "free speech," but not to slander, misrepresent, or injure others entitled to like privilege and right. "Free school," where each will find his conscience respected and not outraged, as now, by villanous history and reading-lessons; where there will be no frowning by the teacher, nor calling idolaters; where the parents can dictate what shall and what shall not be taught the child; where taxpayers will have the right to say how their money must be employed; where ignorant politicians will not have the monopoly of appointing teachers more ignorant than themselves, because of favoring partisanship; where the object is solely education and not proselytism, but such education as the parents will approve, and "free religion" which will be no hindrance in business relations, no disqualification for official life, no mark for the dagger of the dark-lantern assassin or fuel for his midnight brand.

It is a thing remarkable that it never entered into a legislator's head to conceive there may be some other concerns besides religion beyond the competency of legislation. This is all the more wonderful in the case of education, as it has so close an affinity to religion. Both are intellectual to a certain extent, and both have a practical or outward expression. No one who regards commu-

nal life as the proper state of civilized man, will account it wrong, or a usurped exercise of power in the legislative body to limit this outward expression and define the lowest form of it tolerable. While the constitutional amendment, "Congress shall make no law respecting a religious establishment or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," deprives the supreme legislative body of all right and pretence for interfering with the formularies and creeds held by any body of the people, it by no means removes the power of regulating the morals of the people, inasmuch as they find outward manifestation in the intercourse and complications of daily life. On the contrary, this is the chief office set before them to perform. That is, in other words, whilst intellectual religion is beyond the law and lawgiver, practical religion so far as it guides man in his relations with his fellow-man is not. It is manifest that where this principle is exercised among people differing to some extent even in their morality, if justice would be done all, the only standard of morals that can be set up authoritatively is such as all participate by nature. Any departure from this will be oppressive and injurious to a greater or lesser portion of the citizens. Hence as little legislation as practicable is the touchstone of justice in commonwealths composed of all classes.

By what principle of ethics, or philosophy, or revelation, or nature is one sort of intellectual culture free, and another very near akin to it not free from the grasp and moulding hand of the legislator? Clearly there is none, unless we wish to hold a theory of things as unnatural and irreligious as it is debasing. Interference in one phase of intellection and non-interference in another presuppose that man may, without reproach or degradation, be mad, or foolish, or absurd in a part of his intellectual concepts and notions, provided he has imbibed by force or fantasy another set. This is to put "the cap and bells" on religion for the amusement of education; or to incase education in a steel-waist that religion may grin at it through the bars. Partisans of either cause may applaud as they deem themselves privileged and indorsed by the contrast; but lovers of both behold the enslavement of the one and the mutual antagonism sought to be aroused with indignation, shame, and regret as they consider the political, social, and religious consequences. Educational legislation will never be satisfactory, at least in this republic, until the same policy of non-interference, or something approaching it, is adopted as that regarding religion. The State has a right to insist on intelligent citizenship, just the same that it has to insist on moral citizenship, but it has no more right to frame intelligence than it has to frame morals. It has erected a moral standard and is done with religion; let it likewise erect an intelligent standard and be done with education. True political wisdom never ignores justice; and statesmanship founded on any other principle will and must inevitably involve any land in all the horrors and miseries of civil anarchy and social confusion.

Whilst the writer is not one that believes the mere acquirement of reading and writing bestows intelligence, he cannot conceal from himself the fact that intelligence, in society as it is now composed and ordered, can never assert its full and native pre-eminence without these adjuncts. Who has not seen the man of "the pen and ink-horn" starve, whilst his unlettered neighbor wallowed in riches? Among the most erratic men of the day are the highly educated; whilst among the soberest, thriftiest, and most moral are the illiterate. This only and simply proves that education may or may not develop civil intel-

ligence; and is in itself only a means, and not an over-certain means, to this end.

The last comparison we shall institute has no discrepancy, except in the increased virulence, with its antitype. "Cultus sanctorum plenus est apud eos manifesta idololatria." (*Mend.* 67.) "The Catholics make gods of their saints," wrote Philip Melanchthon centuries ago; and though the fact was then disclaimed, and has been since contradicted through every medium and channel of human thought—in books and pamphlets, in magazines and newspapers, from the pulpit, the rostrum, and the platform, amid social converse and private confidences—in much the same solemn words; it yet holds its ground, and gains credence generation after generation. "At nos sentimus corde, et voce asserimus sanctos nonesse Deos sed creaturas eximias." (Ib.) We heartily believe, writes Bellarmine in reply, and openly profess that the saints have nothing divine in their nature, but are purely creatures. The Protestant world very probably deludes itself after the fashion of the man of the "imaginary conflict," Dr. Draper. He undertook to sustain in a book that the Catholic Church was, in its teachings and spirit, in avowed conflict with science. It was not to be expected, even after he perceived how groundless were his imaginings, that he would acknowledge himself betrayed by the glitter of the enterprise. Failing to find a *wooden god* in the decrees of the Vatican Council, he bethought him of his English nursery rhymes. Half in sorrow at his disappointment, and half in blasphemy because of the loss of a decidedly scientific hit, he belches forth the following grandiose paragraph: "(1) One of the most striking and yet contradictory features of the Dogmatic Constitution, is the reluctant homage it pays to the intelligence of man. It presents a definition of the philosophic basis of Catholicity; (2) but it veils from view the repulsive features of the vulgar faith. It sets forth the attributes of God, the Creator of all things, in words fitly designating its (their?) sublime conception; (3) but it abstains from affirming that this most awful and eternal Being was born of an earthly mother, (4) the wife of a Jewish carpenter, (5) who has since become the queen of heaven. (6) The God it depicts is not the God of the middle ages, seated on his golden throne, surrounded by choirs of angels, (7) but the God of philosophy. (8) The constitution has nothing to say about the Trinity; (9) nothing of the worship due to the Virgin; (10) on the contrary, that is by implication condemned; nothing about transubstantiation, (11) or the making of the flesh and blood of God by the priest; nothing of the invocation of the saints. (12) It bears on its face subordination to the thought of the age, the impress of the intellectual progress of man." (*Conflict between Religion and Science*, chap. xii.) Here are the most impartial sentences regarding Catholicity the book contains; and yet hard as it may be for a lover of Nature, but no ally of truth, to digest, these few words contain at the very lowest, twelve, as marked above, misrepresentations—lies wilful or ignorant. It would be both a fruitless and endless labor to recount the false imputations, the slanderous insinuations, the open blasphemies, and the textual perfidy of even such a moderate volume as the one from which this extract has been copied. The writer must have, some way or other, a confused notion that the fable-book with which he was familiar, no doubt, "in childhood's happy hours"—that pocket-companion of incipient British philosophers, *Whittington and his Cat*—is a kind of transcript of the doctrinal symbolism of the Catholic Church. It might be worth the time and little

mental exertion it would cost so distinguished a philosopher to search further into the doctrines of the Church. It may hap that he would find the creed of philosophy, the sacraments of philosophy, the worship of philosophy, and the grace of philosophy, in contradistinction to the corresponding vulgarities; since it appears from Dr. Draper's own words that the Catholic Church has a double system of things. If he could only bring himself to condescend to take a look into a certain worm eaten volume, generally known as the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas—a relic of mediæval superstition—he would find a *very slight* "impress of the intellectual progress of man." Of course it could never enter the truth-loving mind of the materialistic professor that the "vulgar faith" was a thing of his own invention, having no existence in fact, and only the abortive child of deepseated prejudice. Poor benighted Catholics, however, with their usual pertinacity, will not allow it a higher existence.

When men of education and some aspirations to learning are capable of calumny so gross, what is to be expected from those who never had the opportunity, even if they had the will, and who, if they had the opportunity, had not the necessary qualifications to investigate a single doctrine of the Catholic Church? No slander is too palpable for their credulity. The terror of priestly horns is only to be removed by personal contact in some regions of this "educated land," and in this last quarter of nineteenth century luminosity. Unhappily for the naturally good, but excessively credulous souls, embodied proof of other matters cannot be made to walk or be borne on horseback to their doors. The consequence is they go down to their graves in mortal dread, and swearing vengeance on Catholic bugaboos of all shapes and hideous aspects.

"The superstitions and corruptions of the Romish Church" is a high-sounding, unctuous phrase, and its resonance in the meeting-house is the well-known signal for mute attention. Outside this Church there is no superstition or corruption of any kind. Lucky and unlucky days, self-conceited visions, foreboding dreams, "sortes bibliæ," with key or finger-nail, ill-favored visages, domestic movements, animal peculiarities, visits of birds, patronage of strolling gypsy impostors, and the countless other forms of prognosticating the future, believed in so confidently and practiced so frequently by the enlightened votaries of Protestantism, are not of course at all superstitious. They are conceits, if you will, but the children of the "pure gospel" are never superstitious; "but became vain in their own thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened."

The fact of so large a portion of the human race continuing to credit calumnies spread abroad of the Catholic Church, is one of the strongest arguments that can be advanced to combat the proposition. "There is in man an innate love of truth." Whilst it cannot be questioned that no one loves the liar as a liar, it is very questionable if the aid that is contributed by the lie is not often accepted without too rigid a scrutiny. This is deplorable at all times, and to be deprecated as wicked; for as the catechism has it, "a lie is always sinful and bad in itself." The enemy of God is also the enemy of all truth. Satan is the chief enemy of God, and the "father of lies." This is his characteristic, "a liar from the beginning." Protestants are very acute-sighted in discovering the "marks of the beast;" but there are "marks of a fallen angel" nearer home which they never discover. Any cause that has to support itself by a lie or a number of them, cannot be of God, for he is essential truth.

"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan."

There is a large sincere class of non-Catholics, not overburdened with intelligence, but simple to a fault, who are not conscious of the injustice they lend countenance to, in receiving with too great but ignorant alacrity the malicious concoctions of their leaders. A remedy for this evil man cannot provide, since his best exertions will always be thwarted by the interested guile of man. That the Catholic Church will have to run her course on earth harassed by those wily tactics is not to be doubted; and is, indeed, a calculation in the divine economy; for she, like her Founder, "is set up for the ruin and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted." Luke ch. ii, v. 34. Her office in perpetuity is to bring home to every generation of every race, not the facts alone, but the very spirit of the Redemption; thus exemplifying age after age the goodness, the patience, and the benignity of God; the perfidy and ingratitude of man.

Unless the Catholic Church were the living earthly expression of Christ, it could not be the church he established, and it could not be such an expression without enfolding the Judas as well as the John; exciting the "Crucify him," as well as "Hosannah to the Son of David," or without experiencing the "bloody sweat" as well as the "transfiguration." Glancing back over the path she has furrowed out through the centuries, leaving behind her on either hand, as memorials of her progress, monastic institutions, dismantled and despoiled; martyrs' tombs, violated and overthrown, "yet faithful how they stand, their glory withered;" mausolea of forgotten dynasties, still holding in silent embrace the ashes that she blessed; shrines that she sanctified long since, by rapaciousness desecrated and denuded; generations that she laid in consecrated clay under the shadow of the cross, trophies of her victory over Pagan gods; chains that men forged to bind her limbs; coverts where she eluded the persecutor's eye, and palaces where she chanted her Te Deums in the sunshine of recovered liberty,—we cannot but feel the presence of a higher wisdom, thus signally having proved itself in the past, which human ingenuity or subtlety can never evade or exhaust.

"SIC FACIENTEM."

A SOUL's sad cry:
"Wearily toiling on my path of prayer,
Where is thy loving help, my God, oh, where?
'The well is dry!' *

"Not one good thought,
Not one clear streak of light, as day by day
I strive to follow thee, along the way
Thy saints have taught.

"Oh, pain untold!
How I have longed for one sweet contrite tear,
One throb of love—one sting of wholesome fear!
But all is cold.

"Still, as I try
To catch the genial rays, the sharp frost nips:
Oh, for the faintest smile from those dear lips,
From that dear eye!

"And yet I know
That kneeling, knocking at the gate of prayer,
Each morning still shall find me waiting there:
I will not go!"

Oh, soul, be brave:
The dew will one day fall on thy poor flowers;
The store of all those patient, weary hours
Thy Lord doth save.

Locked in his care,
And gathered 'mid his pearls of costly price,
The treasures of our home in Paradise,
Thy prayers are there.

There, too, thy tears:
Those tears of sorrow thou wouldst fain have shed,
Though all within seemed dry, and cold, and dead,
These many years.

Thus learn to live,
Live, toil, and wait; aye, *waiting* is the task
Thy Lord hath laid on thee; and shall *He* ask,
And *thou* not give?

O Love Divine
Working or waiting here for thy dear sake,
Our courage shall not faint, nor spirit break,
For we are thine!

* St. Teresa.

STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

PTER SEVENTH.

RES AND COCKLE.

e was passing the library orning, Mr. Lyman called eming it best to tell her of his conversation with e previous evening. He r that his rejection of the ı's suit was given solely in her future welfare, trust- ıer good common sense the wisdom of the act, and ⁄ould not allow a girlish, entiment to mar the hap- ı life. He proved to her :d and unprofitable re- f an American artist, so in the case of Angelo ho was so wedded to his orbed in his theories of a sion, that he could never ulterior motives to resist e of his genius, or profane ling, by sullying his hands practical work.

⁄as deeply moved. Now rospect of separation be- arent, she realized how)ld he had upon her affec- for the moment she felt ıgh to share any fate with

ncle," she at length said, er tears, "I have heard s great admiration for this dmit that Mr. Beard was ıan, and his prospects of and fortune excellent."

s true, Adele; I do believe desirable when it can be ource of combined pleas- ·ofit. But when it unfits all the practical and utili- ils of life, then it is apt to e of a curse than a bless- paradise of the old school longer. With the last of the old masters, those gates were closed forever."

"Man liveth not by bread alone," murmured Adele.

Mr. Lyman smiled, and continued: "Mr. Beard will succeed, because the bent of his genius follows the taste of the age. He is pre-eminently domestic and republican, and paints for the homes and hearts of the people more than for his own idealizations. Look, now, at that picture over the mantel. See the life that is in those two rough-looking men, playing cards on top of a whisky barrel. It is thoroughly comprehensive, and can be appreciated at a glance by the most uncultivated taste. Now, Mr. Leland's pictures, though infinitely more elevated in tone and finer in finish, are yet dormant in influence, because they are beyond either the classical knowledge or ideality of the majority of observers. Neither of you, with your tastes and habits, are fit to cope with poverty. In a few months love would take refuge in common sense, and something more substantial than its shadow would then be needed for happiness. So, now, Adele, be a good, sensible girl, and give up this fancy, and we'll soon find another quite as well deserving of your affections."

Drawing on his gloves, and kissing her tearful face, he left her to meditate on this new phase in her theory of life's perfect bliss.

In accepting thus tacitly the dictum of Mr. Lyman, neither thought of submitting unreservedly to it. Both were willing to wait for the developmeut of circumstances, that might either remove his objections, or gain for them the privilege and opportunity of realizing their own desires. As there is nothing like

opposition for strengthening and maturing a woman's fancy, so this seeming tyrannical usurpation of authority only gave incentive to Adele's feelings, and made her more determined to throw the ægis of her love and life's devotion around Angelo.

In the meantime, Mrs. Lyman, believing that the siege was raised and the enemy removed, pursued her plans in another quarter with diplomatic skill. Mr. Rowland had now become a constant visitor, and although he annoyed Adele but little with his society, yet he managed to keep himself in mind by a continual succession of those little admirable attentions that rarely fail to gratify a girl's taste. Mrs. Lyman kept up a constant fusilade upon the advantages of wealth, the security for happiness that a *mariage de convenance* brings over one of youthful fancy, and she would illustrate her argument by innumerable examples of the disastrous issue of those matches which had been founded upon passionate attachment alone.

"Which of Mr. Rowland's characteristics, Aunt Lucy," Adele, on one of these occasions asked, with mock gravity, "do you propose as a study for the foundation of my future respect and esteem?"

"Nonsense, child! You have a girl's ridiculous idea of finding a Jove in every lover. With proper management and tact a woman can mould a man who loves her into anything she wants."

These renewed attacks were not without their influence in bringing her to look less bitterly upon the attentions of Mr. Rowland, whilst seeing him so constantly gradually accustomed her to those mannerisms which had at first been so annoying to her. Instead of counteracting these influences by manly action and determined purpose, Angelo rather strengthened their force by the morbid fears and distrust with which his complaints filled her mind.

It was a bright, bracing January morning, and Mr. Rowland stood rubbing his hands before his dining-room fire, admiring the fine architectural beauty of the room, the glittering crystal and massive plate that adorned the sideboard, as well as the general air of *gold* that pervaded the apartment. "It is a handsome room, and no mistake, and the house is the finest in the city," he audibly ejaculated.

"What is there in the room you see so special new, Caleb, this morning?" asked his sister, a middle-aged, unprepossessing-looking woman, who was still sitting at the breakfast-table.

"Nothing, just yet; but I was thinking of some additions, to make the house look lively, as if people was living in it, instead of looking like a splendid vault, as it is, for a live man."

"Well, I want to know! I suppose you're going to take a fancy to dogs, and turn yourself into a hunting-man, like the fashionable Mr. Schailer. But I tell you, Caleb, if you have any such vulgar notion, you'll find somebody else to keep your house for you."

"Dogs, indeed! No; I want something pretty in flesh and blood to look at, and dainty little feet to go tripping about on the soft carpets."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed his sister, rising to her feet. "Is the man stark mad? You're not thinking about a wife this time of day?"

"You've just guessed it. Maybe I won't get the one my eyes are on, but you might as well prepare to give up the reins, old lady, before very long."

Miss Rowland fairly shook under the violence of her wrath, but she rarely spoke when her feelings were the strongest; so she simply inquired who was to be thus honored. Upon learning that it was Adele, "Well," she exclaimed excitedly, "I've always heard that too much money

turned the brain, and now I believe it. If you want a child to torment you, why go to the asylum and get one. But to put your old neck into a yoke, for that stuck-up young beauty to drive, is worse than going right into a strait-jacket."

"Wait till you see her a driving of me," sullenly retorted her brother, "then there will be time enough for so much palaver." And with this bitter cud for her day's meditation, he stalked out of the room.

"I'll give up the reins, will I?" soliloquized Miss Rowland. "We'll see who'll be master. I haven't worked and saved all these long years to help push you up the ladder, for you to pull me down to the bottom now. A chit of a child, indeed, to lord it over me! There's such a thing as making a house too hot for some folks."

A grand ball under the auspices of a bevy of fashion's favorite matrons, proved the *coup de grace* for the attainment of Mr. Rowland's cherished scheme. That he, who by a dash of his pen could raise or depress the money market, should be thus long baffled by the caprices of a mere child, was not to be borne. The whole house was thrown open, and thronged by the votaries of Moloch. The golden calf was the god of the night, and the angel of fidelity and truth unfurled his wings and soared back to the realms of purity and peace.

Chapter Eighth.

MUFFLED BELLS.

Shifting clouds of fleecy blue and silver, from which carolled home-returning birds, breathings of zephyrs wafting perfume of apple blossoms and baby-grasses, and April came dancing in with her songs and tears. Adele walked to the house of her most intimate friend, Mrs. Huntley, the morning after the ball. Clara met her with her infant in her arms. "I fear I am too early," said Adele, as she kissed mother and babe, "for you to give me a little time."

"Oh, no; I have accomplished wonders already, for this little tyrant gets me up early now. But you look pale and weary, Adele; you haven't had time to recover from the fatigue of the late grand ball."

"Possibly not. It is of that, Clara, I came to talk about, or rather of what came of it for me;" and she heaved a heavy sigh, whilst an expression too sad for tears flitted over her face. "That event decided my fate," she continued. "I have promised to marry Mr. Rowland."

"Impossible! Oh, Adele!"

"I can't help it, Clara; I am worn out fighting and opposing all at home; the life of warfare was killing me. I couldn't contend any longer, so, for the sake of peace, I have yielded."

"Oh, Adele!" said Clara, taking her cold hands; "rouse yourself from this passive state, and look full in the face the life that you have chosen. If you could fully realize all its requirements and sacrifices, you would know that death would be a hundred times preferable. Be true to yourself, to your best and holiest feelings, and God will bless you yet, in a true and requited love."

"I do not understand why you, Clara, should be such an advocate for love marriages," replied Adele, petulantly, "when your own was not of that romantic school."

"In part that is true, Adele; but you must remember that there is no parallel between your present position and my part. I, with a dying mother, alone in the world, and Mr. Huntley, the truest and best of friends, a man whom I most sincerely admired and esteemed. Then, too, what is of the utmost importance in such contracts, I had no preferences. There was no other form in the dark past or coming years, to rise as a threatening phantom between me and the dawning light of a

new and sacred love. I am no advocate even now for those marriages which are based upon a sudden and uncontrollable passion; but I do believe that a woman should entertain a sentiment of affectionate esteem for the man to whom she confides her future life. Without this, she betrays to a fearful chance all that is pure and sacred in her sex; for, say what you will, Adele, no amount of external gain, no absence of mere worldly ills, can crush out of a true woman's heart the craving for those joys which can only find response in a sympathetic soul."

"Say no more, Clara, your words kill me. But it is too late now for me to think of the future; only the past is mine. I came to ask you to give this note to Angelo. I cannot see him again."

"Ah, Adele! do you comprehend the force of the blow this will be to him? With his impulsive, fiery nature, I dread to think of the consequences. His very soul may perish."

"Aren't you always telling me, Clara, that the Catholic religion has a panacea for every wound?"

"Yes, for those who seek her consolations. But in such a tempestuous nature as Angelo's, affliction is more apt to raise rebellion than to lure him back to God. If you, Adele, were only back in the fold of your mother, you wouldn't be so miserable now."

"Perhaps not," she replied, with a sigh. "You can pray for me, Clara, and when my lot in life is settled, I may come out in the right path yet. But I must go now; I promised Aunt Lucy to go on a shopping expedition with her."

Mrs. Huntley went out that evening for the express purpose of avoiding Angelo Leland. She hadn't the nerve to deliver Adele's note, but left it with the servant.

Floating rumors, and the recent vacillating conduct of Adele had given him a premonition of coming trouble. He returned with the note unopened to his studio; sat a long time in dreary musings, then suddenly rising lighted his lamp, and drawing the note from his pocket, read:

"All our past is ended, Angelo. I can never see you again. I have promised to marry Mr. Rowland. I could fight no longer against fate. I shall never, never forget you. Forgive me, Angelo, and cease to remember one who has proved so unworthy of your noble, faithful love."

He read it over and over again, then sank into the chair from which he had risen. It happened that he had placed the lamp under the "Voyage of Love," and upon that his eyes, hard, cold, and flashing, now fell. Several knocks came to his door, but he failed to notice them. Hour after hour passed; the sounds ceased in the streets; the lamp burned dimmer, and still he sat immovable, save for an occasional raising of the hand to his head.

At length a streak of daylight shone in the room; the lamp flickered, flashed, hissed, and expired. Still the trance of despair was unbroken. The sun at last shone brightly in the room, and as it touched the picture with a gleam of golden light, flashing its rays upon the face of the young girl, a new train of thought and feeling seemed evoked. With a sudden bound and a smothered cry, he sprang from his seat of vigil, and seizing a knife that lay on the table, he struck at the lovely face, and, with one gash, slit the picture from top to bottom. Thus the long pent up, silent agony was spent; the reaction restored his natural, human feelings, and he fell in a dead swoon upon the floor. About an hour after, the woman who had charge of his rooms came in for her morning's work, and found him still lying where he had fallen. She saw at a glance his condition, and, without raising any

alarm, applied remedies to restore him to consciousness. This accomplished, he forbade her to call any one, saying he was exhausted from overwork, and would soon be all right again. He soon after fell into a heavy sleep, only waking at sunset. He started when he saw his own face in the glass. A change of years had come over it. The soft expression heretofore so blended with its sternness, had given place to a track of dark, vindictive passions. "A fine picture," he muttered, "my lady has limned with one dash of her brush; I must strive to repay her in the same coin." Turning to his easel, he busied himself with almost a semblance of genuine interest in preparations for some new work. He brought from a closet a frame with the canvas stretched upon it, the mate to the one so lately destroyed. It had been reserved with loving patience for the time when his "Voyage of Love" should have reached its haven of fruition. How often, in fancy, this companion piece had glowed in radiance under the inspiration of a lover's faith and hope; and now only passion and the dire revenge that enters the heart of a wounded, injured, baffled man was to guide the hand and prove the inspiration for the sole utterance of his absorbing anguish.

All night he worked; but now, desiring to cherish his strength, he partook of the necessary nourishment and stimulants. No man ever nursed his strength more vigilantly to keep a lover's stolen tryst than did Angelo Leland at this time to feed and perpetuate this one phase of the dark revengeful feelings that consumed him.

"My love," said Mrs. Huntley to her husband, ten days after Angelo had been last at the house, "I wish you would try again to-day to see Mr. Leland. I really feel very uneasy about him."

"I did so, Clara, last evening, but feared to cause you a sleepless night by telling you the result. I found his studio and rooms empty; no one knew whither he had gone; for no one, except the woman who had charge of his rooms, had seen him since the night he was last here."

"I know Bridget, and will go this moment to see her," said Mrs. Huntley, hopefully.

"I have anticipated you, Clara."

He then proceeded to give her an account of all that Bridget knew, from the time she found him lying in a swoon until she saw him last.

"'Sure, sur, I thought nothing was mich amiss, because Mr. Leland was niver intirely belike other folks; but afther a little me mind misgave me, and said I to Tom, said I—for Tom, you must know, sur, is as tight as a brick at kaping sacrets—sure thin, said I to Tom, "Something's wrong with the gintleman, for there's a black luk in his face that niver was there afor; and his bid is throubled very little of nights with the weight of his body.'"

"'Oh, it's the big pictur, mither, that he's afther painting at nights that kapes him lucking so quare.'

"'So whin I heerd that I thought perhaps Tom was right; and whin the painter-spell was off him, he'd be his own beautiful self again. But whin I went agin this morning wid the coffee and the beautifulest plate of toast that iver you see, sur, and two fresh eggs, laid be me own hens right forninst me eyes, may the Lord save me, sur, if the picturs and everything barring what belongs to the people below, wasn't gone, and hisself along wid thim!'

"I asked Bridget if he owed her anything?

"'No, indade, sur; he paid me time and again more nor me work was worth; God bliss him for a fine gintleman, wherever he may be!'"

And this was all that the closest investigation could discover. The mysterious disappearance of Angelo Leland served as a nine days' won-

der; some attributing it to suicide, others accounting for it on the ground of his usual eccentricity.

But there was one whose heart heaved in silent anguish, as conscience suggested the most terrible of solutions; and now she began to realize the difficulty of the lesson she had assumed; to bury the past, to forget what had proved the golden halo to the sombre clouds; and, as she struggled between conscience and ambition, the legend of the dying king and his silver bell became a reality, bringing with it a dismal tolling sound that filled her fancy with dread forebodings through all her waking and dreaming hours.

Chapter Ninth.

RETRIBUTION.

WHENEVER the ordinances of God are violated, then must inevitably follow the war of the spirit; the revolt of the heart against the very agents chosen at such a heavy sacrifice, as the bestower of imaginary blessings. Thus but a short time sufficed to convince Adele, after her brilliantly accomplished marriage, that she had bartered a priceless jewel for a worthless bauble, and her golden chains clanked and weighed her down like the iron manacles of a guilty captive. Time soon proved to her that she had sold herself to a tyrant, who invoiced her as a mere bale of merchandise. Mistress only in name of the elegant mansion she had been bought to adorn; tortured, contradicted, thwarted in every conceivable way by her sister-in-law; her every act misinterpreted; kept under a constant espionage that subjected her to a tissue of false and insulting constructions; truly, she found her lot worse than that of the poorest slave. Naturally conciliating in disposition and mercurial in temperament, she tried every means at first to win the good will of Miss Rowland by graciously yielding her precedence on every possible occasion. But that lady would only hold the field in undisputed possession; so did Adele chance to give an order, it was immediately countermanded; did she invite her own friends, they were so rudely treated as to feel themselves *de trop*. Her husband exacted the most rigid obedience to his ideas of propriety and right, and a strict account of her whereabouts and companionship whenever she left the house. If at an evening entertainment she received attention from her former gentlemen friends, she was subjected upon her return home to the most jealous abuse. Instead of the lavish amount of money which she thought she should command for the gratification of her generous nature, she found her purse more stinted than in her days of dependence. Her pride sustained her in the concealment of her true wretchedness, and aided her in the assumption of the externals demanded by her position. But alone, in her own chosen sanctum, she poured forth all her misery. Who can blame her for preferring the retrospect of the past to the sad realities of the present? Even had she found comparative happiness by her faithlessness, still must the uncertainty of the fate and the anguish entailed through her upon the one that had been best loved, have visited her at times with pangs of remorse, if not of grief. But now that she had bought her own misery with such a price; now that the contrast of the present, and all that "might have been," haunted her by day and by night, borrowing, as lost treasures always do, an aureole of light from their very remoteness, she suffered a tenfold anguish. "Only to know where he is," she would cry again and again; "only to know that my act has not murdered him; all the rest I will endure if it will only expiate this one sin, and restore him to God and an honorable life!" Her health began to fail under the constant wear and tear of this excitement, and her friends

perceived with pain that her disposition, once so forbearing and sweet, was becoming irritable and exacting.

One day, about six months after her marriage, she was called to the drawing-room to receive a lady visitor. There was something about the sphere of Mrs. Chase that always suggested a lurking danger or pending ill, and Adele never left her presence without the consciousness of having received a wound of some kind from her silvery tongue. She was, however, unusually agreeable on this occasion; but just as she was about rising to leave, she cast her eyes upon a recent work of Beard's, and said:

"That reminds me of the new picture at Weldon's; the last one, by the way, that was painted by your old friend Mr. Leland. I suppose you have not seen it, as it was only opened this morning."

Adele commanded herself, and replied with apparent indifference, only asking from whence it had been sent.

"Oh, it is quite a romance, and only adds to the mystery already connected with that remarkable young man's disappearance. It appears that, quite late at night, of the day that Mr. Leland was last seen, and just as Weldon's store was about being closed, a large box, carefully packed, arrived, and with it a note to the proprietor requesting him to keep it thus for six months. At the expiration of that time the picture should be exhibited for a short period, and then sold for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan Asylum. I hadn't time to look at it this morning, but just gathered these items, and thought they might possibly interest you. It is a lovely day; you had better walk down to the gallery; I dare say your love of art will be gratified. Good morning!"

And Mrs. Chase, delighted with the success of her *Parthian* arrow, bowed herself out.

Angelo had frequently spoken to her of the companion piece he intended one day to paint, to the "Voyage of Love." Her heart thumped heavily under the intuition that it had thus been accomplished; but how, and in what form had her treachery and his misery been limned for the eyes of the world to gaze upon? But she waited patiently, allowing weeks to pass, listening with apparent indifference to comments on all sides, and detecting in the covert insinuations of some, and sympathetic glances of others, that in some form the story of his wrongs and her perfidy were reproduced. November opened dark and drearily, recalling by the contrast every little incident connected with last year's ramble through the woods, and the keynote to this retrospect was the legend of the king, and his bells of joy. It was a day to tempt but few to breast the keen, cold wind; but it accorded with her own feelings, so she dressed herself, and walked down to Weldon's, on the plea of buying some ornament for her table. The store was empty, no one but the clerks about, and they were busy taking account of stock. She sauntered around, looking at the fancy articles, then upstairs where the pictures were hung. Her eyes soon fell upon what she knew from size and position to be the long-desired object of her thoughts. Yes, there it was. The companion of that first beautiful dream; but oh, what a change; the same scene, but with the blight of a simoom blast over all. The dark lurid clouds predicted a heavy storm. The large, luxuriant elm tree now stood bare and weird against the sky; the clambering vine, so bright in its verdure and pink blossoms, now clung in black masses to the sombre rock, and the former placid, silvery bosom of the river, heaved and swelled under the tempestuous wind. In the middle of the stream floated the same boat containing two figures. A woman, the same in form, the same wealth

of golden hair, sat (her face partially buried in her hands) at the bow, on an impromptu ottoman composed of bags of coin. These were so heavy and numerous as to endanger the safety of the vessel, as her sides barely escaped the dip of the water. A man with the face of Judas stood at the stern, gazing with anxiety and fear at the gathering clouds, as he held his hand firmly down upon the rudder. Watching the fate of the craft, stood, under the blighted elm, a young man, his hair flying in the wind, his eyes blazing with incipient frenzy, and his whole appearance indicating the full sway of rebellious passions. Adele sat spellbound (she never knew how long), under the influence of this allegorical revelation of sin, sorrow, and suffering. At length she was roused to a realization of her position, by a strange feeling in her head, and a sensation of icy coldness in her limbs, which warned her to seek repose and quiet at home. The next morning she was unable to rise for breakfast, but as she occasionally absented herself, Miss Rowland attributed the excuse of illness, as only a plea for what she termed laziness. In a few days a severe brain fever developed, attended by the wildest and most uncontrollable delirium. She was particularly violent and unmanageable whenever her husband entered the room, until the doctor positively forbade him to continue to force her to receive his visits. Next to this aversion, her one idea seemed to be to get away from the house. She imagined that the ceiling and walls were of quartz; that they swayed to and fro, and were about to fall and crush her with their glittering weight. This idea became so fixed, and her frenzied efforts to escape so exhausting, that Mrs. Lyman, who sat by her day and night in sad and remorseful devotion, determined, against Mr. Rowland's violent opposition, to remove her to her own home. For a few days the result was beneficial, but for weeks she hovered between life and death, with occasional short, lucid intervals. But if Mr. Rowland happened to approach during one of these lulls, she invariably fell again into a delirium of fear and dislike toward him. Three months of alternate hope and fear, of intervals of a few days of consciousness, followed again by distorted visions of the past, marked drearily the days of her watchers. In one of her longest lucid spells, she had requested to see the Catholic bishop. Her aunt had been warned by the doctor, that any opposition might be attended by fatal results; so, unwilling as she felt to concede to this request, she felt constrained to comply with it. After finding that his visit proved most soothing and beneficial, she invited the good prelate to repeat it, trusting that it was only one of those fancies which would be relinquished with returning health. Every few days the bishop came, and in her wildest delirium the sound of his voice, or the touch of his hand upon her burning head, would lull her into quietude. She never at such times recognized him personally, but associated him with some ideal of power and goodness that dispensed the balm of consolation and healing. At length the disease seemed conquered, and there was hope of convalescence. Since the bishop's first visits, Adele had shown less antipathy to her husband, and in her lucid intervals, would occasionally ask for him, and extend her little white attenuated hand to him, as if in silent appeal for his protecting pity. Contrary to hope and expectation, with increasing strength she coveted more and more the consoling visits of the bishop. Through the waters of affliction budded and bloomed at last, the graces of her early baptism, and the earnest prayers of her dead mother; and when the door of the Tabernacle was opened, and the "Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world,"

ıdowed her soul, the effulgence bir seemed to enfold her, and ;e lights and perverted princi- ıat had wrought such baleful ces, gave place to a clearer perception, and a strength of endurance that taught her how to walk safely and purely in the thorny path yet before her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRANCIS XAVIER WENINGER, D.D., S.J.,

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR AND MISSIONARY.

NCIS X. WENINGER was born 30th of October, in the year at his father's castle called house," near the city of Mar- n Styria, a province of Aus- His mother, Barbara, was of ble family of Mandelstein, a woman, and most devout ian lady.

r a few years, his father, Se- ı Weninger, sold the castle, :moved with his family to ı. Of all the sacred vessels ing to their chapel, they re- only a silver chalice, to be :o the boy when he would have d the age of twelve years. But ian Weninger, falling danger- ick, ordered his wife to make image to a celebrated shrine "Mary of Help in the Desert," ere offer the chalice on behalf boy for his father's recovery.

Weninger attributes to this ıage his own vocation to the ood, and to a missionary life Society of Jesus.

he year 1820, he was pursuing llegiate course of studies at h, when the Emperors Fran- of Austria and Alexander of , together with the King of , held a conference in that ı consequence of the Carbon- volution, which had expelled ng from his dominion. The Weninger was charged by his with the duty of presenting to s I a claim against the Imperial government for estates in Hungary. It was on that occasion that the Empress Caroline Augusta, a pious and generous lady, took the young student under her protection, and became thenceforth his kind friend and patroness. Having finished his course of divinity at the University of Vienna, Xavier Weninger expressed a desire to become a religious, and showed his preference for a contemplative Order; but his confessor, who was a holy and learned priest, the founder of the Order of Sisters of Notre Dame, who have their Mother-house in Milwaukee, persuaded him that for the present he should remain a secular priest. After his ordination, which took place in Vienna, he returned with his own bishop to his native diocese of Gratz, where he was made prefect of studies in the Ecclesiastical seminary, and professor of dogmatic theology in the University.

About this time the Jesuits opened a novitiate in the city of Gratz, and one of those who entered the Order was Father Weninger's intimate friend, the secretary of the bishop. This renewed in his heart his first desire, which had only been slumbering, to enter a religious Order. Accordingly he wrote to his old confessor, and asked his advice about joining the Society of Jesus. His confessor answered that he held it to be God's will that he should become a Jesuit. Father Weninger imme-

diately abandoned the world and the bright career that was promised him, and entered the novitate. The Empress, whose protégé he still was, showed herself displeased; but later on she became reconciled to the step, and continued her kindness and generosity to Father Weninger, even after he left Europe, and engaged in the missionary toils of America.

After his novitiate at Gratz, he was sent to the province of Gallica to review his theological studies; for it is customary in the Society of Jesus, to make those who enter from the secular clergy, go over their divinity course in her own schools, thus securing similarity of views and training.

After being employed for a few years, partly in college duties, partly in the sacred ministry, in different houses of the Society in the Austrian provinces, he conceived a strong desire to devote himself to a missionary life among the German people, who were then emigrating in large numbers to the United States. He wrote to the General of the Order, Father Roothan, and offered himself for the missions in America. The General approved of the project, and accordingly Father Weninger betook himself to Havre, whence he set sail, July 13th, 1848, on the steamer *United States*, landing in New York on the 25th July. The following Sunday he preached his *first* sermon in America, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, L. I.

From New York, he went immediately to St. Louis, to confer with the provincials of Missouri, and prepare for his missionary career. In November of the same year, he gave his first mission at Oldenburg, Indiana. What he has done during the twenty-eight years that have since elapsed, is well known to the Catholics of the United States. He has been engaged in giving missions principally among the Germans, but also among French and English speaking congregations. He has repeatedly traversed the country from north to south, from east to west, from Florida to Lake Superior, from the Atlantic States to the territories of the Northwest, as far as Vancouver's Island and along the Pacific coast. There is scarcely a State in the Union where he has not given missions; in some States hardly a congregation to which he has not given a mission or retreat. He has given over 700 missions, and erected over 600 mission Crosses, memorials of his long-remembered missionary visits.

In the meanwhile he published many books, one or more nearly every year, in German, French, or English. The German edition of his *Papal Infallibility* contains a full list of his books and pamphlets numbering about eighty volumes, together with several musical compositions. The following are his English publications: *Catholicity, Protestantism, and Infidelity; Manual of Catholic Doctrine; the Sacred Heart Mission Book; the Infallible Authority of the Pope; Easter in Heaven; Photographic Views, or Religious and Moral Truths Reflected in the Universe;* three *Catechisms; Lives of the Saints,* now in course of publication.

Father Weninger is a man gifted with richness of thought and beauty of imagination. His *Photographic Views* is a grand work—an intellectual storehouse. When we open the volume and read such passages as the following, we are charmed, edified, instructed:

"The earth seems to be immensely large, while the sun and the stars appear comparatively small; yet the size of many of the heavenly bodies far surpass that of our globe. So, in the eyes of man the fleeting pleasures of this world are great while the eternal joys of heaven pass as mean and insignificant. But oh, how sad the delusion! How infinitely more precious than aught below are the treasures hidden behind the stars!" p. 4.

"Though so great and luminous a

body, the sun begins his daily course in profound silence, and yet the very first beam which he sends forth is perceived. Real greatness does not need the applause and recommendation of others; it makes itself known and appreciated," p. 10.

"In the polar lands, the sun appears to come upon the horizon before it rises; but this phenomenon is only a cold and lifeless counterfeit of the king of day. A similar illusion often takes place in those from whose souls divine Faith has departed, and who are in the polar land of infidelity. They fancy that they see the sun of truth in many of their illusory axioms and systems; but they are deceived. It is only a phantasm, but not the sun of truth," p. 15.

"Comets generally excite much wonder; and from the space which they occupy, seem to be greater than the sun. They shine, but their misty light imparts no heat; and notwithstanding their great extent, they have scarcely any compact centre. In the social and scientific world we may compare with the comets those *savants*, apparently possessed of extraordinary learning and erudition, and drawing after them an immense train of dupes and admirers, who foolishly fancy that these pretended geniuses will, by their wisdom, reform the world. 'Come,' say these comets to their admiring train, 'follow us, and you shall be like unto God, knowing all things.' But they soon fade away before the rays of the sun of Faith," p. 26.

"Naturalists say that the owl sometimes devours its young in the egg. It is thus that vainglory deals with our good works. It destroys their merit, leaving nothing but the empty shell of pride," p. 108.

"It is said that no quadruped ever looks higher than a few feet from the ground, unless when frightened by some accident. How many men, solicitous only for that which is below, and living, as the Scripture says, 'like the horse and the mule,' never elevate the eye of the mind more than a few feet! They have, perhaps, a few principles of morality, but scarcely rise to the height of the Ten Commandments. They feel satisfied if they live like good Pagans or good Jews. They hardly ever think of heaven, unless frightened by some sad or untoward incident," p. 123.

"Self-esteem, united to an inordinate love of praise, may be called the drum of conceit, which vain people always beat as an accompaniment to the fife of flattery, blown by their supposed admirers," p. 223.

But the whole volume is a garden of beautiful flowers. It is no trouble to pluck one here and there.

As to Father Weninger's other works, we have not space to notice their many good qualities. His *Manual of the Catholic Religion* is perhaps the best popular theology in English. The writer of this, during his school-days, made it his text-book; and, though he is familiar with a great many similar works, he has seen none that combines so many rare excellencies as Father Weninger's treatise. As a text-book for our Catholic colleges, it may be safely said it has not its equal in our language.

The venerable Father Weninger is now over seventy years of age, still strong and active, and engaged with his usual energy in the laborious ministry of the missions, giving promise of many years to be devoted to the same arduous duties. It is to be hoped that he will himself write a history of his missions, giving an account of the many extraordinary scenes through which he has passed, his hairbreadth escapes, "the many incidents, by flood and field," the wonderful manifestations of God's grace, the singular conversions he has witnessed, the growth and spread of the Church, all of which would form an interesting, and indeed an integral portion of Church history in these States for the last twenty-five or thirty years.

"A Roman Catholic, of noble birth, who wished to marry a Protestant lady, made an arrangement with the latter to waive all disputes on religious matters. For several years after their union this agreement was faithfully adhered to, but, in course of time, the priest who frequently visited them, fancied he could easily make a proselyte, and began therefore to speak of matters peculiar to his profession of faith. He laid particular stress upon the doctrine as to the changing of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ (transubstantiation), and ended by making himself obnoxious through his importunities. The lady, therefore, bethought herself of an expedient whereby she might rid herself of him; and, as if she were convinced by his arguments, she one day consented to go to mass with her husband on the following Sunday, on the condition that each came provided with a 'host' of his or her own. The priest, suspecting nothing, and desirous of effecting the conversion at all hazards, consented. The lady made her appearance in the chapel with her husband as arranged; but after the hosts, which she had brought with her, had been consecrated, she turned to the priest, and demanded with an air of solemnity, if it were really changed into the body of Christ? He replied, quite unexpectedly, that the entire substance of the bread had been changed into the body of Christ, and that nothing remained of its former condition. To this she made answer, if 'this is really the case, then do *you* eat the host without hesitation; but I for my part dare not do it, *for it contains arsenic.*' The priest was thunderstruck at this unexpected disclosure, but was too wise to risk his life for a doctrine which he had, however, defended with the greatest pertinacity as though thoroughly convinced of its truth. The husband of the Protestant lady was induced, through this practical refutation of a doctrine which he had hitherto blindly believed, never again to be seen at mass."

Every Catholic who knows how the Holy Mass is conducted will see that the whole of this story is nothing else than a wicked, and at the same time, ridiculous fable. But, lest any one should be so dreadfully stupid as to take this manifest lie for simple truth, I will go to the otherwise superfluous trouble of reminding him that the Catholic Church has never yet taught that arsenic could be changed into our Lord's body; this can be the case with the substance of bread only. And even after the consecration, the sensible properties of the bread remain, and have the same effect upon the body as before the change took place.

I will, however, prove by another example how the words of the Lord are deprived of their force and nullified. It is supposed that the language which was spoken among the Jews at the time of Christ was the Syriac; but that there was no word in that language for "*represent;*" and hence that it was necessary to use the word "*is,*" although "represent" were meant by it. Now, Christ said, "this *is* my body," instead of "this *represents*" my body, because the word "*represent*" is wanting in the Syriac language. What can we say to this? The English Cardinal Wiseman, who was thoroughly conversant with the Syriac language, gave the result of his investigations in a work entitled *Horæ Syriacæ.* He found that not only did the Syriac possess as many words for "*represent*" as the Latin, Greek, and English languages, but *many more;* quite an unusually large number, viz., forty-one. It follows that this, too, is an infamous lie, to say that Christ used the word "*is*" instead of "*represent,*" owing to the absence of the word from the language! Now whoever has nothing better than such awkward lies as these to bring against the Catholic

doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, acknowledges in doing so that there are no real and reliable proofs against the Catholic Church. Hence it is an awful piece of recklessness to libel the belief of the presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist on the authority of such unscrupulous and unsupported declarations.

And it is a deception to attempt to pervert Catholics by telling them that because they do not in the Catholic Church *drink the chalice*, they therefore lose something necessary to their salvation. Either the real and living body of Christ is present in the Eucharist as the Catholic Church teaches, or it is only a commemoration of Christ, as the greater part of Protestants believe. If the body of Christ is present in the Host, then his blood is also there, and it is not absolutely necessary that you should receive the body of our Saviour under the other form—under that of wine—just as it was never found necessary in the earliest Christian times to receive under both kinds. But if the Eucharist is a mere commemoration, it is a matter of no moment whether you commemorate the Lord by partaking of the bread *alone* or *with* the wine. Indeed, bread need not be used for the purpose. A crucifix or a prayer-book can remind you of your Saviour just as well; and even these are not needed, for you can call your Saviour to mind without any external sign at all; and one would then be at a loss to know why our Saviour had instituted the Eucharist at all! It might, therefore, be laid aside just as the washing of feet (which was done by our Lord before the institution of the Eucharist, and was only intended to remind us that we should practice humility) was discontinued.

VII.

POSSIBILITY.

He who is a simple Christian believes unostentatiously and firmly as soon as he knows that it is our Lord who speaks. But he that is weak in faith often fancies that he has a powerful intellect, if he doubts everything which the mote-eye of his understanding cannot take in. The words of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist are so plain that they could not be clearer; only such people will not allow them their full force, because the changing of the bread into the body of Christ seems to them to be impossible and senseless. The human intellect wants to sit in judgment upon God's ordinances. I will now prove that what faith teaches is by no means impossible or unreasonable.

Our Saviour ere he spoke of the Eucharist wrought the miracle of the multiplication of bread, and this was meant to be a visible sign whereby the change in the Eucharist was explained. Consider therefore what follows: In the usual order of nature bread is multiplied through the depositing of seed in the earth. It is there vivified and caused to germinate by warmth and moisture. It then draws from the moist black mould and from the air and sunshine its nourishment, and unfolds and raises itself up into leaf, and stem, and ear in which the seed that was laid in the earth is increased sixty and one hundred fold. It is then first made into bread, after being crushed by the millstone, and subjected to the heat of the oven. That which is produced by degrees in the regular course of nature, was effected by the Lord of nature, Jesus Christ, in a moment: the loaves were suddenly so multiplied and increased that some ten thousand people were fed with them. This is to him who created all things just as easy as it is for a watchmaker to regulate the hands of the clock, without having to wait until it has reached the required point in its regular course. If we were accustomed to see bread fall from the sky like rain, we should doubtless regard it as great a miracle

as if we were to see fruit growing out of the earth for the first time.

We will go a step further. A newborn child weighs on an average about eight pounds, a full-grown man one hundred and fifty. Now, as our Saviour was a perfect man, this must have been the case with him too. I ask, if he had at his death a much heavier or larger body than at his birth, whence came the increase in size and weight? Unquestionably from the food which he took like other men. A large proportion of the body was once bread, which after being partaken of was changed into flesh and blood. That which affected our Saviour, and affects every human being in a natural way, viz., that bread is changed into a living body, this takes place through transubstantiation in a sudden and supernatural way, just as on the occasion of the multiplication of the loaves there occurred in a moment that which in the regular order of nature takes place gradually. This change is, of course, a miracle; but as Christianity could not be established without visible wonders, neither can it be maintained without visible wonders. What is wrought in the soul by baptism is a miracle; so also is every influence of the Holy Ghost upon the human soul, every supernatural grace, every conversion, sanctification, and the resurrection of the body; and the greatest miracle of all is God *himself*. It is certain that there is nothing in the world to be compared with the miracle of the Holy Eucharist, as there is nothing in the world's history that can bear comparison with the incarnation of the Son of God. But there are things in nature which in some respects have a resemblance to it.

(*a.*) There is in the Holy Eucharist the body of Christ present under the form of bread. In the same way we see in nature water in the most varied forms; it covers the ground as hard and heavy ice; it flows in the streams in rippling waves; it glows in the dewdrop or rainbow, or ruddy sky like imprisoned fire; it glides more softly than air as a vapor along the clear celestial vaults; it descends as rain, snow or hail; it may even disappear in the atmosphere, and still be really present there. The same may be said of a block of wood, a piece of cold steel, a black thundercloud; it is impossible to see the fire that is in each and all of them; but still we know that it can be brought out of them.

(*b.*) In the Holy Eucharist the eye sees something different from that which is really there. In the same way the three wise men from the East saw a newborn child merely in the wretched shed, Mary Magdalene fancied she saw the garden, Saul saw a ray of light; and on each of these occasions it was the God-man Jesus Christ—the same who manifests himself to us in the consecrated host. Even in earthly matters there is sometimes an immeasurable difference between that which a thing is and that which it appears to be. Look up at the least and faintest star in the heavens; it appears to the naked eye to be small and insignificant, a mere point of light, and yet it is in reality an enormous globe, far larger indeed than the whole earth.

(*c.*) In the Holy Eucharist is hidden life the most profound and profuse. There is the life of God, the life of the Son of God, the life of the body which will also awaken our bodies to a blessed resurrection. In the parched and shrivelled grain of corn, the life of the plant is in no wise discernible, and it may be concealed for years ere it germinate; nor can one see in the sleeping or fainting fellow creature the animating human spirit that slumbers in the deathlike body; and it is above all out of one's power to penetrate that most profound and omnipotent life of God which is, however, everywhere present in all its power and majesty.

(*d.*) God made man, communi-

cates himself to millions of creatures in the Holy Eucharist, and yet ceases not to exist of himself, but remains ever the same in heaven. If a preacher while in the pulpit have an idea in his mind, and express it, the intellectual idea transforms itself into sensible and audible words, in which the intellectual idea is, as it were, entombed. Under the cover of words several thousand auditors can receive the uttered thought into their souls, but for all that the idea is still in the mind of the preacher. Again the sun remains in the heavens even though millions of creatures receive its image and warmth. In like manner Jesus Christ remains always the same in the bosom of the Father, although he penetrates with his divine light, and infuses life into millions of human souls.

It is pure blasphemy for a creature with his weak understanding to dictate to God, by pretending to determine what is possible with him. If your Saviour come to you, you cannot endure him if he appear in his slandered form; and yet it is necessary for your souls that he enter into you, and that you should know the exact moment when he enters into you. A better proviso than that of bread there could not be; for it enables you to exercise the most beautiful and strongest faith in our Lord's word. Thomas considered it impossible that our crucified Lord had come to life again, although he had prophesied it, and in the face of the fact that the other disciples had already seen him after his resurrection. He said to them, as the disciples were relating the event: "Unless I can put my fingers into his wounds, I will not believe it." Now when our Lord again appeared to the disciples a little later, Thomas also being present, the latter fell down at our Lord's feet and exclaimed: "My Lord and my God!" But our Lord said to him: "Thomas, blessed are they who have not seen and have yet believed." This opportunity of obtaining salvation by faith without seeing, is granted by God to every Christian in the Holy Eucharist. *His Word* says: "This is my body." *Your eyes* tell you that it is bread. You can choose which you will believe. The Holy Eucharist is therefore not only a food of love but also a food of faith.

VIII.

NECESSITY.

If we ourselves could look into the inmost depths of our being, and accurately divine what is necessary for us in order to procure health for the soul, we should conclude that it could be effected in no other way than by uniting ourselves spiritually and corporeally with the Son of God. But what reason, which is by nature imperfect, fails to see, this will dawn upon it if it be humble enough to allow itself to be illuminated by the light of Christianity. I will now point out the only way in which we can be effectually benefited, if Christ come to us bodily in the Holy Eucharist.

1. Our Saviour says to Nicodemus, John 3: 5: "Amen, amen; I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." "What is born of the flesh is flesh; but what is born of the spirit is spirit." Hence it is necessary that a new and heavenly spirit should be breathed into the creature by the Holy Ghost; this takes place in baptism. Only just as the grain of corn is awakened into life by water so that it germinates; but, on the other hand, just as water alone is not sufficient to bring the grain of corn into a perfect, fruit-bearing plant; so baptism is necessary to secure a part with Christ, and produce a divine germ. As soon, however, as a person comes to the use of reason, his soul requires food for its spiritual life. A natural body requires after its birth support

in order to sustain and keep itself alive, and the nourishment must consist of the material out of which the body itself is taken, viz., from the earth. In like manner the new being in man, which the Holy Ghost has produced through the second birth, requires sustenance wherewith to keep itself alive. But because it is received from the Holy Ghost and from heaven, so must its nourishment come from heaven and the Holy Ghost. Now this is no other than the Son of God, who gives himself to us as food in the Holy Eucharist. Hence he says: "I am the living bread that comes down from heaven: he who shall eat this bread, will live forever." Whereupon the Holy Eucharist can be of no advantage to a person in mortal sin, because he has not in him any life from the Holy Ghost to be nourished; but he is guilty of the body of the Lord by laying the living one in a whitened sepulchre filled with nauseousness and corruption of sin. If the objection be made that that on which the soul feeds is faith and devotion, it may be said in reply that the body can no more grow if fed on air alone (however indispensable continual breathing may be to his existence), than the spiritual life can thrive on devotion alone: it must also partake from time to time of the living bread of the Eucharist.

2. The Apostle Paul writes in his Epistle to the Romans, 5: 19, "For as by the disobedience of one man" (Adam) "many were made sinners; so also by the obedience of one" (Jesus Christ) "many shall be made just." The sin and death of Adam would not have concerned us at all unless two other creatures besides Adam and Eve had also been created from the beginning. But because we are all descended from Adam we have also grown up as crooked as Adam; just as the last twig and topmost leaf of a tree have sprung from the lowest roots in the earth and shared its nature and form; in this way was his sin and death transplanted into us. If now, on the other hand, obedience, the atonement, and the resurrection to a blessed life pass from Jesus Christ to us and wash out sin and eternal death, it is equally essential for us to, as it were, grow up with Jesus Christ in body and soul, and become part and parcel with this flesh and blood as with that of Adam. It is true Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary, but we no more spring from her than our forefathers did; hence we are not related by blood or birth to her and Jesus as we are to Adam. Moreover, faith alone in Jesus Christ is not sufficient to procure a full and lively share with him; for we have not spirits alone but also bodies; neither is the God-man Jesus Christ a spirit alone; he has also a body, and without his body, indeed, the grave and important work of redemption could never have been accomplished. For this very reason we should have a real and true share in this body. How we obtain such a lively union and interior and essential relationship with our Lord has been explained by himself, John 6: 57: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me the same also shall live by me." Hence it must be as the Catholic Church has always taught, viz., that there must be present in the Holy Eucharist, in a mysterious way, the same Jesus Christ who offered himself upon the cross and rose again, his flesh and blood, his body and soul, his humanity and divinity.

3. The Apostle Paul writes to the 1 Corinthians, 12: 27: "Now you are the body of Christ and members of member." This is not a common simile, but therein is represented the essential relations in which Christ stands to the Saviour. Now in a living body the blood is continually

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5. Our Lord turned to his disciples, Luke 10: 23, and said, "Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see. For I say to you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them; and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them." Our Saviour means that even such men in the Old Testament as were distinguished by God through the gift of prophecy and the regal office, were eager for the great favor of seeing and hearing the Son of God and Saviour personally, but it was not granted to them. This happiness, viz., of having the Saviour with one personally, was not merely for the Jews of Jerusalem and Capernaum, and the disciples that lived eighteen hundred years ago, but it was intended for all creatures who lived, and will live, under the new dispensation. Our Saviour has said, "I will remain with you all days, even to the end of the world." To believe in Christ and to be moved by his all-protecting Spirit, this privilege the prophets and kings of the old dispensation possessed. If now we had our Lord with us in no other way than this, we should not be a whit the better off than the pious men of the old law. But how much more highly favored the Christian is than those great men, may be gathered from what our Lord says, Luke 7: 28: "For I say to

amongst all that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist; but he that is the least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." Although John was a prophet and full of the Holy Ghost; although he saw our Saviour, believed in him, made him known, and was even allowed to baptize him; and although he was, above all, a near relative of his through his mother, he is nevertheless inferior to us Christians in favor; for we stand in a deeper and closer union and intercourse with him, seeing that his whole being unites itself with us in the Blessed Eucharist.

6. But you might say, "Even if our Saviour is present in the Holy Eucharist, we nevertheless do not see and hear him as the disciples saw and heard him." The answer to this is: Our Lord did not pronounce the disciples blessed because they saw and heard with their corporeal eyes and ears (otherwise the Pharisees, and high priests, and Herods might be called "blessed"), but because their seeing and hearing was internal and spiritual.

It is precisely thus that the Christian who receives the Holy Eucharist in the proper dispositions, and that the disciples possessed him, the soul itself sees and hears and feels that Jesus Christ has really come to it. It is true the presence of the Saviour is announced in ways as varied as are circumstances and dispositions. With many no particular effect is discernible, but this is frequently caused by a want of a lively faith. The Holy Scriptures relate that Jesus wrought very few miracles, even in Nazareth, because little faith was to be found there. But there are not a few people who clearly recognize the presence of their Saviour after receiving the Holy Eucharist. He speaks with them in spirit; they receive ideas, are enlightened and admonished in such a way as to be quite convinced; all this does not spring from their own souls. And thousands and thousands of Christians have felt, on receiving the Holy Communion, how truly and munificently and mightily our Lord keeps his promise: "Come to me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." In their greatest sufferings they have consolation, courage in despair, assistance in temptations, and now and again a ray of heavenly bliss; their eyes of faith are opened with the breaking of the bread, so that they recognize their God as did the disciples at Emmaus. Most Catholic priests know how peaceful and resigned the sick immediately become, endure their sufferings, and meet death cheerfully so soon as they have received the Holy Eucharist; nay, it is not unfrequently the precursor of relief and convalescence.

If a man witness the death of another, or see a dead body borne to its last resting-place, he is frequently seized with a fear and horror of death. But he who has just made a worthy communion, feels sometimes springing up within him a higher, supernatural life at the sight of a dead body, and if he were to die at that moment, death would merely strip him of his body, that higher life would be superior to and survive death. But the most important and essential thing is to excite and confirm the good will. Christians who frequently and worthily approach the holy table, do not, as a rule, fall into grave sins, but they make wonderful progress in piety. The first Christians in particular experienced the efficacy of the Holy Eucharist. They were convinced that it was precisely through the Holy Eucharist that they received the supernatural strength to withstand firmly, and even joyfully, the most terrible martyrdoms for the faith. Hence they kept it in their houses, in order that they might receive it so soon as they were summoned before the Judge.

Now just reflect. If Jesus were not really present in the Holy Eucharist,

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all peoples who did not know the true God? It is the improper use of a real necessity, as in the case of a child that licks off the poisonous paint from its toys. The heathens were desirous of having the Godhead near them on earth, and hence they were seldom satisfied with the worship of the sun and stars or idols. In the same way the Jews were seldom satisfied for any length of time with the true God: they worshipped at the same time idols, because there is a secret impulse in a man to have God near him, and even to have that nearness perceptible by the senses. This has now been in the fulness of time granted to him through the Blessed Sacrament. This is God himself who is close to us in a sensible form. He dwells amongst us within the tabernacle of every parish church. The ever-burning light in the church shows where he is kept and can be worshipped; and there God enters into us (as is necessary for creatures composed of body and soul) in a sensible form, spiritually and corporeally. It is in this alone that the believing Christian finds his complete satisfaction so far as it is possible for a human being. God enters into him as the sunbeam penetrates the dewdrop, and transforms it into a beautiful radiance, just as fire penetrates iron and glows out of it. All else that religion confers, truth and graces of every kind, is the gift of God; only in the Holy Eucharist, the Giver, our God and Saviour, gives himself. It is in the Holy Eucharist that we first recover, and are presented with what was lost in Paradise, viz., the tree of life, and an intimate and a close union with God. Hence our Lord utters the prophecy (John 21: 5): "Behold, I make all things new." And even a kind of enjoyment results from that which the soul asks for, if its love be very strong. Earthly love is in many ways an image of divine love. We give the hand to the person whom we love as a token of

friendship; and the kiss is nothing but an attempt to draw the object kissed into itself. Indeed, if we were spirits, the one that loved the other spirit the more deeply, would enter into and take up its abode in the other. This is realized in the Holy Eucharist, where we are more intimately united than a shake of the hand or a kiss could make us, with that object of our love which is alone worthy of our supremest love. This is certainly the most wonderful and most incomprehensible feature in the whole Christian religion. A creature would never of himself have hit upon the idea that the Son of God made man, would give himself to us as our food. This is quite a supernatural doctrine which can come from God alone, for his designs surpass all human understanding. If, however, the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist were a mere device and were untrue, then Catholics would have represented to themselves Christ's love, condescension, and wisdom, and omnipotence as something greater than they really were; and thus the real Christ would be more insignificant, less important, and good, than Catholics represent him to be. Is this possible? Tell me yourself which Christ is infinitely good, the Christ of the Catholics that feeds his own with his blood and life, or the Christ of the Protestants, with his bequest of a mere memento in place of the Holy Eucharist? By which Christ will you take your stand?

IX.

DECISION AND CONCLUSION.

FROM all that has been said there remains the fact that so true as Jesus Christ is the Son of God, so sure as heaven and earth pass away, and that his works do *not*, so certain is it that Jesus Christ is really present with his whole being in the Blessed Sacrament. Wherefore the following declarations must also be true:

1. He who scoffs at the Holy Eucharist despises the sacred host, calls the worship of it idolatry, and commits exactly the same sin as the Pharisees, Scribes, and Jews were guilty of when they reviled our Saviour on the cross. The corporeal eyes saw at that time a naked, bloody, torn, abject human form nailed to a cross, and they see now the unpretending form of bread in the Eucharist; they behold in fact just as little of the only One born of the Father in the one case as in the other. If, however, our Saviour when on the cross prayed for the Jewish scoffers, saying: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" it is nevertheless questionable whether he can also pray for the baptized scoffers in the case of the Holy Eucharist. For the latter pass for Christians and yet discard the words of Christ ("*This is my body*,") and deride that which Christ calls his body. A downright infidel is more endurable to me than a certain class of fanatics who are never weary of speaking of our Lord in horrid phrases, and still refuse to believe what he says of the Holy Eucharist. They conjure up for themselves an imaginary Saviour out of fancies and paltry sentimentality, but they will listen to nothing about a living Saviour in the Holy Eucharist, and turn their backs upon him. But notwithstanding all this, the scoffer can no more injure our Saviour in the Holy Eucharist by his blasphemies than you can besmut a sunbeam.

2. Such Protestants as are incapable of blasphemy, but do not believe in the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist (although it is the only one that tallies with God's word), I do not on that account condemn. I am not their judge. Nay, I do not even condemn them if after having read this treatise they are still unable to comprehend how Christ is really present in the Holy Eucharist. I know too well how difficult it is to change the views which have been

imprinted in one's mind from youth upwards by parents, teachers, and the accident of birth. He who is taught that what Catholics believe is nonsense and idolatry, such an one will with difficulty, even with the clearest proofs before him, give credence to the Catholic faith. Although the Jews saw many great miracles, they still did not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the promised Redeemer, for the simple reason that they had been from youth upwards confined to the belief that our Saviour would have to appear in earthly pomp and magnificence, and because Jesus on the contrary appeared in the midst of poverty and humiliations. It must therefore be very difficult for a Protestant to believe that the undivided person of the Saviour is present in the Holy Eucharist and must be adored, if he has always been taught that the mass of the Catholics is pure idolatry. Had I myself been born and brought up a Protestant, this would in all probability have been the case with me too. Hence it is not always a sin, although it is certainly a misfortune, if a Protestant cannot see the truth in this matter. The Saviour (as a *creature* in whom *he* believes) is far away, ascended into heaven 1800 years ago. Moreover it is only through a special grace from God that the veil can be removed from before the eyes of his understanding, so as to convince him of the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist.

3. The case is quite the reverse with Catholics. He who has been educated and instructed in the Catholic religion; he who has approached the table of his Lord in a childlike manner and with a firm faith; he who has communicated with humility, adoration, hope, and love, and has experienced the great happiness of having his Saviour with him, and yet pretends that he no longer believes in him; how is it that such an one has ceased to have faith? He no longer believes because the spirit of the world or of pride has got the better of him, and because that childlike spirit of faith which alone leads to God has been lost; he no longer believes in his Saviour present in the host, because he no longer loves him or seeks him. Such unbelief is consequently a deadly sin, a deliberate turning away from Christ, who was once near to him. Jesus has expressly said, John 6: 45, that no man can come to him, *i. e.*, that no man can understand his words respecting the eating of his body, except the Father draw him, *i. e.*, give him a special grace. The more worldly and dissipated the soul is, the further does it turn itself away from God; and the more the grace of God is withdrawn from the soul, the less can the creature believe in the most Holy Sacrament. Nay, it will be absolute nonsence in his eyes. Just as a dissipated man cannot believe that his neighbor is either honest or upright, so the worldling can never believe that our Lord loved us so dearly and possessed such almighty power as to be able or desire to come bodily to every believing Christian in the Holy Eucharist. But if it be true what we repeatedly hear, that the lower grades of Catholics are being decoyed into apostacy by Protestant fanatics, not by means of fine speeches and tracts, but also by bribery, so that many are abandoning their faith, and with it their Saviour ever present in the Eucharist, such Catholics have delivered up and sold their Lord for money. Who is this prototype? Who was the first to betray his Lord for money?

4. It might be urged on the side of Protestants: "We too give out the Eucharist; but we leave each one his or her free choice as to what is to be thought and believed about it!" I ask in reply: "Will the Eucharist accommodate itself to the thoughts and ideas of each one, so

that the orthodox Protestant may drink the *blood of Christ* out of the *same chalice* as the believer in the mere commemoration drinks *wine alone?*" Your thoughts and belief have no power to effect any such result. But God is a God of order. When the change is made, such a stupendous miracle, in which the essence of the bread becomes the body of Christ, can certainly not take place at the request of each creature, otherwise the most awful abuse of the Most Holy might be the result. It can in point of fact only be effected through the regularly consecrated and ordained successor of the apostles, viz., the priests of the Church of Christ. Now Christ has founded but one Church, which has existed intact from the beginning of Christianity, viz., the Catholic. Hence a priest of that Church alone can consecrate. Those who administer the Protestant form of worship are, strictly speaking, no priests at all but only teachers of religion; for Protestants have no longer the power of ordination, and consequently they no longer possess the words by virtue of which they could consecrate. If Protestants adduce the fact that there is a species of induction into the priestly office in this Church, this is no satisfactory proof that our Saviour is present in the Protestant Lord's Supper. For several years those who aimed at becoming Protestant ministers in Baden were instructed by a professor who persisted in denying that Christ is the Son of God. Hence it is quite natural that many Protestant ministers neither believe in Christ, nor, as a matter of course, in his divine presence in the Eucharist. This is the case in other countries also. How is it possible for any change to take place at the request of such people as believe neither in God nor in transubstantiation? And why should Almighty God allow the great miracle of transubstantiation to take place for Protestants of whom by far the greater number do not believe in it? Why should Christ assume the form of bread for people who teach that he is not present there? I do not, however, know how Protestants can evade the words of Christ, John 6: 54: "Amen, amen, I say unto you: if you eat not the flesh of the Son of man, you shall have no life in you." Thus it stands, thus is it written, and thus it will remain, and nothing can be taken from it. There is, it is true, a "baptism of desire" for such as wish to be baptized and cannot; and in this way our Saviour may have mercy on such as have, by no fault of theirs, wandered from the right path, and because of their good will make up in a similar way for their not receiving the Holy Eucharist. But in no case can any one count upon such aid who has had the truth laid before him, and who does not look to the Catholic Church for the Holy Eucharist from intellectual pride or other worldly motives.

5. But what is the result of the fanaticism of such people as hunt after Catholics with a view to their perversion? I will expose it by an example. The Catholic religion, with its doctrine, its service, and its sacraments is a gold ring set with a diamond, and the diamond is the Holy Eucharist—the Saviour present there. The diamond is worth more than all the gold and other ornaments of the ring combined. This ring is a present to us from God, through whom we are admitted into heaven. The Protestant Church might also be compared to a gold ring; but the Reformers have changed it, and have removed the diamond and replaced it with a piece of glass, saying, "the glass *represents* a diamond," and then called this change a *reform*. Now many fanatics strive to persuade Catholics who are ignorant, or know no better, to throw away their diamond ring and accept the false one instead. One might pardon such zealots for attempting to rob the Catholic of his most pre-

cious jewel through their rage for God's service, on the ground that they mean well even if they are in error. But their unpardonable fault is their frivolity in such an endlessly sacred matter. He who earnestly and thoroughly sifts the words of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist will find that they cannot be otherwise interpreted than as the Catholic Church interprets them. But he who has not even taken the trouble to test them, but rests satisfied with the prejudices and assertions of his fanatical neighbors, has assuredly no right to constitute himself the religious teacher and missionary of a strange church to Catholics. They are blind people who mistake the wandering lights of their own brains for celestial stars, and are thus led to decoy the Catholic from his pillar and base of truth, the Church, and to force themselves upon him as guides, although they are themselves pursuing a wrong path.

In conclusion, I would say: Our Lord, before his death, made his last will and testament. He left as heirs all those who believe in him without reserve, and for an inheritance he bequeathed to them the highest good in heaven and on earth, viz., himself, with his body and soul, in the Holy Eucharist. If we should make a will, especially such an extraordinary one as this, we should then speak out clearly and definitely. All those who believe in his word find this higher good, the Saviour himself, in the Holy Eucharist; and all who do not keep his words as he himself spoke them, live and die without having really and fully found and possessed Christ.

Now let each one reason with himself, and ask himself whether he will find salvation in the living Eucharist of the Catholic Church, or in the Lord's Supper as a mere commemoration, as Protestants have it.

REUNITED.

The room was dark and curtained,
They knelt around the bed;
"Past are the pain and struggle,"
The old priest calmly said,
"For to the God who gave it
The spirit forth hath fled."

From Death's unlovely presence
The mourners slowly went;
Alone a weeping maiden
The night in watching spent,
And o'er the lifeless sleeper,
Full tenderly she leant.

Within his hands sweet roses
She placed with loving care,
And with the choicest lilies
She decked his golden hair,
And tender kisses planted
Upon his forehead fair.

He loved thee, high-born lady,
Ah! well thou knowest how,
But when warm life was in him,
Thou didst not kiss his brow—
Nor with sweet flowers encrown him—
In vain thou dost it now!

Calm were the pallid features,
And though distress and care,
And the agony of dying,
Had left an impress there,
A beauty rare and holy
Lit up the face so fair.

One little word had saved him,
But it was never said,
One smile had been forever
A halo round his head,
But now—well, all is over,
And he is with the dead.

And this is why the maiden
Stands weeping in despair,
And feels earth's weary burden
Is more than she can bear,
And longs to break life's prison,
And lie beside him there.

And when at last came morning,
And other steps were heard,
Crossing the floor of sorrow,
The maiden never stirred,
And to the whispered comfort
She answered not a word.

For, gently borne by sorrow
Her soul had passed away,
And on her calm, dead visage
A bright smile seemed to lay,
They were at last united
In God's eternal day.

Oh, let us learn the lesson
This tale of grief conveys,
And on poor hearts that wander
Through loveless nights and days,
Let us now lavish freely
Love's tender joys and praise!

And God will bless the effort,
And gives us in the place
Of human joy and comfort
The sweetness of his grace,
Until at last we see him,
Oh, glory, face to face!

HAUTERIVE;

OR, HOW THE FRENCH SOLDIERS DIED.

I.

AMONG the many picturesque roads in Switzerland, few have greater beauty or interest than that from Fribourg to Basile. Highly cultivated plains, bright with their varied crops, are interspersed with deep valleys, dark forests, and picturesque villages, the slender spires or mediæval towers of the little parish churches standing out from the soft hazy background and glittering in the sunshine; while the whole range of snowy Alps beyond, sometimes cloudy, sometimes golden, or with the soft rosy hue of the morning lighting up their rugged heights, forms, as it were, a vast frame to this glowing picture, which remains indelibly fixed on the mind's eye long after such scenes have been exchanged for the dull, gray coloring of our own land. Leaving the high road, a rough path to the right leads through a rocky defile, and over a picturesque bridge to a deep ravine in a valley watered by the Sarine River, not more than half a league from Fribourg, in the centre of which lies the celebrated old Abbey of Hauterive. To the east and south, a great wall of rock, of which part has crumbled away with the rain of centuries, shades the monastery from the morning sun. The only entrance to this solitude is by a steep declivity in which regular steps are cut; and nothing breaks the silence save the murmuring of the stream which encircles the abbey, and the whispering of the wind in the old beech trees growing on its banks.

The monastery is a legacy from the last branch of the noble family of Glane. The last count of that race had escaped, as by a miracle, from the total massacre of his family at Payerne, in 1126; and to show his gratitude to God, he determined henceforth to devote to him his lands, his castle, and himself. He sent, therefore, from Burgundy for some monks of the Order of Citeaux, made over to them his property, pulled down the old castle and converted it into a suitable convent, in which he took the habit as a lay brother in 1137. The name of Count William of Glane has lived ever since in the memory and heart of the people of Fribourg, and especially in the Abbey of Hauterive. This true nobleman, who had exchanged the helmet and sword for cowl and cloister, breathed his last in 1142, amidst the tears and prayers of the whole population to whom he had been as a father. The first Abbot of Hauterive was Girard, a monk of Clairvaux, who died in odor of sanctity. Before his death he had had the happiness of receiving in his monastery his illustrious master, St. Bernard, who was on his way to the Lateran Council. Even to this day the little cell is shown which was then occupied by that great saint. The abbey increased and prospered, while its revenues were doubled by the pious munificence of the Counts of Gruyére, Neuchâtel, Geneva, and many other noble families. By the indefatigable industry of the monks, the barren ground which bordered the Sarine was soon converted into fertile fields. Gnarled roots, thorns, and brambles gave place to magnificent crops and luxuriant vineyards. Water-mills, forges, and workshops of all kinds added to the wealth of the community, while it afforded them the means of giving an industrial education to the youth of the neighborhood. Not content with setting an example of industry,

patience, and every Christian virtue, the monks taught the peasants how to fill the ground, to become good carpenters, blacksmiths, and mechanics of all kinds, so that Hauterive became a centre of progress and civilization to the whole country; very much, we may add, as the Trappist monks of Staoüeli are now doing in Algeria. In the course of centuries, however, Hauterive was subjected to great vicissitudes, which are too long to be recorded here. But it was not till 1848 that a Radical Government issued a decree of suppression which drove the monks away and compelled them to relinquish their great works and bid adieu to their old monastery forever.

As to the industrial part of the establishment it was first confided to a bailiff, until in 1850, the Government, to stop the murmurs of the people, converted it into an agricultural college. But this institution again failing in such hands, it was transformed, nine years later, into a normal school for teachers to instruct the children of different villages. This school still exists and boasts of about sixty pupils. Hauterive, however, has never recovered the act of suppression of its true owners. The church is well-nigh deserted, its stables are empty. No longer are heard the cheering sounds from mill or forge, or the murmur of prayer and sacred hymns, or the soft tone of the convent bell, or the rustling of the white-robed monk; all is still and desolate and deserted. But a perfume of piety and poetry pervades the spot, as the incense in a church, long after the worshippers have gone home.

But Hauterive was to witness other scenes, and be used for other purposes; and that in a way more congenial to the spirit of its ancient proprietors. At the end of January, 1871, the Swiss nation opened its hospitable doors to upwards of 60,000 French soldiers, the remains of the shattered army of General Bourbaki. It was a real invasion for this little country, so rich in nature's charms, but poor in gold and artificial luxuries. Yet the stranger, driven from his native land by adverse circumstances, need never fear to lack here a shelter or a welcome. Everywhere noble and generous hearts are found, who have learned the charitable art of multiplying their resources for the sake of those in need, and that to such an extent that one is almost tempted to believe in a fresh miracle, and that the multiplication of corn and oil has been renewed in our days, as in those of the widow of Sarepta.

Fribourg was the natural place of passage for the French soldiers, who were afterwards to be distributed in the different Swiss cantons. How was it possible to lodge such numbers? That was the question. The largest buildings had been emptied and prepared for them; but yet were utterly insufficient. At last, it occurred to some one to send away the students from Hauterive, and convert the monastery into a temporary barrack; first for the troops on their way to other cantons; and then for those who were to remain in that of Fribourg.

No one who did not see the arrival of these poor fellows in Switzerland, can form an idea of the terrible state to which they were reduced. Some supported on crutches, their feet frost-bitten or covered with wounds; others exhausted with dysentery, burning with fever or powerless from rheumatism—the younger ones with fearful coughs which seemed to tear them to pieces, and lungs diseased from constant exposure—all utterly worn out, broken with fatigue and almost naked—it was a sight never to be forgotten! Not only women but strong men stopped and burst into tears when the troops defiled through the town—such a spectacle of human misery and of the consequences of this terrible war had never before been presented to them. But they did not content themselves

with barren sympathy: to succor the French soldiers became the one object of every heart—it was the universal thought. Even the most apathetic and those who were the least moved in a general way by the misfortunes of others, were now roused to an almost superhuman energy. To establish an ambulance was the first thing necessary. But the isolated and almost inaccessible position of Hauterive occasioned some doubts and difficulties as to the way of carrying out any such proposition. The chaplain of the college was a young man full of zeal and charity, who had earnestly desired to assist the French wounded at the very outset of the Prussian war. A sense of duty alone had prevented his leaving his post. But God, who knew the aspirations of this generous soul, had prepared the way for him: at the very moment when he began to despair of being able to carry out his fervent wishes, these souls, bought with the blood of Jesus Christ, for whom his heart was thirsting, were brought, as it were, to his very door. He was to be the instrument of eternal salvation to many among them, and it seemed as if God himself had given him the mission.

A Fribourg gentleman, who was an old friend of the chaplain, came forward to second his efforts. The necessary leave from the government and from the Swiss military authorities was obtained. A good doctor was promised. The alms of the charitable provided enough to procure the most necessary articles for the ambulance. But nurses were wanted. The Sisters of Charity in Fribourg were overworked already, and knew not which way to turn. Some months before, I had taken refuge in Switzerland with some of my companions; we were therefore free and eager to help. At the request of the chaplain, Mr. H——, and his friend, M. de R——, two of us started, accordingly, for Hauterive; a fortnight after, another sister joined us, and we regularly undertook the charge of the sick in the ambulance.

It was in the middle of February. The monastery had already served as a halting-place for troops passing onwards to other cantons, and each detachment had left a certain number of sick and wounded behind. In addition to these, the very evening of our arrival, 800 soldiers of the Antibes Legion came in. They had formed part of the Holy Father's army, and were to be quartered at Hauterive.

Five weeks afterwards a large portion of these troops, restored to health and strength, started with light hearts on their return to France. Their departure was a striking contrast to their arrival: but I would rather dwell on the history of those who found at Hauterive the end of their mortal pilgrimage. Thank God! that end was in most cases full of hope and consolation.

The first whom we lost was a young handsome man of twenty-one, by name Thiebaud, of the Garde Mobile, of the Haut Rhin. He had confluent or black small-pox, always a terrible malady from its fatal rapidity and the loathsome symptoms accompanying it; but doubly so to men already exhausted by fatigue and privations. At his very first visit, the doctor declared recovery hopeless, adding that he would probably die that day, if not, in a very short time. The poor boy was delirious, and I asked myself in despair, "How will he ever be in a state to receive the last Sacraments?" The doctor had prescribed all the most efficacious means for giving him relief, frictions, mustard poultices, cold-water bandages, etc., etc., all of which were being tried without any apparent result. The chaplain said to me, "I will stay in the next room: if he should recover his senses, try and prepare the ground and come and fetch me, if he shows the least wish to make his confession." I ac-

cordingly remained alone with the sick man. After a time he opened his eyes, his consciousness returned, and he knew me directly. "My poor Thiebaud!" I said softly to him taking his hand, "you are very ill: is it a long time since you have had the Sacraments?" "I always go to Confession at Easter," he replied; then after a moment's hesitation, he added, "But before one dies, one must confess oneself again, of course." "Would you like to do so now, Thiebaud?" I rejoined, "the chaplain is in the Infirmary." "Oh, yes, certainly, at once, please," was his reply. I ran to call the chaplain. Ten minutes after he came back bright and happy. "It is all done," he exclaimed, "now I am obliged to go away for a few hours. What do you think. Shall I give him the Viaticum and Extreme Unction now, or on my return?" "Oh, now!" I exclaimed, "I entreat you not to delay." "Very well. Then it must be done at once, for I am pressed for time." Very soon, the little bell was heard which announced the arrival of the Divine Master, our Lord Jesus. Thiebaud awaited him piously, his hands joined, his lips moving silently in fervent prayer. He then received the Holy Communion as Viaticum, and afterwards, Extreme Unction. On taking leave of him the chaplain said, "Courage, my good Thiebaud. Perhaps you may get well after all—who knows?" "That must be as God wills," answered Thiebaud, "he is the Master."

Very soon after delirium returned. *One little half hour!* that was all that had been granted to him to prepare for the great change, and he had known how to take advantage of it. He lived on for two days longer, but for those around him, he was, as it were, dead. At one moment he was in violent delirium, at another he relapsed into a kind of lethargy. During his agony, which lasted a long time, he seemed to suffer very much, but for the last few hours of his life, he could neither see nor speak. In vain I bent down to try and distinguish a word here and there. It was impossible for the poor fellow to articulate a single intelligible sound. What passed between that soul and God we cannot tell. Over those last two days a veil was thrown. But the last conscious act of which we were cognizant was one of entire abandonment into God's hands. We may then hope that if his sufferings were prolonged a little while, it was to purify him and make him fitter for Heaven.

II.

A VERY few days after his death, towards evening, a poor old man, in travel-stained garments, and nearly exhausted with fatigue, arrived at the ambulance. It was Thiebaud's father; that much-loved father, who, in his delirium, he was perpetually calling, and whom he had so earnestly desired to see once more before he died. No sooner had he heard of his son's illness, than he had set off, and travelled day and night to come and see him. He was his only son, and the one joy and hope of his family. Unhappily, he had drawn a fatal number during the conscription; but his father had bought a substitute for £80, and thought his son was safe. Then the war broke out, and all had to serve; so that the sacrifice had been made in vain. Thiebaud started for the army, and after a few months of hard fighting and privations of all kinds, he fell ill; and we know the rest. The poor father was perfectly inconsolable, and left us sobbing, to go and pray on the grave of his only child.

Marie Roussel was the next victim, and had been but a few days in the ambulance. He was twenty-two years of age. His chest and lungs were hopelessly affected; but the end came so quickly that, only a few hours before his death, no one imagined for a moment that it was so

near. Happily he was ready. One evening the chaplain, on going his usual round of the wards, heard Roussel's confession amongst several others. He was struck by the fervor of his contrition—unconsciously, the poor lad was preparing for death. The next day, on the 1st of March (St. Joseph's month), towards three o'clock in the afternoon, his agony began. He had been struggling for breath just before to such an extent that I had sent hurriedly for the chaplain to give him Extreme Unction. Roussel had lost the use of his speech, but was fully conscious. He made a great sign of the cross at the beginning of the ceremony, and then, with immense effort, managed to say to me, "I should like so much to kneel; but I *cannot!*" Afterwards he became perfectly calm, and breathed his last without a struggle, the priest being at his side holding the crucifix (which the dying lad frequently kissed) while he gave him the Absolution in *articulo mortis*.

Equally consoling was the deathbed of another of these poor fellows, named Triaise, who sank under a violet attack of typhus fever, at twenty-eight years of age. He was the only son of a pious widow, who had made the noblest sacrifice of her life when she let him join the army. But it was to defend the Pope, and that was enough. For God and his Church she was ready to sacrifice all that she loved best on earth; and she had brought up her son in the same disposition. Before he fell sick, Triaise went every day to Mass in the church at Hauterive; and of his own accord, sought out the chaplain, and asked him to hear his confession. His illness was long and tedious. At first his greatest pleasure was to talk to me of Rome and the Holy Father, or else of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. But, by and by, the fever increased; he was constantly delirious, especially the last week of his life, and rarely knew what he was saying. But in the very height of his delirium, the thoughts uppermost in his mind were God and his mother—so completely had his good angel shielded him from the evil suggestions of the great enemy of souls. It was most touching to hear him repeating unconsciously the Church offices and the Church's prayers, the whole of which he seemed to know by heart. Often he would ask me "why we would not let him see his mother?" whom he fancied was in an adjoining room. But he always recognized the chaplain, and received him with affectionate respect. He had no sooner heard of the serious nature of his illness, than he begged that the last Sacraments should be administered to him, which was accordingly done.

His sufferings towards the last were terrible to witness. From head to foot he was covered with open wounds, and seemed to struggle between life and death. But throughout the whole of this martyrdom he displayed the same sweetness, gentleness, patience, and resignation to the will of God. The infirmarian at last came to tell me that his end was at hand. I gave him a crucifix to kiss indulgenced for the hour of death. "Yes, I love him; Oh! how I love him!" he murmured, pressing the crucifix to his breast. He spoke with difficulty; and, after a few moments, made a sign to me to leave him the crucifix. Soon after, he fell asleep in the Lord, without a struggle, leaning his face on his hand like a sleeping child. Everything about him spoke of calm and a peace that passeth understanding. Gazing at him through my tears, I could not but bless and thank God, who had put an end to his sufferings. The sorrow of his poor mother may be conceived. Our Lord alone can heal so terrible a wound. But the details which we were able to give her of his sickness and holy death comforted her inexpressibly. Her only thought now is to come and pray on the grave of her boy.

The last death which we witnessed at Hauterive was that of a lad named Lenoir, a native of the Jura, and only twenty-one years old. The devil was determined to snatch this soul from us, but, thank God, he was defeated. Typhus fever added to diarrhœa and lung disease combined to carry him off in a very few days. No sooner had he arrived at the ambulance than he fell into a painful state of prostration, and occasional delirium. Naturally of a gentle and pleasing character, he would always greet us with a sweet smile when we came near his bed. But soon after his eyes would become fixed and strange; he knit his eyebrows, frowned, and often a look of intense terror came over his face, as if he had some dreadful hallucination. At such times, we evidently appeared to him objects of some unknown fear. Thus he remained motionless on his bed; his tongue became paralyzed, and for twenty-four hours the only way in which we could make him swallow some drops of wine was by putting a finger on his tongue. After some days he recovered his speech; but dropsy had supervened, and was rapidly rising to his chest; we felt there was no hope of saving him. From the very first day I had had a bad opinion of his case, and had suggested his seeing the chaplain. M. H—— came to him immediately, and did all he could; but Lenoir absolutely refused to listen to him. His comrades and the infirmarians all implored him to reconcile himself with God and make his confession, but in vain. And all this while I felt that the time was so short, that he was on the brink of eternity—what was to be done? The very day of his death, before saying Mass, the chaplain went again to his bedside and renewed his entreaties. Lenoir thanked him, but said "that he should get well, and would go to Confession when he was cured." The good priest came back again after Mass, but only to meet with the same refusal. He then asked him "whether he meant to put it off till he should be in his grave?" "Is there then no hope?" exclaimed the poor lad. "No," replied the chaplain, "I should be deceiving you if I were to say there was; the hour of your death is at hand." "Then I will make my confession," he said. But after a few minutes the priest came back to us in despair; Lenoir would say nothing. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Oh, we must obtain this soul for God. Let us pray." We all knelt and besought the mercy of our loving Lord for this, his erring child, while the chaplain returned to the dying-bed, saying, "I will not leave him again; who knows when the grace of God will touch him?" His faith and patience were rewarded, the stubborn heart was melted, and Lenoir sobbed out his confession like a little child. We came back and hastened all the preparations for the last Sacraments. "You are happy and contented now, are you not?" said Blanche, as she leaned over his bed. "Oh, yes, so happy and so thankful," he replied. When the Sacraments were administered, he could no longer speak, but he was in full possession of all his faculties; for when the moment came to anoint his hands, he drew out immediately the one which was under the clothes and opened them both with eagerness. A little later he kissed the crucifix, and pronounced distinctly the name of "Jesus." Towards six o'clock his head fell back and all was over.

I cannot close this little narrative of our sick soldiers without saying a word of Pierron, Blanche's spoiled child, to whose care he had been specially confided. On one of the first days of the opening of the ambulance, there arrived a poor young soldier of twenty-one, dragging himself painfully along on two bits of wood to serve as crutches, who came with the rest to submit to the usual medical inspection. Both feet were

ı, and violent erysipelas
ı out in the worst of the
nsequence of the wet and
hich he had been for so
; exposed. Pierron went
sion and received Holy
ɔn a very short time after
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ine food to be enabled to
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ı awaited him. The doc-
ɔompelled to make repeat-
ıs in his feet and to intro-
s from time to time to
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rough the joints. Pierron
horribly painful opera-
a courage which surprised
ıl men. Not one murmur
int escaped him. Only,
ıen, when the agony was
endurable, he would ex-
Oh, my God, my Lord,
upon me!" Blanche, who
ld his hands during these
and strive to help him to
, said to him once, in a
"to offer up all his suf-
the good God." "That
ng ago," he replied; "I
bear them without."
ɲneur, the Bishop (of Lau-
Geneva), had given the
ıuterive permission to an-
e time fixed for their usual
ıties, and Blanche suggest-
ɔn to profit by this favor,
of the sick in the ward
ɛceive Holy Communion
llowing day. "Do you
go to Confession again?"
d. "Yet I cannot have
any great sins, always ly-
But still," he added,
ment's reflection, "I may
so. I may have been im-
something—anyhow, it
ɛs one good." He went
ɜion accordingly and re-
ɔly Communion. From
e became more and more
devout. Prayer was his
Blanche brought him the
Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and one or two other books. "I do not want those," he said quickly. "I should like to have a book with litanies and other prayers in it." Blanche ran to fetch him a "Manual," with which he was very much delighted. We used to watch him day after day, sitting on his bed covered up in a brown cloak with a hood which he threw over his head, his little book of prayers lying open before him, and praying with all the fervor of his soul.

His favorite litany was that of the Holy Name of Jesus. A few days after, Blanche offered him a Rosary. He did not know how to use it. She explained to him. "Well," he replied, "but I can very well say my 'Hail Marys' by counting on my fingers; would not that have the same effect?" But when she told him how the Blessed Virgin herself had wished that we should honor her in this manner, Pierron instantly seized the Rosary, and when she added: "It is too long for you to repeat all at once; you need only say ten at a time;" he rejoined: "Oh, those who can't sleep have plenty of time to pray!" He put his Rosary round his neck, and from that time it never left him.

Pierron had a fund of originality in thought and expression which never deserted him, even amidst his greatest sufferings, and which amused everybody. The doctors, when making their rounds, used often to stop and talk to him, and he had always a little word which made them laugh. The chaplain one day, when passing through the wards, lingered by his bedside; Pierron was very fond of him, and was always delighted with his visits; but this day he received him with unusual emotion. Holding his hand, he said: "Monsieur Le Curé, I am so pleased to see you. You are always so good to me! I want to ask you something. You, who are so clever and so wise, tell

me how much longer you think I shall be ill?" The chaplain answered that he must ask the doctors. Pierron, however, insisted. "I *have* asked them, and they will not tell me—but you, why do you not say? I am but an ignoramus, and do not understand even my own symptoms; but you, who are so learned, you *must* know!" The poor fellow, in spite of his habitual patience, was getting sadly weary. He had what the Swiss call the *mal du pays*—in other words, he was miserably homesick and pining to return to his own country.

But what troubled him most was the thought of how he should ever *walk*, even with crutches. "Oh, when shall I get well again!" he exclaimed one evening to Blanche, sighing heavily. "Ask the Blessed Virgin to cure you," she replied. "She is all-powerful, and will grant your petition, if it be for your good." "I will ask her," replied Pierron. "I have always loved our dear lady; but would you not also join your prayers with mine? I should then have more hope." "Pray that God's holy will may be done in you," replied Blanche; "but we will all pray that, if it be his will, you may soon recover."

Pierron was always interested in what was going on around him; he would follow us with his eyes as we went round the wards, and sometimes a little remark would escape him. "We give you a great deal of toil and trouble!" he exclaimed one day when I was standing by a sick man in the next bed to him, who had needed continual care during the night. "You are always at work, first for one, then for the other. Ah, well, your steps are counted, and God, who sees all you do, will give you your reward in heaven." But the troops were about to quit Hauterive, and such of the sick as remained in our ambulance were to be transferred to Fribourg. Pierron was among the number. Unhappily he was getting worse instead of better. The bones had mortified and decayed, which rendered the amputation of one of his legs a matter of vital necessity. But the doctors decided that the operation could not be properly done till he had been removed to Fribourg. Poor fellow! he only survived the operation for a few days. He was tenderly nursed by one of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul to whom we had especially recommended him, and who gave us all the details of his last hours. When she had broken the fact to him that he had only a short time longer to live, he said, quickly: "You will let me know, will you not, when it is time for me to receive the last Sacraments? I am ready. I made my confession, and received Holy Communion twice at Hauterive. I do not wish to live; I would rather die and be with God." Two days before his death we went to see him once more. Death was visibly stamped on his features. He was too weak to speak; but his whole face lighted up when he saw us, and when we left him he smiled sweetly, and struggled to say: "To our next meeting in heaven!" This was his last adieu.

Before we left Switzerland, we again visited Hauterive. We wanted to take a last look at the graves of our poor soldiers. There is no cemetery there, for the monks had always been interred in the vaults beneath the church itself. But in a little nook just behind the sanctuary and quite close to the high altar, lie our brave French sufferers. We knelt by their graves, so near to Jesus in his tabernacle! and prayed with all our hearts that, their little night of pain over, they might now be rejoicing in the presence of their Lord. "How happy are they now!" I felt "thus hidden at the foot of the altar, and having fallen asleep in the arms of their Saviour! To die so

young and so far from their families and homes seems hard to poor human nature. But to the eye of Faith, such an end is surely glorious; what, after all, is death but to exchange exile for our true home, to rejoin our family above—a father, a mother, a brother, who love us with a love pure, infinite, and eternal!"

THE CAPITAL OF THE TURKS.

RECENT events in European Turkey have turned attention to Constantinople. For upwards of four hundred years it has been in the possession of the Turk. Its history, however, extends back under its ancient name of Byzantium to a date two thousand years earlier. It received its present name, Constantinople, from Constantine, the Great, who made it the seat of his government in A.D. 330. In this he gave another evidence of his foresight and sagacity, for its situation is one of exceptional strength, beauty, and commercial advantages. Long before the Christian era it was called the key of Asia and Europe. After Constantine selected it as the metropolis of his empire, it increased rapidly in the extent of its boundaries, the number of its inhabitants, and especially in its wealth. The admirable position in which it lies for commerce may, in a great way, account for such a growth. The removal, however, thither of the Roman court may be rightly considered the chief cause of its immense wealth and the grandeur of its public buildings. In both of these it soon surpassed the fame of Rome, which, after the imperial court left it, gradually declined from its former greatness, in proportion as Constantinople increased to the summit of its splendor, which it attained about the end of the twelfth century. At that time its population was reckoned about a million, and exceeded the united populations of all the other capitals of Europe. But with the influx of unlimited wealth there came also the love of luxury. Moreover, heresy corrupted the faith and morals of the inhabitants, and the spirit of schism and disloyalty to the Holy Roman See, culminating at last in open schism and disobedience, cut them off from the wholesome reforms and influences proceeding from the See of Peter, which repressed the disorders that from time to time arose in Christendom, and prevented Western Europe from sinking into the immorality and effeminacy which characterized the people of the Eastern or Greek empire. It is not easy to find a parallel in history to the long succession, broken at rare intervals by exceptional instances, of weak and licentious despots that sat upon the throne of Constantine for a thousand years. And the people of Constantinople were, it must be said, unworthy of less despicable and disreputable rulers. The annals of each successive reign of their emperors present a monotonous detail of conspiracies, tumults, rebellions, of weakness, treachery, vice, and misery.

After the Turks acquired possession of Syria, Asia Minor, in the eleventh century, they would soon have crossed the Hellespont, and captured Constantinople, had the resistance of the Greeks been the only obstacle they had to encounter. The princes of Western Europe, and especially the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome,

were more concerned at the progress of Mohammedan arms and the danger that threatened the Eastern empire, than were the effeminate and pusillanimous Greeks themselves. The crusades carried on by the Latin races of Europe were really, as regards their relation to the Greek empire expeditions, in its defence. They kept the Saracen busily engaged, defending the conquests he had made in Asia and Africa, and left him neither leisure nor means to invade Europe.

The Constantinopolitan Greeks, however, felt no gratitude to the crusaders or to the peoples of Western Europe for this, but, on the contrary, always regarded them with suspicion and jealousy. Frequently they secretly plotted and connived with the Turk against the Latin Christian forces. The Latins bore with the fickleness and treachery of the Greeks the more patiently on account of the exertions and influence of the Holy Roman Pontiffs, who strove by gentle means and repeated expostulations to induce the Greeks to abandon their schismatic position, and submit to the authortiy of the Holy Roman See, and who endeavored to unite all Christendom, Eastern as well as Western, in combined efforts against Mohammedanism.

In the year 1204 the legitimate Greek emperor was dethroned and imprisoned by a sedition, and a usurper, named Mustruphlus, assumed imperial power.

It happened that the fourth crusade was then on its way to the Holy Land, and Alexis, the emperor's son, coming to its chiefs and describing the sad state of affairs in the Eastern capital, solicited their assistance in restoring order to that city. The crusaders complied with the request, and immediately turned their arms in the direction of the place. At their presence order was restored and the emperor reseated on the throne. All things being seemingly adjusted, the crusaders resu journey. They had not far, however, before news revolt in the ill-fated cit them, in which the emper son were put to death, usurper mounted the throne time. The crusaders ther traced their steps, resolve ish the perpetrators of th crime. On their return th all the gates closed, and active preparations being a determined resistance. diers of the cross were e termined to carry out thei and accordingly they inv city both by sea and la siege was obstinate, and la entire months. At the e period it was carried by s the usurper killed.

At the entrance of the c destructive fire broke out, one-fourth of the city, some of the most beauti mens of Grecian architec consumed.

The chiefs of the victori as there was no heir to the crown, and no one havin claim to it than themsel sidered the propriety of what they had had so muc to gain. It was thereupo to divide the conquest am selves. Baldwin, Count of was unanimously elected receiving one-fourth of th as his portion. The rest w among the other chiefs an according to their merit, however, nominally subje new emperor.

From the nature of its tion, together with the hat Greeks, this new empire be of long duration. Besi was an insuperable barrie to the Latins in the impos finding recruits for their li now much thinned after Consequently it grew feel year, until 1261, when it r

w from Alexis, general of
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ays of the sun, which cast
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1396, when the Turks under
nvested it, until 1453, may
l one long siege, interrupted
ılly when the besiegers were
o turn their arms against a
ny. Before attacking the
hat year, Bajazet took the
ın of reducing the provinces;
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ım marching on the impe-

The emperor, having for
me foreseen the siege, made
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ı the West was coming to
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d, King of Hungary, and
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t was obliged to raise the
l march against this power-
ful army. After various reverses the Turks were at length victorious in the great battle of Nicopolis. Such was the barbarity of the Turk that he put to death ten thousand prisoners whom he had taken in that battle. The siege was renewed after this disaster to the Christian arms, and the city would have been taken but for a new enemy who threatened the dominion of Bajazet.

This was the celebrated Tamerlane, who, with a vast army of Tartars, spread terror throughout Asia. Bajazet finally abandoned the siege, and hastened to encounter the invader. In a great battle his whole army was vanquished, and he himself taken prisoner by the victorious Tamerlane.

Thus Constantinople was, for the time, saved from her most dreaded enemies, and regained most of her possessions in Europe. The Turkish dominions were soon reunited, however, by the powerful hand of the Sultan Amurath, who, in a short time, recovered the lost conquests in Europe and threatened Constantinople itself. The emperor had recourse to the Western powers as before, and, through the exertion of Pope Eugenius IV, an army, chiefly of Hungarians, was dispatched to meet an enemy who was now threatening Europe. They were defeated in the great battle of Varna, 1444. After this disaster Constantinople, to avert another siege, was obliged to pay an annual tribute to Amurath, to whose victorious career death put an end in 1450.

Mohammed II, son and successor of Amurath, resolved to crown the conquests of his predecessors by establishing his court in the capital of the decaying empire. Of the extensive dominions of the Greek empire in the year 1453 there remained nothing but the city and a few leagues around it. Constantine, its emperor, calmly awaited the final attack.

The situation of the Western powers was at this time rather favorable

to the progress of the Turks. Italy was divided into several small States, which, without a combined action, could render little assistance to a suppliant; France was engaged in subduing her turbulent nobles, whilst England was torn with civil war. Thus no aid could be expected from those countries which had, in former times, driven back similar dangers to those which now threatened the imperial city. But there was another reason why Constantinople was left in this last struggle to sustain itself almost unaided against its aggressors. The Greeks, though often having received succor from the powers already mentioned, mainly through the exertions of the Sovereign Pontiffs, cherished a bitter hatred against the Latin Christians, and especially against the Holy Roman See. Hence, when soldiers were sent to their assistance by Rome, the insane jealousy and hatred of the populace, inspired and increased by several of their leading ecclesiastics, broke out into expressions of dissatisfaction and a refusal of the proffered aid. They preferred, they declared, to see the turban in Constantinople rather than the Roman mitre.

The long-threatening storm burst at length in the year 1453. In that year Mohammed invested the city with an army of nearly 400,000, whilst a fleet of 300 ships shut out all entrance to the harbor. The emperor's regular army within the city, consisting chiefly of hired troops, did not exceed 9000, and the volunteer force scarcely reached 5000. With this handful of men the city repelled several attacks from the land side, whilst danger from the sea side was warded off by throwing a huge chain across the entrance to the harbor.

The ill-success of his land army, together with the inactivity of the fleet, greatly exasperated Mohammed. An ingenious contrivance was at length applied by the Turks. Certain instruments were invented by which eighty ships were conveyed by land into the harbor, and then a complete investment was effected. The lofty fortifications and their brave defenders seemed, however, to be little affected by the repeated assaults of the besiegers, and a general dissatisfaction set in among the latter. This was increased by the rumor that an army, under the celebrated John Hunniades, was approaching to the relief of the city.

To quell this discontent, which was fast leading to a mutiny, Mohammed encouraged his men to give a final assault, describing to them the immense wealth in which the city abounded, all of which would be their booty if they succeeded in taking the place. Inflamed with the love of indulgence, the Turks eagerly demanded to be led to the attack.

The grand assault was given on the 29th May, 1453, when the besieged seemed, at last, to yield to the incessant attacks of their assailants. A breach was made at the Porta Sancti Romani. Here Constantine, the last of the Greek emperors, fell bravely, his little band being completely overcome by the torrent of his enemies.

At the entrance of the Turks a general massacre took place, and the most atrocious deeds were perpetrated during the three days' plunder to which the city was subjected.

Thus fell the most opulent city of the middle ages, after a siege of fifty-three days by the arms of Mohammed II, to whose successor it still belongs, but from whose possession, it is a moral certainty, it will ere long depart.

The rule of the Turk over what are naturally the most favored and richest portions of Eastern Europe, has been prolonged by the mutual jealousies of the great European powers, and their attempts to maintain a political equilibrium amongst themselves. But despite all their efforts, the process of dissolution has been steadily going on amongst the Turks themselves, and the end of

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will be the fate of Constan-
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r the Russians will ultimately
to it, or it will become the
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n, or the metropolis of a
confederacy of semi-independent Albanian and Slavonic principalities, or what other destiny awaits it, is hidden in the womb of the future. One thing only is certain, and that is, that ere long it will cease to be the seat and political centre of a Turkish empire.

SOMETHING ABOUT PEARLS.

chief place among all precngs belongs to the pearl, says and although pearls are not ld in the same extraordinary on as in ancient times, they l gems of price; a necklace ng of fourteen of them being t of a prince to his royal

in early acquired a reputation earls, as appears from a statenade by one of the oldest riters, Pomponius Mela, to ct that some of the seas of generate gems and pearls. A n preserved by Suetonius says ius Cæsar was tempted to ine island by the hope of enhimself with its pearls; and eaks of the pearls of Britain l and ill-colored, referring to ast-plate studded with pearls Cæsar himself had brought nd dedicated to Venus Geneher temple at Rome. Solims that the fact of the pearls ritish was attested by an in- on the shield. This agrees ell with Pliny's expression, esar wished it to be underhat the offering was formed ish pearls.

gravely tells us that the oysoduces pearls from feeding upon heavenly dew. Our own early writers entertained the same notion; and Boece, speaking of the pearl mussel of the Scottish rivers, says that "these mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl." Harrison says that the pearls are also sought for in the latter end of August, a little before which time the sweetness of the dew is most convenient for that kind of fish which doth engender and conceive them. In the East the belief is equally common, that these precious gems are

> Rain from the sky,
> Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

"But, alas!" as Doctor Baird justly says, "alas! for poetry and romance! the science of chemistry, which has with its sledge-hammer of matter of fact converted the all-glorious diamond into vulgar charcoal, has also pronounced the precious pearl to be composed of concentrate layers of membrane and carbonate of lime!" This being admitted, the question then arises as to the cause of a substance so dissimilar in appearance to

the shell in which it exists, and why it should be present in some shells and absent in others.

In all cases it appears that the ultimate cause of the animal's forming this beautiful substance, is to get rid of a source of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand, or some such small foreign substance, which has got between the mantle of the oyster and the shell; and, proving a great annoyance, the animal covers it with a smooth coat of membrane and a layer of nacre, forming a projection on the interior, generally more brilliant than the rest of the shell. At other times it is caused by some enemy of the inhabitant of the shell perforating it from the outside, to get within reach of its prey. The animal, therefore, immediately plugs up the opening made with a coat of nacre; and, shutting out the intruder, balks it of its nefarious design. In both these cases the pearl is usually found adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The most valuable specimens are generally found loose in the muscles or other soft parts of the animal.

Mother-of-pearl is the inside lining of the nacreous shells, which, like the pearl itself, is composed of alternate layers of very thin membrane and carbonate of lime; but this alone does not give the pearly lustre, which appears to depend on minute undulations or waves of the layers. This lustre, it is said, has been successfully imitated on engraved steel buttons. Sir David Brewster, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, tells us that the iridescence of the inside of the pearl-oyster arises from the circumstance, that we find in all mother-of-pearl a grooved structure upon its surface, resembling very closely the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger, or the minute corrugations which are often seen on surfaces covered with varnish or with oil-paint. Similar appearances are to be seen in the structure of pearls. In these, the colored images are crowded into a small space round the common image, partly on account of the spherical form of the pearl; and the various hues are thus blended into a white uniform light, which gives to this substance its high value as an ornament. Pearls, however (at least the most valuable), are not perfectly solid; and in a split pearl the transparency is considerable. If a split pearl is set in a ring, with the divided surface outwards, and examined with a magnifying glass, this central cell becomes very conspicuous, and the different layers of which the pearl is composed are also beautifully displayed. It is this brilliancy which distinguishes the real from the factitious pearl—a lustre which no art can altogether give, though often attempted with considerable success.

Pearls are produced by many bivalves, especially the British river mussel (Unio margaritifera), and the Oriental pearl oyster (Avicula margaritifera). All the pearl shells are called margaritifera from Margarita, a pearl, and fero, to bear.

The pearl mussel is found in the mountain streams of Europe and America, the East and West Indies. They more especially abound in the rivers and lakes of North America; but several are natives of this country, and produce the once famous British pearls. The animal is of very little value as food from the insipidity of its taste, and at present it is used for bait in the Aberdeen cod-fisheries. The inside of the valves is sometimes pink, sometimes white, often highly iridescent, and they occasionally contain numerous large pearls; as many as sixteen having been taken from one shell. Pennant says that this species is noted for producing quantities of pearls; and formerly there were regular fisheries to obtain them.

The Scottish pearl fishery continued until the end of the last century, especially in the River Tay, where the mussels were collected by

the peasantry before harvest time. The pearls were generally found in old and deformed specimens; and round pearls about the size of a pea, perfect in every respect, were worth three or four pounds. In the Irish pearl fisheries the mussels were found set up in the sand of the river-beds with their open side turned from the torrent; about one in a hundred contains a pearl, and about one pearl in a hundred may be tolerably clear.

A curious account, published about thirty years ago, says, that the pearl mussel is found in abundance in the River Conway, and is collected by means of the natives of North Wales, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. When the tide is out they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of the tide. The mussels are then put into a large kettle over a fire to be opened, and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes, barefooted, and stamps upon them until they are reduced to a sort of pulp. They next pour in water to separate the fishy substance, which they call soloch, from the more heavy parts, consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls, which settle at the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment, if it may be so called, is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much an ounce for them. The price varies from one-and-six to four shillings an ounce; there are a number of persons who live by this alone, and when there is a small family to gather the shells and pick out the fish, it is preferable to any other daily labor. The pearls are generally of a dirty white, sometimes blue, but never green or reddish color. There are generally several scores of ounces taken to the overseer each week. But what makes this fishery singular is the mystery which hangs over it. It is a perfect monopoly, and there is but the person who buys them up who knows what becomes of the pearls afterwards. And this fact has, of course, given rise to some curious and fanciful surmises respecting them. Some suppose that the pearls are sent abroad to be manufactured into seed pearls; others more gravely say that they are exported to India to be dissolved in the sherbet of the nabobs!

The huts which have been erected for the convenience of boiling the fish, are on the extremity of the marsh, about a mile north of the town of Conway. About twelve miles up the river pearls have been found occasionally as large as a moderately sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple, but they are very rarely met with. The large and small pearls are all sold together; but some years they are as high as four shillings, and other years as low as two shillings an ounce.

There is a species of pearl mussel in which the Chinese produce artificial pearls by introducing small shot and sand betwen the mantle of the animal and its shell. Mr. Gaskoin has a specimen consisting of two strings of pearls, and another in the British Museum has inside the shell a number of little josses made of bell-metal, now completely covered and coated with pearl.

Another variety of the pearl-bearers is the Mya, which is found on the shores of the European, Asian, and African seas; where, in several places, it is used as food, and also devoured by aquatic birds. There was a great fishery for pearls in the river Tay, which extended from Perth to Loch Tay; and it is said that the pearls sent from thence—between the years seventeen hundred and sixty-one and seventeen hundred and sixty-four—were worth ten thousand

pounds. In the present day it is uncommon to find pearls in these shells worth from one to two pounds.

Pearls are also produced in great quantities by different varieties of oysters. The best are found in the Wing-shelled pearl-bearer (Avicula margaritifera), which, although during ancient times sufficiently plentiful in the seas of our area, is now exceedingly rare, being for the most part tropical. It is remarkable both for its beauty and eccentricity of shape, as well as for the pearls which it contains. It is fished in many parts of the world, particularly on the west coast of Ceylon; at Tuticoreen, in the province of Tinnevelly, on the coast of Coromandel; at the Bahrein Islands, in the Gulf of Persia; at the Sooloo Islands; off the coast of Algiers; off St. Margarita, or Pearl Islands, in the West Indies, and other places on the coast of Colombia; and in the Bay of Panama, in the South Sea. These wing-shells afford the mother-of-pearl used for ornamental purposes, and the Oriental pearls of commerce. Mr. Hope's pearl, said to be the largest known, measures two inches long, four round, and weighs eighteen hundred grains. One of the most remarkable pearls of which we have any account, was bought by Tavernier at Catifa in Arabia (a fishery famous in the days of Pliny), for the enormous sum, it is asserted, of one hundred and ten thousand pounds. (See Forbes and Hanley's *British Mollusca.*) It was pear-shaped, regular, and without blemish, measuring nearly three inches in length.

The most extensive pearl-fisheries are those on the several banks not far distant from the island of Bahrein, on the west side of the Persian Gulf; but pearl oysters are found along the whole of the Arabian coast. The fishing season is divided into two portions; the one called the short and cold, the other the long and hot. In the cooler weather of the month of June diving is practiced along the coast in shallow water; but it is not until the intensely hot months of July, August, and September, that the Bahrein banks are much frequented. The water on them is about seven fathoms deep; and when it is cold the divers are much inconvenienced,—indeed, they can do little when it is not as warm as the air, and it frequently becomes even more so in the hottest months of the summer. When they dive, they compress the nostrils tightly with a small piece of horn, which keeps the water out, and stuff their ears with beeswax for the same purpose. They attach a net to their waist to hold the oysters, and aid their own descent by means of a stone, which they hold by a rope attached to a boat, and shake it when they wish to be drawn up. A diver generally dives from twelve to fifteen times a day in favorable weather; but when otherwise, three or four times only. They continue under water from a minute to a minute and a half, or at most two minutes. The exertion is extremely violent, and the divers are unhealthy and short-lived.

Pearls are liable to a disease which makes them sicken and perish. Noble families, who pride themselves upon the possession of ancestral pearls, are every now and then panic-stricken by finding some of their precious gems turning of a sickly blue color and crumbling into dust. The crown jeweller of France applied, not long since, to the Academy of Sciences for a remedy for this disease, caused, most probably, by the membranes which form part of the pearls, corrupting and decaying, as all animal matter does, by contact with the air, and leaving the powdered carbonate of lime as the only remains of the once lustrous pearls. There seems to be no remedy, that we can think of, for pearl-sickening, except preserving the pearls as much as possible from the influence of the light and air.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE question of the admission into the Union of New Mexico, has given occasion for a few flings at the people and institutions of that Territory. Some of these have been answered by the Rev. J. A. Truchard, of Santa Fe, in a paper contributed to the *Revista Catholica*, of Las Vegas. As regards the schools of New Mexico, he says:

"Every one knows in New Mexico that these schools owe nothing to the government at Washington, that it has to this day never given one cent towards the education of her youth, that they owe nothing to the heavy taxation levied in favor of schools, they owe nothing but to the Roman Church and to the zeal and energy of our beloved archbishop, J. B. Lamy, who by a thousand sacrifices and hardships has brought from the United States, and even from France, the Sisters of Loretto, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, who founded in 1853 the Convent of our Lady of Light, and in 1859 the College of St. Michael, which are certainly the two best schools of Santa Fe and the whole Territory, without excepting the University of the Presbyterian reverend gentleman.

"In the course of time the good Sisters and Brothers, seconded by the clergy of the diocese, established new educational houses at Taos, Mara, Las Vegas, Bernabillo, and Las Cruces. Even in Denver, Colorado, there is a house which branches off from the mother house of Santa Fe. There are good schools in Albuquerque under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, and in many other places, which it would be too tedious to mention here. All these schools give entire satisfaction to the people of New Mexico."

THREE large and important conventions met in Philadelphia in June and July. First the German Catholic Central Verein assembled, and after religious services on Sunday, June 4th, the members had a parade on the 5th, and held their sessions on that and the two following days. This association of benevolent societies aids many Catholic objects, such as the Normal School at Milwaukee and Missions to the Negroes. Father Weninger, S. J., made an able speech in advocacy of the latter cause. Some steps were also taken to bring the German Catholic Central Verein into closer connection with the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union.

The National Union of Catholic Young Men's Associations met in the same city on June 28th and 29th.

The Total Abstinence Union of America, under the presidency of Dean Byrnes, met on July 4th, and after the delegates had assisted at High Mass at the Cathedral, when the Most Rev. Archbishop Wood pontificated, they dedicated the fountain in Fairmount Park, which has been erected to commemorate the deeds of Commodore Barry, of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, of Archbishop Carroll, the first Catholic prelate in the United States, and of Father Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance. This fountain is the largest and costliest in the United States, with perhaps one exception. In addition to the statues of the four noted Catholics above named, there will be a large statue of Moses striking the rock.

SOME articles have appeared lately in the Catholic papers on the absence of a distinctively Catholic society in this country. There are several sides to this question, and it is one which presents many difficulties. If Catholics, as such, were to associate exclusively with their co-religionists, they would occupy a position similar to that held by the French legitimists, or the old Catholic families in England; that is, they would be isolated, and without part or share in the national affairs. This would certainly not be a consummation to be desired. Again, in the United States, a man who is rich to-day is poor to-morrow, and *vice versa*. Still, again, wealth and intellect, or at least cultivation and intelligence, each contribute to form what is known as society, and these are not the exclusive possession of Catholics; there are many who are wealthy but not cultivated or intelligent, and many who have both these qualifications, but are not wealthy.

Our churches and schools have been built chiefly by the hard-earned dollars of the poor, who form so large a proportion of the whole. Yet industry and thrift produce wealth; and as a fact of some interest in this connection, we notice that in the one city of Boston, and not estimating those who possess less than $1000 in real estate, that the Catholics of that city possess $50,000,000 worth of property, more than the whole value of the city in 1825.

THE Eastern Question, which appeared to be settling itself, is growing more troublesome than ever to the diplomatists, and more encouraging to the hopes of humanity. Servia, secretly encouraged by Russia, is making preparations for war. The Turkish population at Constantinople is very agitated. In Bulgaria fearful outrages and massacres

have been perpetrated by the Turks. Austria, as a government, is discouraging the insurgents, but the people of Hungary sympathize with them and aid them. England is supporting the government of the new Sultan, but his cabinet ministers have been murdered, and the Russian Bear is supposed to have a paw in the troubles. It is a game of check and counter-check. Russia encourages Servia to move, and forms an alliance with Germany and Austria. England removes the former Sultan, and obtaining promises of reform from his successor, sends a fleet of iron-clads to the Dardanelles, and affords Germany and Austria an excuse for breaking off from a too close alliance with Russia. But then comes a fresh change; Russia and France begin to approach more closely, the Sultan's ministers of state are assassinated, the liberal feelings of Europe are alienated from England by the reports of the Turkish cruelties, and dissensions in the English Cabinet are the result.

THE Republican Convention, by the nomination of Governor Hayes for President, has shown some party wisdom. It is to be feared, however, that anti-Catholic fanatics will try and make some capital out of the school question and "sectarianism." The administration of Grant has been very sectarian in respect to the Indian Missions and the favors granted to the Methodists. As regards the common schools, neither Republicans nor Democrats have the desire or the power to do anything for Catholics. Politicians of all kinds have a great respect for votes, and very little for arguments. The school question is one for each State to settle for itself. If the Catholics of any State think that they are strong enough to act, let them show their strength, and the politicians will respect them. But to argue on this question and do nothing, is worse than puerile. Show the politicians that in a particular State the Catholic Church is educating one-half, or one-third, or one-fourth even of the children of that State, and that, at the same time, they are contributing to the support of schools that they do not use. Show the American people, or the politicians who act for them, a fact like this, and we may be able to gain something, otherwise not.

THE Irish political prisoners have escaped from Western Australia, a remote colony of Great Britain, to which they had been consigned, and there is great rejoicing thereat. It was sung of old by Moore that "Rebels in Cork are Patriots at Madrid," and although the public opinion of England is always in favor of an insurrection to, say, dethrone the Pope, or split the Union, of the American States, or upset the French Government, yet insurrections in Ireland, India, or Jamaica are heinous indeed. The only sovereign whose rule must be supported is the Sultan of Turkey. His troops may burn, slay, and plunder at their own sweet will.

Political stupidity and blind prejudice has marked every step of English rule in Ireland. So slight a boon as the liberation of these poor men, would have been hailed enthusiastically in Ireland a short time ago, and now they have escaped, and will be soon in America, or some other free land, where it is no crime to hint that the English government is not the perfection of wisdom.

THE International Exposition in Philadelphia promises to be a pecuniary, as it is already certain to be an artistic and educational, success. One million of visitors have already seen its assembled treasures. Among the many attractions of the Exhibition, the Art Galleries receive much attention. The displays of England, America, and perhaps, Spain, are the most truly *representative* of any. Although other countries have sent many choice works of art, they do not convey any idea of the real artistic treasures of France, Italy, and Germany. They have been sent by private individuals more than by the governments, or by the collective artists of the country.

The barrenness of religious art among Protestants is very conspicuous. Natural scenery, domestic and historical scenes and incidents may be and are well portrayed, but to see anything distinctively religious, the visitor should notice the art treasures of the Catholic nations.

SEVERAL of our American prelates have issued patriotic pastorals, recommending their flocks to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the national freedom with all possible zeal. The pastorals of Bishops Elder and Gilmour are ardent in their professions of love for American institutions, and freely acknowledge that they give the Catholic Church full facilities for the exercise of its divine work, and for the happiness of the people. Here every man has a fair field, and can rise by the exercise of prudence and industry. Here all are equal before the law; here freedom has found a congenial home, and the energies of the citizens find scope and exercise. Contrary to the ideas of some misguided people, we think that so far from Catholics not being good citizens, that on the contrary, a Catholic that did not love America and desire its wellbeing would be a curiosity. We do not know where any are to be found.

NOTHING can well be more ridi[illegible] than the sneer that Catholics love the[illegible]

of its ceremonial. Not one Catholic usand, or in ten thousand, is familiar ıe ceremonial of the Church, and ave never seen it carried out. Did h people love the Church on account plendid ceremonies only, when they d Mass in caves on account of the tions? If to be a Catholic all that :cessary was to attend High Mass in cathedral, and listen to enchanting music and eloquent preaching, to dress altars and walk in procession, then this sneer would have some foundation. But the majority of Catholics do not attend cathedrals; they hear only Low Mass, and never witness the full beauty of Catholic ceremonial, or if they do, do not study it or understand it. Catholics obey the Church because they believe it has divine authority to teach them; only this and nothing more.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ɔLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART. lenry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop estminster. New York: The Cath- Publication Society.

conflict of the Church with the world ıy the powers of darkness has well ılled a war. For it is not a single or battle, but a series of successive gns involving countless offensive fensive movements on the part of urch on the one side, and the forces he dominion of error on the other. ; the enemy of souls is driven from sition after another, or his assaults ne side of the fortress of truth prove ual, he musters his forces anew, and nces operations from another posi- l against another point.

;, during the first ages of Christianity, the mystery of the Incarnation that efly assailed and perverted by errorists retics. Through a long series of con- e Church exposed and discomfited eresies. In the course of time they ıt almost entirely, or at least lost al- ıtirely their power for evil over the mind. Instead of these first heresies ırose, which, avoiding direct assaults ıe Incarnation and the doctrine of ıly Trinity, attacked other truths of revelation. Yet these later heresies, eless, though not directly assailing carnation, in their logical conse- s implied its denial. And so every heresy may be said to involve in its sults the denial of this fundamental !!

very age God provides through his special remedies for the special at arise. One of the evils of to-day, ; the most prevalent one, is a spirit of ence, of cold, skeptical neglect and rd of all devotion, or absence of all ; and genuine love for God, for his ernally begotten Son, and for his By way of offset and [illegible]

this, arose the special devotion to the Sacred Heart, which has now become universal throughout the Holy Catholic Church, and to which the Universal Church has recently, by a decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, cordially and loyally responded to by the faithful of all regions and countries, been specially and solemnly consecrated.

This book of Cardinal Manning, therefore, is altogether timely as a contribution towards diffusing a clearer comprehension of the truths upon which this devotion is based and the special ends it is intended to subserve. He has intentionally confined his treatment of the subject in this work to its dogmatic side, from the conviction that when divine truth is clearly and fully apprehended, it generates devotion as one of its genuine fruits. He believes that one cause of shallowness in spiritual life is a superficial apprehension of the dogma of the Incarnation, "and that one divine purpose in the constitution and diffusion of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, in these last times, is to reawaken in the minds of men the consciousness of their personal relation to a Divine Master." "For," says Cardinal Manning, "our Divine Lord has foretold the dimness and coldness of these latter days. 'The Son of man, when he cometh, shall he find, think you, faith on the earth? Because iniquity hath abounded, the charity of many shall grow cold.' In that day, the disciples of the Sacred Heart at least will know whom they have believed."

In fulfilling his intention, Cardinal Manning has explained with great clearness and force in the ten Discourses the truths which have special reference to this devotion. To the discourse on "The Divine Glory of the Sacred Heart," he has added three valuable Appendices, and also numerous citations and references to the Acts of Councils bearing on the subject, in order to aid the clergy who may not have access to these authorities, in more readily meeting the objections

THE YOUNG LADIES' PROGRESSIVE READER, Designed for the Higher Classes in Schools and Academies. New York: P. O'Shea, No. 37 Barclay Street. 1876.

The selections for this *Reader* seem, from the cursory examination that other occupations have permitted us, to have been made with care and sound judgment, with the design of forming a volume of reading lessons specially suited to young ladies. The number of authors from whom excerpts have been taken is very great, and comprise almost every variety of style and mode of thought. Amongst others, we find extracts from the writings of Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop Landriot, Monsignor Dupanloup, Balmes, Digby, Chateaubriand, Lacordaire, Channing, Washington Irving, Addison, Emerson, and Goldsmith. Among the selections of poets, we find excerpts from Longfellow, Bryant, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Adelaide A. Proctor, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Norton, Miss Loudon, Schiller, Byron, and Whittier.

Preceding the Reading Lessons is an introductory chapter, in which the principles of elocution and the requisites of good reading are set forth in a plain and practical manner, with many judicious hints and suggestions of great value to the attentive student. This introductory chapter explains and illustrates, among other subjects, those of pronunciation, pauses, emphasis, cadence, and inflections of the voice.

At the end of the volume there is a valuable Appendix, containing brief biographical sketches of the principal authors, from whose works the Reading Lessons have been taken, and also of eminent historic personages whose names are alluded to in those lessons.

MARGARET ROPER; OR, THE CHANCELLOR AND HIS DAUGHTER. By Agnes Stewart, Author of *Florence O'Neill*, *The Foster Sisters*, *General Questions*, etc., etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore Street. 1876.

The history of the so-called Reformation in England, in its earlier stages, is little more than a record of the manner in which Henry VIII. persistently pursued his purpose of gratifying at once his lawless lust and his inordinate ambition, covering both at the same time under a hypocritical pretence of regard for religion.

In bright contrast with his hideous character stands that of his Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, a man whose exemplary purity of life and adherence to principle, under the severest temptations to swerve from it, were not more remarkable than was his profound and accurate legal erudition and eminent ability. And of all acts of Henry VIII. during a long reign, marked throughout the greater part of it by almost countless reprehensible acts, one of the most hideous of them all, as combining at once the crimes of ingratitude, injustice, hypocrisy, and cruelty, was his treatment of Sir Thomas More.

Margaret Roper was Sir Thomas More's daughter, a lady accomplished and, what is still more, a most exemplary Christian. She possessed many of the virtues and traits of character of her admirable father, and entertained for him the deepest filial affection. Her life, indeed, was interwoven with that of her father during the latter periods of his.

The author of the book before us has taken advantage of this, and in tracing the vicissitudes through which the daughter had to pass, has faithfully and graphically depicted the father, as Henry VIII. pursued him with relentless cruelty, and forced him, from the seat upon the Bench as Lord High Chancellor, and, step by step, through deprivations of honor and position and false charges, an impeachment forced from Parliament by threats, a trial conducted with glaring unfairness, by corrupt judges and terrified jury, first to the Tower and then to the scaffold.

A number of other historic characters connected with these scenes are introduced by the author, and naturally and faithfully depicted. Historic truth is rigidly adhered to throughout, and the story is therefore as instructive as it is pathetic and interesting. A number of letters from Sir Thomas More to his daughter Margaret, and to friends, and others, are given, and these also add both interest and value to the book.

THE WISE NUN OF EASTONMERE; AND OTHER TALES. By Miss Taylor, Author of *Irish Hearts and Homes*, *Tyborne*, etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

The Wise Nun of Eastonmere is a tale of the fifteenth century, before England lost the true faith. It shows very truthfully and beautifully English life during that period, and especially convent life. The heroine of the tale is a young lady of high birth, who becomes a nun, and passes through many trials and vicissitudes, all encountered and endured in the spirit of true humility and self-mortification, and bringing in the end a rich reward.

There are several other personages of different characters and stations in life, who are well depicted. The incidents are varied, and some of them of tragic interest. The *Other Tales*, "True to the End" and "Olive's Rescue," are stories of modern times.

THE

ıTHOLIC RECORD.

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UR PUBLIC OFFICERS BE THE SLAVES OF PARTY OR THE SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE?

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It is a fact patent beyond denial, that integrity, wisdom, skill, diligent attention to duty, and a scrupulous regard for the public welfare have ceased to be qualifications for positions of civil trust; and among those who really love their country, and give a thought to its future, the conviction is gaining ground that, unless a revolution be speedily effected in our political management, even the semblance of liberty must vanish from our institutions, and a centralized despotism be erected upon the ruins of free government.

In order that administrative offices may be well and creditably filled, it is necessary that they should be kept firmly barred against all but those who are especially qualified for the proper discharge of the duties incident thereto. The incumbents should be assured against improper interference on the part of superiors; they should be thoroughly shielded from political pressure, and should be raised as high as possible above the level of temptation. Their tenure of power should, therefore, be

made to depend exclusively upon capacity and good behavior, and their salaries should be adequately remunerative. They should be encouraged by the certainty of promotion to put forth their best and most vigorous efforts; and a liberal retiring pension should be assigned them, in order that, being relieved of all anxiety concerning the future, they may be induced to consecrate themselves without reserve to the service of the community.

In the representative branches of the government frequent changes are necessary to maintain the reality of popular rule. Nothing further is here required than to secure to the voting masses the just, free, and certain exercise of their sovereign power of delegation. But in the executive and judicial departments no such necessity does or can exist. On the contrary, change here produces both confusion and danger. This doctrine is neither novel nor radical. It is respected and upheld by every sensible man in the prosecution of his business, and in the management of his private affairs. Any other notion would destroy all hope of intelligent exertion and efficient labor in any branch of industry or speculation. Long and systematic apprenticeship, steady devotion to a specific employment, opportunity for development and self-elevation, and the certainty of a fair return for one's toil, are the only means by which skilled workers and trusty servants can be obtained for any of the pursuits or occupations of ordinary life. Must the exercise of common sense be confined to the kitchen, the factory, and the counting-room? Is the government of a great nation an enterprise so easy, so unimportant, that it can be safely left to the care of ignorance and imbecility? Must we be forced to submit the management of our most weighty concerns, our most sacred interests, to men whom we would not tolerate for an instant as our domestic or commercial agents? We make vast pretensions to intelligence. Let us take care that we can be not ridiculed out of our own mouths.

A single illustration will suffice to show how reasonable is the doctrine we have enunciated, and how great is the peril to which we are exposed so long as its adoption is delayed.

As a fitting subject to which to apply the principles involved in this doctrine, we might choose at random almost any branch of the civil service; but we shall select the Department of Justice, a department whose name has an almost ironical sound to the ears of those who are familiar with the history of "outrage mills," "whisky trials," and similar products of the system of administration which has for some time past been so fashionable at Washington.

The corner-stone of this department is the office of United States District Attorney. We are all familiar with the nature and importance of the duties which attach to that office, but we seldom reflect upon the many and rare qualifications needed on the part of the men by whom these duties must be discharged. A large fund of technical learning, considerable experience at the bar, a thorough knowledge of the world, firmness of will, a quick and penetrating intelligence, sound judgment, habits of systematic diligence, and integrity of a high order, are all indispensable ingredients in the character of those who would undertake the task of prosecuting the causes and defending the interests of a great and intricate government like ours. Can any party hope to find among its ordinary following men distinguished by such a combination of natural and acquired excellencies. Men so endowed stoop not to the dictates of political managers, nor can they be forced to place the welfare of the people in subordination to the exigencies of party. They know that they may at any time be called upon to arraign

the tribunal of justice the friends and the most ardent rs of the administration; hey have reason to believe rrupt executive, taking alarm ıreatened discomfiture of its ts, will seek to forestall the nterpose to render investiga- impeachment migatory, they rn to place themselves in a when their most honest, pa- nd laborious exertions may them no other reward than ıd or dismissal. They will fied with nothing less than freedom in the discharge of ıty; and to this they can ward only when protected ure of office depending en- pon their fidelity to the te motive of their appoint- d upon a continued display ine ability. Honorable and men cannot be expected to trust to be holden at the of a selfish or unprincipled ? They crave stability; and, ey reverence authority, they ıdependence. They wish, r, to be convinced that, hey make a total conse- of their talents and their to the service of the public, ll be recompensed in pro- to the fulness of their sacri- lawyer capable of assuming the position of an attorney ɔvernment, has all the means ıg in private life a very large ry certain income. In sur- g the prospect of a com- fortune, as he necessarily he gives himself up with ss to his official duties, he ght to expect a salary that ble him to move without in the plan to which his and his reputation have im; and, since this salary, ked, allows him no oppor- or that enlargement of re- which is the result of un- g exertion in the field of business, he is entitled to such compensation as is afforded by the assurance of promotion and the certainty of a retiring pension.

Sheltered by the protection which a compliance with these natural, wise and equitable demands would impart, our legal representatives, whatever might be their political predilections, would, in their official capacity, view with indifference the rise and fall of parties; and justice, fairly championed in every case, would be allowed a clear field in her conflicts with irregularity, fraud, and conspiracy.

Were the attorney-general invariably chosen, as reason and propriety would suggest, from the most tried and worthy among the subordinate officers of the department over which it is the duty of that functionary to preside, we should never be called upon to witness the humiliating spectacle of ignorance, weakness, or cowardly subservience, enthroned in a position where wisdom, vigor, and the courageous exercise of duty are absolutely necessary for the healthful administration of the laws. Under such a rule of appointment, each new incumbent, having already passed through years of searching probation and effective discipline, would come to his post ripe for the faithful discharge of its difficult and laborious duties, a discreet and unprejudicial counsellor of the government, a vigilant and unflinching guardian of its rights, sagacious and prompt in the direction of his subordinates, and capable of inspiring in all who might have occasion to seek his advice, that confidence which proven ability, unassailable integrity, vast experience, and long and honorable service can alone elicit.

The State has an undoubted right to the best, the noblest, and the most disinterested labors of its citizens; and the citizens, on their part, are entitled to demand that such methods of selection and such systems of management shall be adopted, as will se-

cure for the public offices the uninterrupted services of those whose capabilities are equal to their trusts, and whose loyalty is superior to temptation. Men are not so wicked that they sin for the sake of sinning; and there is nothing to prevent the government from being ably and honestly served, if it will act with the same common sense, the same fairness, and the same generosity which corporations and individuals show in the conduct of their affairs.

But great political parties care less for the welfare of the country than for the maintenance of their own supremacy. They are naturally the necessary enemies of noble and independent minds. Their origin is often glorious, and their early history crowded with worthy achievements, but they speedily degenerate. Their purposes are necessarily ephemeral; but the power they wield and the riches they control are too congenial to human passion to be freely surrendered as soon as a desired movement has been consummated, or an acknowledged mission achieved. They cling to existence with a pertinacity that is almost unconquerable. Finally the nation becomes restless; the old combination goes down before a general uprising; a fresh organization seizes the reins of authority; all goes well for awhile, and then the new men form new plots for perpetual domination. Sometimes the people wait too long, and find that the only remedy left them is revolution; sometimes they lose heart, and tyranny triumphs till God's providence works redress.

Parties will always exist. They are a necessary feature of popular government. But woe to the country where independent thought and action have not sufficient strength to check the arrogance and to punish the usurpations of scheming politicians! Woe to the people who tolerate a policy which leaves the whole mechanism of the State at the mercy of men who love everything less than they love themselves!

If we really cherish our liberties, if we value true progress as highly as we pretend, let us be jealous of partisan power. We may co-operate, as we think best, with one organization or another; but let it be understood that all parties are slaves, and all citizens freemen. It is the masses who have most at stake. Let them proclaim, in tones which will re-echo with unmistakable import through every section of the land, that good men shall not be ousted from office to make place for sycophants and henchmen; let them demand that ability and honesty shall be everywhere respected; and let them prove at the polls that they have the means of enforcing compliance with their wishes.

Any one who observes the current of domestic events is sadly familiar with the radical spirit of partisan rule. Every turn of the political wheel results in an entire derangement of the public service. From the cabinet secretary to the city policeman, every man who will not swear allegiance, now and forever, to the party in power, must bid farewell to his position and to his prospects. It would seem as though a belief in the infallible wisdom of the administration, and an acknowledgment of its indefeasible right of sway, were requisite for the proper performance of the most simple matter of routine. We can understand why changes in the ministerial staff of the government may sometimes be required by the general good, even when nothing can be alleged derogatory to the honor and general capacity of the officers who may be summarily called upon to vacate their positions, or to exchange them for others less exalted or less remunerative: but it is simply impossible to invent a decent excuse for the fiat of political slaughter which inevitably follows the triumph of an opposing faction. Nothing but a conspir-

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tics, and secure the triumph of men whose aim is the happiness of their fellow-citizens, and whose one absorbing passion is the speediest achievement of their country's greatest good. Let them peremptorily demand a voice in every nominating convention throughout the land; let them work both day and night to secure the co-operation of honest men of every political creed; let them solemnly declare that they will oppose, stubbornly and to the bitter end, every candidate who refuses to pledge himself in unqualified terms to labor with all his might to reform the public service, to secure stability in government, and to punish with unrelenting severity all who prove recreant to their trusts; and then let them march boldly to the polls, determined to have fair play at any cost—and they will win.

Corruption is eating away the limbs of the nation; but the vitals of the body politic are as yet unassailed. Sufficient strength remains for reaction. But moments are precious. If the friends of order will rally with ardor, forgetting all minor differences, and will band together with the single purpose of delivering the government from the hands of demagogues and conspirators, the torrent of our present disorders will be effectually checked, and time will be afforded for that slow and thorough regeneration of the national heart which religion can alone effect. Those who wish to prove themselves true lovers of their country will hasten to range themselves beneath the standard of a pure and unselfish patriotism. Neutrality must henceforward be denounced as a crime. We must fight or be enslaved; and stern will be the reckoning of those who stand listlessly by whilst the shackles of freedom are being forged in their sight.

SOMETHING OVERLOOKED BY CERTAIN CENTENNIAL CELEBRATORS.

ABOUT two hundred years ago, or more,
Disgusted with the old world's mockery,
Its crimes, committed under false pretence
Of loyalty to her, its lying code—
Stern Liberty forsook her whilom throne,
Cast down her sceptre, like a hated thing,
Her crown of gems, from which the light had fled—
Ground into dust beneath her feet, that turned
To find another home where Truth might share
Her noble sway, her peerless might sustain.
The throne deserted, crown and sceptre crushed,
A moment stopped the proud and fearless step,
And to the eyes, that erst had pierced the sun
With eagle gaze, came dimness—born of tears!
Tears for the wreck and ruin left behind;
For persecution, bloodshed, anarchy;
For fettered bodies, and degraded souls;
For foul rebellion acted in her name;
For tyrant's vile abuse of monarch's power:
Insult to God, and martyrdom to man!
So stood on ocean's strand proud Liberty;
Homeless, discrowned, and weeping!
Far beyond
Atlantic's mighty swell, with gesture grand,
The Genius of the Nations beckoned her
To leave that false and venal world behind,
And crown a new one with her glorious rule.
Then, as her step obeyed, with wearied fall,
Came Truth to her strong support, and friend to be.
Thus helped, forth trod her foot in majesty
That made the waves its minions trampling down
Their foam, to cleave a path to that beyond
Soon to become the Home of Liberty!
(This was four hundred years ago, or more,
Not less, and so Centennial homage claims;
Why e'en a jack-knife, rusting in the sod,
One hundred years ago, forthwith brings price!
E'en though a clown had dropped it from his hand!
Come, value that which sings our nation's state,
Not one, but full *two* hundred years ago!)
Well, fair she stood upon Columbia's shore,
The royal, discrowned wanderer, and fair
Columbia smiled to greet her, smiled through light
Of crimson sunset, bathing hill and vale—
All jeweled with the verdant emerald's tint
In rosy sea of splendor. "Peerless land,"
Cried Liberty, in rapture; "here I rest!"
Beside the shore, a band of hardy men
With "iron will" and "purpose stern" upon
Their faces stamped, were toiling. Yet the seemed
On e'en compelling Earth her fruits to yield
No smile their perfect gravity e'er marred;
No song rose trifling on the summer air;
No jest went round to steal the mind from work;
But sometimes, in the pause of labor, rose
A dignified remonstrance with the God
Who placed its burden on their shoulders this
Was prayer,—an't please you!
"List!" said Liberty,
Advancing royally; "what sought ye here?"
"*Freedom to worship God!*" the toilers said
"*My* perfect gift!" the noble wand'rer cried
"And mine alone to give! This the shall be
My fitting home!" They built a throne forthwith;
They crowded round her, and, in sounding phrase,
They told a tale of persecution dark
In far-off England, and of tyranny;
Of noble sacrifice and struggle grand,
To find Religion's dearest privilege:
To bleed, to starve, to—die, or compass it!
"Oh, hearts of martyrs! souls of God's own saints!
True basis for the throne of Liberty!
No storm can move you, nor no power can crush,
Here is my place, here Truth can rest for aye!"
Thus Liberty entranced, the past forgot;
But Truth stood silent, stern, below the throne,
And offered not to lead her to its height.
Alone she reached it, noting not that there
Her white wings folded, and her face of light
Bowed to the dust, her sweet companion drooped,
Nor once enthroned, heeded that, with thongs
Of cruel weight, the stern, unsmiling crew
Scourged her from out her lowly resting place!
Alas! the throne of Liberty stands not
Where Truth is banished. Soon it reeled and when

Around it gathered Falsehood's minions vile,
Intolerance, and Tyranny, and Pride,
And hollow Pretence, and Hypocrisy,
The outraged majesty of Liberty
Forsook its seat—it tottered, crumbled, fell!
Upon its ruins trampled maddened groups
Of tortured creatures, cut, and burned, and scourged,
By those whose boast, "Religious Freedom!" seemed
A "cry to heaven for vengeance," while the tongues,
Pierced through with red-hot steel, essayed to speak
A prayer to God for Liberty's return;
And bruised knees sought earth; and bleeding hands
Called God to witness that they suffered thus
For daring to adore him their own way,
For differing from the worship ordered there—
Worship without Humility or Love,
And mockery of Faith that only lived
A feeble span—in words of pond'rous length!
Oh, Liberty! the lie that drove thee thence,
The lie called "Freedom pure to worship God,"
Lent swiftness to thy step, which erst had lagged,
When bearing thee from Old World tyranny!
There, men preyed on each other for men's greed,
But here, they tortured—in the name of God!
There, Truth supported thee on thy sad way;
Here, Falsehood chased thee, outraged, from thy throne,
To seek again thy noble, tender friend,
Who set thy steps around with strength and love,
The spotless, changeless spirit—mighty Truth!
Where'er the hand of man a home had raised
Within the shelter of the New World's arms,
Majestic strode the feet of Liberty
In search of Truth! Alas, the search in vain!
Men prated of her name, but nowhere shone
Her radiant face, and glaring, in its stead,
Was fierce Intolerance, and Falsehood's form
Veiled in fair garb of seeming piety,
Wrought from the threads of canting speech and loud
Assertion of "man's godly righteousness."
But echo of the cry, "Thank God *I* am
Not like the rest of men!"
At last a day
(The story claims Centennial honors, please,
Writ on the pages of our history,
And duly taught for truth in all our schools),
A day upon Columbia's record dawned,
When, to her lovely shores, a pilgrim band,
Whose ensign was the Cross, was wafted by
The ocean winds—at bidding of the Lord.
They, too, sought "Freedom pure to worship God,"
And ere they reared a throne for Liberty,
Upon the summit of the height prepared,
They proudly raised their ensign grand—the Cross;
Then, white and jeweled in its sacred shade,
They placed the throne, and from their hearts they sent
Fair Truth, their guest beloved to hold it safe
For Liberty. Then called they her proud name.
Far o'er the waste, she heard the welcome call;
Far o'er the waste she looked, and saw the Cross,
Far o'er the waste she came with winged step,
Found Truth, found throne, found *home in Maryland!*
There came the persecuted from where'er,
Intolerance her bloody banner waved,
There "freedom" found "to worship God," there saw
What Truth achieves, when linked with Liberty:
Oh, one, true Church! thy peerless heritage,
And thine alone, but for thy presence grand,
Denied a resting-place in our loved land!
Ah, safe that throne beneath the Cross, above
The hearts which sent forth Truth with ev'ry throb
To be its royal guard!
Where dwells she *now*,
This majesty of Liberty we own,
This goddess of our free Republic's faith,
This stay of all our homes, and all our rights,
This queen our Washington so proudly served?
Dwells she where party spirit for mean ends,
For personal and petty greed, works out
Mean deeds, and shames the nation with their blots?
Dwells she where numbers of the people lie
'Neath lash of persecution for their creed—
Low persecution, dealing not in death,
That is too high for such; *it* martyrs make—
But dealing in the slurs which fret a life
That fain would be its country's pulse and hope?
Dwells she in places high, where men that hold
The sacred trust great Washington bequeathed,
The places vacant left by heroes dead,
Degrade their nation by Corruption's code,
Fold up [illegible], thrusting it behind
The [illegible] concealment?
[illegible]ty,

The queen we claim our own, dwells in proud halls
The peoples' hands have reared for justice' sake,
Where laws are made coercing consciences,
Where e'en the children's souls are seized upon,
And bound by fetters heavier than those
Of any slavery earth hath offered yet?
Earth fetters bodies only—these the soul.
Pray, dwells the Liberty ye sing and vaunt
Where such vile chains await the innocents?
Nay, not in one of these.
Where dwells she then?
Our star, our dearest love, our gem of life!
Oh, ye who call the world to look on us
With eyes that envy, wonder, and admire,
Because she dwelleth here,—*where is her home?*
In all the length and breadth of this proud land,
Where stands the radiant throne of Liberty?
Oh, holy, Apostolic, Catholic,
And undivided Church! *in thee alone!*
In thy grand keeping, by thy Truth sustained;
Beneath the shelter of thy stay, the Cross;
Where Justice rules, and all in God's sweet care,
Are brothers truly, and where Charity
On Justice's right hand holds holy power;
Outside of which, Truth *is not*—there alone
Imperial doth she dwell, our earthly star,
Our heav'nly guest, God's angel, Liberty!
Oh, ye who boast her presence, yet insult
Her dwelling, pray, remember her fair life
Is bound up in that temple ye would crush!
With Catholicity dies Liberty!

A TRIP TO IRELAND.

"She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine."—DAVIS.

A TRIP to Ireland! What interest has a trip to Ireland for American readers? Yes; Ireland possesses a thousand charms—a thousand attractions for millions on this side of the Atlantic. Others may prefer to visit France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Greece, Egypt, or Palestine; but for Irishmen there is no place like Ireland, no place so rich in historic memories, no place so embellished by nature with picturesque and sublime scenery.

Even in his happiest moments the exile pines for the land of his birth, and this is specially true of the warm-hearted Irishman. No matter how long the Irish exile may have enjoyed the blessings of American freedom, no matter with what felicity a happy home may have blessed him, no matter what honors his genius, learning, virtues, or honest industry may have won for him, he still longs to revisit the scenes of his childhood, and to meet once more friends and companions whose faces can never fade from his memory. Even though the grave may have closed over his nearest and dearest, the green hills of his native land have for him an historic interest which no foreign clime can ever possess. We are told that after many years of exile one of the United Irishmen returned to Ireland, and that, when asked what had induced him to revisit the land of his birth, when the green grass was growing over the graves of all his friends, he promptly responded, "I came to see the mountains," a memorable answer which has become the theme of a touching and beautiful poem. In truth the briar in an Irish hedge is dearer to many an exiled son of Erin than the fairest flower that can be seen in a rich American garden.

——"Not the richest rose
In an alien clime that blows,
Like the briar at home that grows,
Is dear."

So sang an Irish poet who tasted the bitterness of exile, and who sleeps his last sleep in an American grave, far from the land whose praises he celebrated in immortal verse. Neither time nor distance can weaken

Irishman's love for Ireland. "Ab-
ıce," says Moore, "however fatal
ɜome affections of the heart, rather
ıds to strengthen our love for the
d where we were born; and Ire-
d is the country, of all others,
ich an exile from it must remem-
with most enthusiasm. Those
darker and less amiable traits
h which bigotry and misrule have
ned her character, and which are
apt to disgust us upon a nearer
ɛrcourse, become at a distance
:ened, or altogether invisible.
thing is remembered but her vir-
s and her misfortunes—the zeal
h which she has always loved lib-
r, and the barbarous policy which
always withheld it from her—the
ɛ with which her generous spirit
ght be conciliated, and the cruel
enuity which has been exerted to
ng her into undutifulness."

The truth of these words cannot
denied, for though they were ad-
ssed to a lady (the Marchioness
Donegal) whose Protestant preju-
ɛs Moore did not wish to offend,
r still supply a proof of his
ıotism and of his manly spirit
ıdependence. Ireland, indeed,
e country which the Irish exile
fondly remembers, and a trip
:land is a pleasure which makes
eart young again—a pleasure
banishes care and kills sorrow.
ɔpearance of friends may have
'd, time may have set its marks
ıces which once looked young
autiful, the village in which
born may wear a new aspect,
e are some things in Ireland
the same. No matter how
may be absent from her
'e will always find her hills
ɜ as green as ever, her val-
ooming as ever, her rivers
c as ever, her lakes as ro-
ever, her ruins as interest-
:r, her music as sweet as
faith as unconquerable as
he hearts of her people as
ıs generous as ever. I
'hether these are the feel-
ings and impressions of others, but I am certain they were the feelings which animated my breast when, on the 4th of July, 1874, I bade farewell for a few months to my books, and sailed for Queenstown from New York on the good ship Spain, of the National Line. The master of this splendid steamer is Captain Grace, who, by long, faithful, and efficient service, has won the title of Commodore of the National fleet. An abler or more conscientious captain never trod a deck. I have crossed the Atlantic nine times; I have devoted especial attention to the treatment of passengers and the discipline of crews; I must say, and I say it with pleasure, that I never met an officer who enforces stricter discipline, and pays more delicate attention to passengers than Captain Grace. Steerage passengers who for years have suffered untold wrongs, are his special care. Accompanied by the surgeon and purser he daily examines their food, and makes it his business to have the rules of health duly observed. Female emigrants cannot be insulted with impunity under his vigilant care. Indeed, to the lasting credit of the National Steamship Company, it must be said that its most active members were the first to institute necessary reforms in the steerage departments of all their vessels, reforms which are now adopted by the managers of other steamship lines. "Like priest," says the old adage, "like people," and in the same spirit it may be said, like captain like crew. If the master of a vessel forgets his duty, his subordinates, with rare exceptions, will follow his example. Under the watchful eye of Captain Grace no officer, no sailor could sleep at his post. He was himself a model for all his men. Such was his fidelity to duty that for forty hours in a thick fog he was not ten minutes off the bridge of the steamer. How many terrible and lamentable disasters might be avoided at sea if captains

were equally vigilant, equally faithful to duty! In pausing thus for a moment to give the captain of the Spain the praise to which he is eminently entitled, I have performed what I consider a grateful and honorable duty. The inhuman treatment to which I have seen steerage passengers subjected on more than one steamer, makes it incumbent on me to pay my humble tribute to a humane and worthy officer. It is unnecessary to speak of the treatment of cabin passengers, because they receive every attention which they can reasonably expect. They have all the comforts which can be found in a first-class hotel, unless sea-sickness or rough weather prevents them from enjoying the good things with which they are plentifully supplied. Such was the impression which the rich saloon of the Spain made on me. After a pleasant voyage of nine days the hills of Kerry met my gaze on the morning of the 12th of July, the passengers gave three cheers for old Ireland, and a few hours later the steam tug of the National Line came in sight at a short distance from Queenstown. As the tug approached us, a stalwart Irishman on the deck of the Spain sang in a clear and loud voice the following verses, which were cheered to the echo by all the passengers, Scotch, English, Irish, and American:

"The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil, and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend, or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?"

At length the small steamer was made fast to the large one, and all who intended to land in Queenstown, myself among them, boarded her without delay. A passenger, with stentorian voice, shouted, "Three cheers for the captain," which were given with good will; we bade adieu to the Spain, and in a few minutes were safely landed in Queenstown.

"We are once more in Ireland," said I to an old friend who met me on the shore. "Yes, sir; and you are *welcome*," was the prompt reply. After spending a week in Queenstown, I visited the most famous places in the four provinces. Irish scenery is always beautiful, Irish hospitality always royal; but neither the natural scenery of the country, nor the generous hospitality of its people, had such attractions for me as the incontestable evidences of educational and religious progress which everywhere delight the eye of the Christian traveller.

To describe scenery which tourists, essayists, novelists, and poets have described a hundred times is not my purpose. There is no country in Europe in which American tourists can feast their eyes with more beautiful and sublime scenery than in Ireland. The graphic pen of a Scott, or a Washington Irving, could not do justice to Irish scenery. No words can describe it, no pencil can paint it. "I think," said Thackeray, "Irish scenery just like the Irish melodies, sweet, wild, and sad, even in the sunshine. You can represent neither the one nor the other by words; but I am sure if one could translate 'The Meeting of the Waters' into form and colors, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. As for the Londoner, who is meditating a trip to the Rhine for the summer, or to Britanny or Normandy, let us beseech him to see Ireland first; and if, after twenty-four hours of an easy journey from London, the cockney be not placed in the midst of a country as beautiful, as strange to him, as romantic as the most imaginative man on 'Change can desire, may this work (his *Irish Sketch-book*) be praised by the critics all round, and never reach a second edition!"

The celebrated traveller, Henry David Inglis, who made a tour through Ireland in 1834, thus speaks of the descent of the Blackwater:

ve had descents of the
and descents of the Rhine
Rhone, and of many other
ut we have not in print, as
know, any descent of the
er; and yet, with all these
of foreign rivers in my re-
, I think the descent of the
er not surpassed by any of
detail of all that is seen in
own the Blackwater, from
n to Youghal, would fill a
ter. There is every com-
that can be produced by
nts that enter into the pic-
and the beautiful — deep
old rocks, verdant slopes,
triumphs of art superadd-
nade visible in magnificent
nd beautiful villas, with
orated lawns and pleasure-
'

nany kinds of scenery,"
patriotic Thomas Davis,
n challenge comparison.
has no lake so dreamily
as Killarney; no bays where
ness of Norway unites with
ing of Naples, as in Bantry;
night coast the world with-
ng cliffs so vast and so ter-
Achill and Slieve League.
too, as the Rhine is, we
its warmest admirers would
from rivalry the Nore and
water, if they had seen the
and the twisted slopes, and
d aisles, and the glancing
s, and the feudal castles
which you boat up from
to Mallow, or glide down
mastown to Waterford har-
cenery which a Scotchman,
an, and an Englishman are
is in praising, must com-
e admiration of American
who can appreciate the sub-
beautiful in art and nature.
pily American travellers do
long enough in Ireland to
her scenery, or to compare
ies with the natural charms
countries. In saying this,
refer to Irish-Americans.
They seldom think the time which they spend in the old land too long. But enough of Irish scenery. My object in visiting the country was to ascertain, as far as was possible or convenient for me, the social, political, educational, and religious progress which the people have made during the past hundred years.

Ireland is not in as flourishing a condition as she would be under the fostering and beneficent influence of a native parliament. Her great natural and industrial resources are undeveloped. Millions of acres, which capital, judiciously directed, could make as productive and as profitable as the fair fields of Munster and the rich plains of Leinster, are still unreclaimed; rivers that could turn a thousand mills flow idly to the ocean; lakes, admirably fitted for internal navigation, are occupied only by the yachts of local aristocrats; harbors, that could shelter all the fleets of the world, are sometimes untenanted by a single merchant ship, and the cry of the emigrant is the only sound that interrupts the dull quiet that reigns in many an historic Irish town. Where you would expect to see palaces of industry, the poorhouse, the curse of Ireland, is sometimes the most sightly edifice that meets the eye. Why should idleness be supported at the expense of Irish industry? Why should state-craft seal the fountains of private charity? Alas, the poorhouses have replaced the old monasteries! Living tombs have been substituted for those noble asylums of charity, in which the old and infirm, the sick and needy, always found a home which ignorant government officials never darkened with their presence. Poorhouses are necessary in Protestant countries; but in Catholic lands they are fertile sources of vice and misery. The Catholic Church, wherever free and unfettered, has made provisions for every form of human suffering. In Ireland she has been robbed and plun-

dered for centuries, and one of the sad effects of the cruel persecutions to which she has been subjected is the establishment of poorhouses, which have realized the worst anticipations of O'Connell and Archbishop MacHale.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Ireland is not as wretched as she was fifty years ago. The people are steadily advancing in education, culture, and prosperity. They are better fed, better clad, and better educated than they have been for centuries. In spite of bad legislation, in spite of landlord despotism, in spite of the incubus of a State church which daily outraged their religious feelings and traditions, in spite of educational disabilities which still indirectly perpetuate the worst features of the penal code, in spite of the want of enterprise which keeps capital idle and unprofitable, their progress in the grand career of national improvement is marked and decided. This is a truth which all critics and reviewers, native and foreign, Irish and English, seem to admit. We cannot close our eyes to facts, and a few unquestionable facts may carry conviction where well-rounded periods and nicely-balanced sentences might fail. "Facts," says the old adage, "are stubborn things." The tempest of persecution, which swept with such destructive force over Ireland, prostrated in the dust those monuments of piety and temples of learning which for centuries had made the island the wonder of Christendom. Neither Church, nor school, nor college, nor convent, nor monastery was left to cheer, console, or bless with the gift of knowledge, the afflicted and persecuted population. Nothing survived the destructive fury of the conqueror save the ruins which marked his progress through the entire land. The hedge-school replaced the famous universities, and the "mass-field" the noble cathedrals of happier times.

"Not a church," says Cardinal Wiseman, "was left to Iri not a place in which to asse worship God; not a college school, not an institution b religion could be supported o ped up; not any of those ap by which the inward devotic much warmed and sustained function of the Church, not ject which could move the r affections, hardly even the p receiving instruction; it is a n indeed, how, with the loss, tl loss, of every one of these necessary aids to religion many centuries, it was pre not only alive, but bright an liant; not only warm, but l in the hearts of the entire tion. If there remained— not say a splendid cathedral church like the one (St. Mi Ballinasloe) in which we a assembled—preserved from th time for Catholic worship, I that, notwithstanding the s of its structure, the very would be kissed away by the pilgrims."

Such were the words of t mortal predecessor of Cardin ning about eighteen years ag us compare the present with tl and prove by figures the ac ligious progress which Irela made since the first relaxatior penal code. One hundred ye there was not a single sub Catholic church edifice in th island; to-day the church chapels number nearly 2400 thatched chapels in which our heard mass have entirely disap There is scarcely a diocese in magnificent cathedrals are ready consecrated or in co erection. During the past five years especially, the w building cathedrals worthy o æval piety has been prosecut a success which has excited t der of more powerful natio the middle of the eighteen tury the priests of Ireland s

numbered 1000; at present they number 3500. Eighty-six years ago there was not even one Catholic college in all Ireland; to-day she can boast of the greatest ecclesiastical seat of learning in Christendom (Maynooth), and a noble university with forty-seven affiliated colleges. To these must be added the missionary college of All Hallows, in which two hundred and fifty students are educated for the foreign mission. It is now thirty-four years since a pious priest, the Rev. John Hand, founded, with the approbation of Pope Gregory XVI, this deserving institution for the purpose of carrying the faith of St. Patrick to distant lands. He saw the victims of poverty and oppression weekly emigrating by thousands to the British Colonies and the United States, and the sad spectacle suggested to his Catholic heart the necessity of establishing a college for the education of self-sacrificing priests who would follow their brethren to their new homes, and bless them with the consolations of that holy religion to which their forefathers had clung with such heroic fidelity. The good priest begged from door to door the funds which enabled him to establish, within one mile of the Irish metropolis, the college in which so many noble and zealous priests have been trained and educated for the foreign mission.

Heaven blessed his grand undertaking with a success which realized the fondest anticipations of his most active patrons and supporters. Before he was called to his reward in 1846, he had the pleasure of seeing fifty students prepared to preach the gospel in different parts of the world. What people but the Irish would establish and support by voluntary contributions a great missionary college on the eve of a terrible famine? But there is no sacrifice too great for that generous people in the cause of charity, religion, and education. It is unnecessary to remind the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD that All Hallows' College is still sustained by the voluntary contributions of the faithful. May it live and flourish. *Vivat et floreat.* In the national schools primary instruction is imparted to nearly a million of Irish children. There are in Ireland at present 172 religious communities of men and 255 of women—almost all devoted to the glorious work of giving the rising generation a pure Catholic education. The Christian Brothers alone are educating thirty thousand pupils. They have certainly deserved well of the Irish people. By writing and compiling a set of excellent school books, they have compelled the leading members of an anti-Irish Board of Education to become more national.

The present condition of a few dioceses, over which the waves of ruin swept with fearful force, strikingly illustrates the religious and educational progress of which I am speaking. The ancient diocese of Ferns embraces the entire county of Wexford and part of Wicklow. Every student of Irish history knows the conspicuous part which the gallant people of Wexford played in the rebellion of 1798. They fought with heroic courage against fearful odds, and only yielded to the cruel foe when all but honor was lost. At the close of the rebellion the entire county was a scene of ruin and desolation. Not one house of Catholic worship escaped the fury of a brutalized soldiery. But, thanks to Celtic piety and heroism, Wexford has risen, like the phœnix, from its ashes. In the diocese of Ferns there are to-day 90 churches and chapels, 1 college, 6 superior schools, 150 Catholic primary schools, 80 public Catholic circulating libraries, and a Catholic population of 136,000. Is not this progress with a vengeance?

The diocese of Raphoe embraces nearly all Donegal, with the exception of the far-famed Innishowen,

STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

CHAPTER TENTH.

BROKEN CHAINS.

THE cynical and splenetic poet, Alexander Pope, thus wrote to his friend Lord Bolingbroke, after a severe illness: "I have learned that there is more true wisdom to be acquired in one week spent in a sick-room, than in all the books of theology and philosophy that have ever been written." Adele fully realized, upon her recovery, the force of this maxim. Her long contest with the sufferings of the flesh, developed the germ of a latent power and force of character that surprised even herself. She saw, as in a magic mirror, her past; undivested of the meretricious glitter of the world's adornment, and the sacrifice of all true womanhood, that she had laid on the shrine of Moloch, now appeared in all its genuine hideousness. In how far this error could be repaired, and her soul rehabilitated in truth and purity, now became the subject of her constant meditation. To live over again the life of the month succeeding her marriage; to profane the sacramental bond, and "they two shall be as one flesh;" one in love, one in interest, one in sorrow, one in joy; one in a unity so strong, so perfect, that only death could sever this adamantine bond; to keep this compact to the letter, and yet profane it in the spirit; to accept all the advantages of the carnal trammels, yet ignore the solemn covenant of God; this would be indeed a prostitution of the highest and holiest design of that divine institution. Revolving all these considerations, her conscience revolted against the idea of living again as the wife of Mr. Rowland, until she could fulfil those conditions. But she had assumed a life obligation to this man, and she intended to abide by the trust. She would return then, to his home, as she had been commanded to do, but only in the capacity of daughter or sister; to do the honors of his house, to make his interests, his comfort her main consideration, and to receive her due as the mistress from all.

The time of settlement had come, and she nerved herself to meet it; braced herself to bear heroically the storm of vulgar abuse that followed, upon "her cursed sentimentality." But her calm eloquence, and that innate force which purity of principle and intention always wields over the most ignorant and basest minds, won her triumph. The acquisition of wealth, and the good opinion of the world, were the two cardinal points in Mr. Rowland's profession of faith. It was to the last Nemesis alone that Adele mainly owed the ultimate acceptance of her terms of amity. That the envious, truckling herd should know that he had been foiled in holding his hardly earned prize; foiled in moulding this frail, delicate piece of mechanism, through the virtue and tact of a mere baby-girl, seemed to be a far more serious matter in his eyes, than the actual loss of the prize itself. So Adele returned to her husband's home, and like a deposed queen, who in exile had learned her own rights, and the weakness of her enemies, and through affliction had attained force; so, she, to the amazement of Miss Rowland, with Louise for her prime minister, quietly assumed the reins of government. Her gentle firmness and dignity, under the numerous tongue-tornadoes that greeted her *régime*, finally convinced Miss Hannah that quiet submission was the only course now left her, in lieu of her former

ives of office. The wonder-
ıge wrought in the character
'ife, was a subject of constant
ıment to Mr. Rowland. He
daily for a relapse into her
uciance, believing her present
but one of the many phases
recent illness. But as time
and he saw no return of her
impulsiveness, but on the
y a steady development of
n, self-reliant qualities of ma-
manhood, he began to look
er as something superior and
ɔachable; and so by degrees
ł the imperative manner he
vays used when speaking to
Contrary to his former course,
was desirous of seeing her
prominent position in the
ıf fashion, and insisted upon
of entertainments at his own
Adele's life had become so
introverted, that such excite-
as actually oppressive to her.
dience to his wishes had been
ıf the sacrifice assumed; and
as there was no infringement
ital points, she readily com-
Thus two years of this pro-
had passed, bringing to her
sive peace that is the reward
mplished duties; that peace,
without the power of bestow-
ppiness, can yet yield the
; of repose. The past she had
Only the name of Angelo
arose with the incense of
His soul she felt was still a
her charge, and all his neces-
whether the present world
ains him in the flesh, or the
o come has already received
this was a portion of each
ɔblation. At the beginning
hird year after her return to
band, Mr. Rowland was sud-
truck with paralysis. Con-
the expectations and remon-
of the family, Adele at once
l the position of nurse, and
him with the devotion, if not
lerness, of a loving wife. At
t seemed as if nothing but
the spirit of a perfect love could sustain her in this new ordeal; but the fruit of sacrifice, and the power of prayer, proved stronger stimulants than even human love, and upheld her through the performance of the most fatiguing and repulsive duties. Six months thus passed, and all hope of restoration was abandoned. Every effort to impart to him the consolations of religion had failed. "He had lived," he said, "without it, and he didn't mean to turn coward, like a woman, in dying." As the subject became only a source of violent irritation, it was dropped. He never evinced any appreciation of Adele's devotion, except that he was more patient with her than with others. She tried to divert and entertain him with books, but they "bored him;" only the newspapers, and a chapter in the Bible on Sundays, "just by way of being respectable," interested him. One day when reading the paper for him, she observed that he seemed inclined to sleep, so she laid it down and resumed her needlework. Presently she felt that his eyes were fixed intently upon her face.

"You made pretty tough terms with me," at length he suddenly said; "but you have been a good little wife, and kept things mighty snug in this sick-room. I think there is something queer the matter with me to-day, I feel so strange."

"Can I do anything to relieve you?" said Adele, rising and smoothing his pillow.

"No; it ain't that; these confounded old pains can't be helped, I suppose. But I've got to thinking, and everything I ever done in my youth keeps coming before me just like a picture."

"Perhaps if you would talk about these things, it might dispel the illusion."

"Yes, I've been thinking of some things I'd like you to know, Adie, but they won't make you think any better of me, I'll promise you. Do

you mind a letter I got with a black seal, that Hannah was so curious about?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, that told me of the death of a woman that I once had a great fancy for, and, to make a bad story short, that I deceived by a sham marriage."

Adele gave a start, and an expression of horror. But without noticing it, he continued:

"The letter was written by her daughter. You'll find it among my papers. I tell you this so you may understand the codicil to my will of that very date. Some way, I felt rather bad, and thought that I ought to do something for the children."

"Children! whose children?" exclaimed Adele, greatly agitated.

"Her's and mine; twin girls," he replied.

"Oh, Mr. Rowland! and have you never provided for them, or their mother?"

"Never. But it wasn't just my fault. When she found out the trick, she was too tarnation proud to take anything from me; but turned in and supported herself, teaching a little school, and sewing."

"Oh! I trust, I beg, Mr. Rowland, that you will do them justice now," said Adele earnestly. "Only think of the reparation you owe the mother, through them; and how much such an atonement will do for your own soul."

"Yes, I suppose that's all right. But somehow I can't care much for folks I've never seen; but I'll do something; only it would be an ugly story to get out. I've told you now just to stop curiosity when my will is read."

"It may be long before that day. Don't, I pray you, Mr. Rowland, don't wait. Let me act for you now, at once," said Adele, beseechingly.

"No, I won't; so don't worry me any more about it;" and he closed his eyes as if for sleep.

Two days after he was struck by a fit of apoplexy, and without recovering consciousness, death followed in a few hours. All the pomp and pageantry of wealth followed him to the grave, but failed to purchase one loving heart; and the *requiescat in pace* died on Adele's lips before uttered.

A comfortable provision was left by his will to his sister; some minor bequests to a few friends, and the residue of his property, valued at $300,000, was left unreservedly to his wife. A murmur of congratulation and surprise ran through the room; but Adele sat immovably calm. She awaited the codicil, fully expecting that by it this immense fortune would be changed to a competence only. Mr. Brent continued to read: "I do hereby will and bequeath to Sarah and Rachel Hunter, the surviving twin daughters of my old friend Mary Smith, residing in the town of ——, State of Maine, each the sum of $5000."

This was all; and Adele found herself the richest woman in the West. Throughout the warm congratulations of her friends, she seemed by her passive calmness more like a woman who had lost, instead of one who had gained "great expectations."

"We had hoped, Adele," said Mr. Lyman, "that we should now have you home again with us. But since your husband has given such a noble appreciation of your worth, of course it is only proper that you should represent his name and fortune by retaining your own establishment."

"I will let you know, uncle, my conclusions in a few days," she replied, "but you must promise to believe that whatever I do, will be from my own sense of right and duty."

Chapter Eleventh.

REPARATION.

An elegant establishment and $300,000! Truly a princely for-

/ years ago, when ideas
erate, tastes less extrava-
luxuries rather the excep-
the rule, as now. Three
housand dollars! a good
he trifling sacrifice of the
ion of two young hearts,
ıe daily torture of learn-
o bring in subjection, all
s for the attainment of a
e. A goodly price for
ıours of desolation, when
hungered in anguish for
of a sympathetic voiçe.
price for the ceaseless re-
deferred hope that hung
k pall over the uncertain
: life; a price that hurled
m the summit of an all-
ith and glorified hope,
he deeps of an abyssmal
True, she had waited long
mpensation; but now that
n was attained, and beauty
on were still crowned with
outh, the blight that had
nmed the lustre of hope,
surely be dispelled by
)ked-for fall of *Danæs*
n. But no. This long
prize now seemed to
the thirty pieces of sil-
/as it not the price of a
uld she now indorse and
inful sacrifice by accept-
ood-dyed gold? Never!
:re others who had a
holier claim. By relin-
to them, a double atone-
d be made, and her con-
quitted. In a few days,
ore her lawyer, Mr. Brent,
yman, her decision, at the
relating to them the story
y Mr. Rowland in refer-
children. After directing
) be distributed in some
rities, she retained $5000
r her own income, and
ferred the whole residue
ighters of Mr. Rowland.
:men were speechless with
nt; but all subsequent
and entreaties failed to
change her determination. "You may think," she said, "in retaining so large an income for one person, that I am making but a *quasi* sacrifice; but while I do not feel that I am obliged to reduce myself to poverty, I also am desirous of having it in my own power, to help with this dearly bought wealth some of God's suffering creatures. So you see, I am selfish enough to keep a portion in my own hand, that I may not be compelled to turn the worthy petitioner from my door."

Society was in a ferment of mingled astonishment and indignation when these facts were developed, but Mrs. Grundy settled the whole question by bringing in a verdict of insanity.

One of Adele's strongest yearnings for years had been to visit her mother's grave, and the dear sunny Southland of her birth; and now that thought and action were both free, she also determined never to rest, while the fate of Angelo Leland still remained a mystery; but to do all in her power to atone for the past, and thereby to restore her conscience to peace. Leaving home early in the summer, with Louise for protector, she went first to the old home of her childhood, and as soon as sufficiently rested, visited her mother's old friend, Father Halloran. "You do not remember me, father," she said, as he looked inquiringly, and with a strangely questioning look, into her face. When she told him her name, and the object of her long journey, the memory of the child returned vividly to the good father, and he asked her many questions of her past and present, he soon gathering through his knowledge of the human heart, that more thorns and roses had been woven in the crown of her youthful years.

"But, my child," he said, "your face is so strangely familiar to me, and yet even the most faithful memory can scarcely recognize the features of the child in the lineaments of the woman. I have it!" he suddenly ex-

claimed. "It is my Madonna. You must come to the chapel and look at my gem," he said with enthusiasm, and he led the way by a door that communicated with the house through the sacristy. After a genuflexion and short prayer, Father Halloran opened the sanctuary railing, and led her to a picture that hung on one side of the altar. What a vision of loveliness, what a depth of pathos looked down upon her from those eyes. True, she could not fail to see the likeness to herself, but it was too far sanctified by suffering and purity for any human countenance even to approach such an idealization. The treatment although purely original, yet suggested the exquisite "Misericordia di Lucca" of Fra Bartolomeo, which he painted about two years before his death. With arms extended, as if in supplication, and eyes raised to heaven, the blessed mother stood, in majestic size and attitude, her robes of white and blue flowing peacefully as if stirred by a gentle wind, while the exquisite faces of two angels looked from amid the clouds as if in response to her prayer. Adele was deeply moved, and wondered by what chance such a work of undoubted value had found its way to this distant little church. As soon as they were again in the house, she asked Father Halloran to tell her the origin of the picture, as it was undoubtedly a splendid copy of one of the old masters. "You are mistaken, my child," he said, "and will be more surprised when I tell you that the artist who executed that work was a member of an itinerant circus band. Sit down and I will tell you how I chanced upon such a providential treasure. Let me see. Yes, I think it was just about four years ago this summer, that I was called late one night to see a very sick child, of one of the members of a circus company that had arrived a few days previously in the town. A little girl of about eight years I found lying in a kind of hammock in one of the tents attached to the amphitheatre. After exchanging a few words with a pleasant faced, buxom looking woman, who proved to be her mother, she stooped over the child, and said very gently, 'The priest is here, darling;' when the child opened her eyes, and fixed them with a smile on my face. Discovering that the parents were not Catholics, I said: 'Why is it that you have sent for me instead of a Protestant clergyman?' 'It is true, sir, that we are not Catholics,' she replied, 'but my little daughter is. You see, sir, we found that our kind of roving life was very bad for her, and as I had a troublesome baby, and couldn't keep her always under my eye, we left her two years ago in Baltimore, with the Good Sisters of Charity, because we thought they would be better than any body else, because they were always so good to the poor and the sick. Since she was taken sick, she keeps on asking for the father who could tell her nice things about God, and the angels, and so, sir, being worried, I took the liberty of sending for you.' As the woman was talking, the child became very restless, repeating, 'I want Mr. Mason to sing for me.' To my look of inquiry the mother said, 'It is the gentleman, sir, that left when you came in. She is very fond of him, and no wonder, for he is as tender as a woman with her, though he is cross and silent with every one else, and all the company fears him like a sort of king.'

"After talking awhile to the little girl, I found the child as spotless as an angel; and feeling sure that she would die, I determined to give her the Viaticum the next day, seeing also that she fully understood the solemnity of this great mystery. As I approached the tent the next morning, I was struck with the sound of a fine tenor voice, singing in a subdued and plaintive tone, 'Jesus, Saviour of

There was such an appeal-
in the expression, such a
mony in the intonations,
iveted to the spot, fearing
: spell of this most moving
on that I had ever heard
d old hymn. As it ceased,
ıe tent, and found the per-
I subsequently knew as
, sitting with the child in
I was particularly struck
ontrast he presented by
ıbly handsome appearance
rs to the rest of the men.
saw me, he arose, and
ng the child in the ham-
a cold bow, he quitted
I found the little girl
er, but she knew me, and
e, 'Father, did you bring
d?'
explaining to her parents
and mystery of the Sacra-
eceived it with the glow-
of an angel, while her
: face seem illumined as
ision of their presence.
she died. I shall never
scene. The shouts of
ıe crashing of the music
ljoining circus, the harle-
of the clown, her father,
e in from time to time,
er the little dying form,
forced to return to con-
laughter, while his own
breaking, the assembled
was an illustration be-
ɔuffoonery of life and the
ınity of death, in a pageant
, so diverse, that it can
ffaced from my memory.
ading the prayers for the
e indeed to comfort the
Mason, who had noise-
ed, uncovered his head,
ver the dying little one.
l her eyes, smiled, and
er little white hand; then,
of laughter and shouts of
sounding from the circus,
ɔack with the angels to
t as her father rushed in,
ɔn his face besmeared by
his tears, and his whole frame convulsed with the tension of nerve that had compelled him to sustain such a trying ordeal.

"Mr. Mason had not only excited my interest, but my curiosity also, for it was evident, that he was out of his element in such an incongruous assemblage; so upon my next visit to Mrs. Jones, I asked her how he came to join the company. 'Indeed, sir,' she replied, 'it surprises us as much as it does you. All I know, sir, is that he answered an advertisement of Mr. Smith, the manager, for a person to keep the books of the company, and was accepted. He never noticed any of us until my little girl, who took a great fancy to him, would go and talk to him, until he seemed to grow very fond of her; and after she took sick, he was with her whenever he could be, and seemed to know just the kind of talk she loved to hear. He is always alone, and except me, I don't think he ever spoke to any ladies of the company. One day I took the liberty of joking him about it, and he grew so angry, and said something so desperate like about women that I never tried it again. The only thing he seems to like is cards, and he sits up night after night playing, and sometimes, my husband says, he grows very angry, and swears awful hard; then perhaps the next minute he would be as gentle as a child, and was always ready to draw pictures and tell stories for my poor sick little one. Ah, sir, I often think that the bad in him comes from some hard trouble, for he hasn't neither the looks nor ways of a man that has grown up on it.'

"A few days after this conversation Mrs. Jones called to bid me good by. After expressing her gratitude over and over again, not only for my attention to her child, but also for the religious instruction and books I had given her, she told me that she was in great distress about Mr. Mason, who was very sick, and

she feared he would be neglected at the tavern after she left. I promised that I would try to find some one to nurse him, and that he should have the best care possible. After she left, I found it impossible to divest my mind of the impression this young man had made upon me, and I felt drawn to go to him at once, and help him, in some way, myself. I know that these feelings, too often called illusions, are more frequently intuitions from some higher source; so I determined to obey the impulse, go at once, and judge for myself of his true condition and needs. I found him raving in brain fever, and alarmingly ill. As everything about him was utterly comfortless, I had a litter prepared, and without a second thought had him removed to my own house. I soon gathered from his delirious ravings some clue to his antecedents, and the cause of his present illness, and more than that, I also discovered that he was a wandering sheep from the true fold. On the ninth day there was a faint change for the better, and in a short lucid interval he tried to speak his thanks for my care. From that time his recovery seemed assured, and his convalescence was rapid. I made many efforts to win his confidence, to bring him back to the fold; but he was always reticent and reserved, and seemed fretted when I pressed the subject of religion, finally telling me one day, very emphatically, that he had neither faith or hope left in God or man; that one blow from a human hand had blighted his life, and that he lived only because it would be cowardly to die by his own hand. He became so excited in telling me this, that I feared a relapse, and determined never again to speak to him on the subject, but be content with prayer alone. He had been with me about a month, when he expressed a wish one day to be able to divert the weary hours of convalescence by painting. I gave him a room that was rarely used, where the light exactly suited him, and there he spent the greater part of his time, always locking the door when he went in or out, as if fearful of some one watching him. At the end of about three weeks, he announced to me one morning at the breakfast-table, that he was going away, and to my inquiry as to his destination, replied that he should rejoin the circus company. I was inclined to remonstrate, but saw it would be deemed an impertinence. He had proved himself, spite of his dark moods, a most charming and rarely gifted companion. As he bade me good by, he lost for a few moments his usual cold manner, and was quite demonstrative; but quickly recovering himself, he placed in my hand the key of his atelier, and with a warm pressure of my hand, without another word, sprang into the stage that was waiting at the door. Feeling curious to know the secret of his constant work, I went at once to his room. Upon opening the door my eyes fell upon that lovely creation you have just seen. Under it was lying a card upon which was written, 'In gratitude to Father Halloran, for preserving a worthless life.' I never knew, then, how long I stood riveted by that vision of inspired beauty, and I have never since known the time, that I have wearied gazing upon that supernal semblance of the Mother of God. Now I have told you all the story, my child, and see that I have succeeded in enlisting your sympathies in behalf of my Raphael; so you must unite with me in prayer that so noble a soul may yet be saved."

"I will, indeed, father," replied Adele, her voice tremulous with emotion, and rising, she pressed his hand in silence, and took her leave.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

"OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH."

FROM the first description Father Halloran had

Mason, Adele's heart had throbbed with mingled sensations of joy and terror. As the story proceeded, she became convinced of the identity of this strange man with Angelo Leland. She thanked God to know that he still lived, and prayed that he might yet be found and restored to all that he had lost, through her error. She spent the night in devising ways and means to follow up this providential clue, and feeling the need of assistance and advice, resolved to make the good father the confidant of this sad episode in her life, and be directed by his counsel. Accordingly, after mass the next morning, she invited herself to share his breakfast, to which he heartily assented; after which she told him her story and her plans, and solicited his advice. He listened in surprise and sympathy to these revelations, and after a few moments of tacit reflection, said, "I approve and admire, my dear child, your resolution, but I fear it will be attended by more difficulties than such a delicate woman can cope with. Beside, you must remember that years work changes for all of us, but more for those who like this young man have been thrown in the very vortex of life. Still, I believe that God will bless the sacrifice you have so bravely made, and I will do all I can to help you. I will give you, at the first step in your pilgrimage, a letter to Mrs. Jones, as in the event of Mr. Mason having left the company, she may be able to give some information of his residence."

As the objects of her visit had all been fulfilled, her mother's grave crowned with a beautiful memorial stone, and ornamented with flowers, she left in Father Halloran's hands a provision to have this sacred spot kept in order. She had visited all the old friends of her grandmother, and gladdened the hearts of many poor old women who remembered the beautiful little French girl. She learned the *route* over the Alleghany Mountains, stopping for a few days in the wayside towns. A severe spell of illness overtaking her old nurse, she was detained in Baltimore, and missing by this fatality their stoppages in the Eastern towns, she returned to her old home, to find they had also passed that point, and were then supposed to be in Indiana. Travelling forty years ago was fearfully tedious and wearisome. There were neither railroads or fast boats to facilitate progress through the Western States. Either the snail-like creeping of canal-boats, or the jostling and bumping over execrable roads in a stage, were the only choice of a traveller. Adele had tracked the route of the circus time and again, but only to arrive to find them gone. Finally, in a small interior town of Indiana, her patience was at length rewarded. Sending Louise on a tour of recognizance, and thus ascertaining that Mr. Mason was not with the band, Adele called at once upon Mrs. Jones to deliver Father Halloran's letter. After understanding the object of her visit, she said: "I am sorry, madam, that I can't give you any information about the gentleman. After rejoining the company, he remained a very short time, for you see he was so grand like that the other men did not like him; but he was always kind to me, and just before he left, he brought me such a lovely picture of the little girl I lost."

"I want you to tell me, Mrs. Jones, without reserve, your own impression of Mr. Mason's state of mind and habits after his return to the company," said Adele. "Indeed, ma'am, there's not much that's encouraging to tell to a relation; for he appeared to grow darker like, and more desperate. He played, too, more at cards, and swore awful hard; but he never drank like the rest of 'em, 'tho' the men used often to try to drive him into their bouts. When he told me 'good by,' and I asked

him if I should never see him again; he stopped awhile as if thinking, and said, 'Perhaps, if you ever go to the South, you may find me; for it is a good place for a man who seeks a grave.'" Adele returned with a heavy heart to the hotel. Where to turn next she knew not, yet she could never give up the search. The very fears excited by the recent account of his downward course, only increased her desire to accomplish her sacred mission. As she sat the next day, pondering her future course, Mrs. Jones was announced.

"I hope you will excuse the liberty, ma'am; but when I went to put away the picture after you left, I found this book that Mr. Mason left in his room, and I took care of it, because it belonged to him; but I thought it might be of more value to you, and so I brought it," and she placed in her hands a copy of Chateaubriand's *Attala*.

Adele remained in deep thought, turning the leaves over mechanically, when a letter fell out at her feet. After examining the broken seal, and weighing all the circumstances to which this might prove a clue, she felt justified in reading its contents. It proved to be the terse epistle of his banker, in New York, from whom he drew his grandmother's legacy. The date corresponded with the time he left the circus, and was evidently the last remittance received. She wrote at once to Carlisle & Co., soliciting the present address of Angelo Leland. It was weary waiting for the reply, as the mails were both tardy and irregular; but she had learned how to possess her soul in patience, and thus broke the monotony of the long days. When it came at last, a few lines stated that their last orders were to remit to New Orleans. She shuddered as she thought of the danger incurred; for yellow fever and cholera were both then epidemic there, *De Profundis* echoed in every chamber, and the grand Memnon tones of the *Dies Iræ* *dies illa* filled the vaulted walls of every church.

"The knell, the shroud, the mattack, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm."

It was a fearful thought to follow him into that charnel-house; but the greater the danger to him, the more imperative was sacrifice for her. True it was now October, but she knew that only the white sceptre of the winter king could stay the march of the yellow pestilence. She submitted her difficulty to Louise.

"Laws, honey, missus, you needn't be afeerd wid me to nus you," oracularly said the old woman. "It's only dem 'Merican doctors what kills the people off so fast wid dere cal'mel and dreening o' all de blood out of dere bodies. De French knows better dan dat, and can cure it in three days wid just noting but good nu'sing, warm blankets, and plenty tisan. So, it's my opinion, missus, dat if you's set your heart on gwying, and is gwying to fret about it, dat it'll do you the most harm nor running right smack in de face ob old yaller Jack, who ain't half so bad if de folks only knowed how to fix him."

This oracular advice, given with all the confidence of a Galen, decided Adele to place her project and her life in God's hands, and to sanctify both by offering her services in aid of the suffering and needy.

The saddened, matured woman, with the heavy cloud of one sin forever haunting her again breathes the hallowed air of her native land, seeking in remorseful sorrow, under the glare of a pestilential sun, the soul that her falsehood had wrecked. Will she find him? Will the atonement be made too late, and all in vain?

It was difficult to realize that balmy, bright, October morning, that here the death-king held his revelry and poured out "his cold black wine;" that under the sapphire glow of that shifting sky,

"Beauty and anguish were walking hand in hand
The downward slope of death."

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eakfast, Lize came in,
much distressed, said:
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n, sure enough. When
vent in early dis morn-
ing to git his boots he found him lying like de dead 'cross de fut of de bed wid all his cloves on.".

Adele now severely reproached herself for not having acted upon her premonitions of the night. When she asked who would take care of him, Lize replied:

"Indeed, mam, that's jist what troubles me, for de gemmen said if he took sick again he couldn't have a nuss agin at five dollars a day, and it's impossible to git one for less, 'cause de's so many sick folks; and I can't nuss him myself, on 'count of my sick boy and de cooking and de washing, though de Lord knows I'd be glad to help de poor gemmen if I could."

Adele paused a few moments in thought. "Well," she said, "he shan't die for want of care; I have nothing to do, so, with Louise's help, I'll nurse him myself."

"But that'll never do," exclaimed both women in a breath, "you'd git the fever certain, mam, for a lapse is always worse nor de beginning, and he's most sure to die."

"All the more reason for him, then, to be cared for. I am in God's hands, and have no fears."

Louise knew when Adele was the calmest that she was immovable, so she said no more, but prepared to do her bidding.

"In half an hour I will be ready to go, and hope he will be willing to accept my services."

"He'll neber know, mam, who's near him, for he's clean out of his head."

Telling Louise to remain in the hall, lest seeing two strangers might excite the patient, Adele entered the sitting-room, the door of which stood open. Her eyes were at once riveted upon an easel covered with a linen cloth, by which were lying palette and brushes that had been but recently used. A strange impulse too rapid for analysis, a feeling beyond control, drew her at once to the covered picture. It represented

a subterranean dungeon, with a man in the prime of life chained to the wall. His face wore an expression of keen physical torture, though blended with one of firm endurance. Descending a massive stone stairway with light in hand was a woman clothed in sumptuous apparel. Conjecturing the subject, and studying its great artistic merit, Adele concluded it to represent either Elizabeth of Russia visiting one of her recreant lovers, or Catharine de Medici striving to win back some important subject who was thus paying the penalty of thwarting some favorite political scheme. But fixing her eyes upon the countenance of the lady, Adele suddenly clasps her hands over her own face, and with a cry, "Oh, my God!" falls into the chair at her side; for again, as in the Madonna, she sees her own likeness.

The search was ended, the prayer of years fulfilled. Recommending her work to heaven she entered the chamber. Yes, there lay Angelo Leland, once more before her, tossing now in the delirium of a raging fever. But oh, how sadly changed; aged by ten years, and wearing a look of a world of woe in the deep-set eyes that met her with a wild questioning gaze, so steady, so fierce, that she almost believed he recognized her at once. After attending to the doctor's directions, who pronounced the case hopeless, Adele left the room and revealed her discovery to Louise.

"It will never do," she said, "for him to recognize me; in a lucid interval the effect might be fatal. I shall disguise myself as a Sister of Charity, and you can explain to the doctor and Lize that he imagined me to be some one whose resemblance agitated him very much, and I'll manage the rest."

One of her black dresses was soon improvised, and a yard of black cambric shaped into the dear Mother Seton's cap, at that time the garb of the order; with this dress, and a pair of blue glasses, Sister Delphine took her place at the bedside of the invalid.

It was a vigil of fearful anxiety, of ceaseless prayer, and nervous tension for four long days and nights. The morning of the fifth day dawned, and with it hope, and almost faith itself, fled from her soul. The change was marked and fearful, and the iron hammer of doom seemed about to descend upon the victim. Could it be that all her remorse, her constant tearful prayers, were just at the moment of promised fruition to prove unavailing; that the sins of this one, the loss at last of his precious soul, was to darken her life. For her had risen the sign of destruction instead of the fount of mercy, and there was no angel near to stir the waters for this cold perishing soul.

The long day of torturing, hope, and despair waned into evening, and Adele remained kneeling, motionless, and alone, in silent supplication awaiting the last signs of dissolution. There had been a wild tossing of the arms, a murmur of inaudible words, among which she caught the name of the little dead child mingled with her own.

A golden streak left by the setting sun glinted through a crack in the shutter, and shone full upon the pallid face of the dying. He opened his eyes, fixed them wildly on her face, then there was one convulsive struggle, and all was still.

"One word, only one, Angelo, before you go, for God's sake, to say I am forgiven!" and the despairing woman in her anguish threw off her glasses, tore off her cap, and her hair, which had been only held by the crown, fell in long wavy masses around her. Louise, hearing the cry, rushed in just to catch her as she fell to the floor.

"I must watch alone to-night," Adele said as soon as she recovered from her swoon, and at Louise's earnest entreaty had taken some nour-

ishment. And thus, feeling abandoned of God, bereft of all aim and hope in life, she commenced her solitary watch.

"Why art thou sorrowful, oh my soul? Hope in God," ran this solemn refrain as she knelt, her eyes fascinated upon the face, now even more beautiful in death. A long lock of hair had fallen over his face, and as the tremblingly raised it back her hand touched his forehead. She started; for it was damp with moisture. Her very breath was suspended by the intensity of her feelings. She knew that it could not be, at that late hour, the sweat of death. She remembered marvellous cases of suspended animation. What if this should be one, and after all her prayers were heard, and the "hope in God," whose low chant had followed her all night, was now to be realized. Breathless she bends over him, quivering in every nerve. Is it the light that flecks thus over the eyelids? No; he opens them, and looks straight into her own.

"Louise, quick, quick, he is not dead, he lives!" she cries, and then everything about her became chaos. But the necessity for presence of mind, gratitude for the tenderness that had given back her Lazarus, restores her, and she was ready for action.

An hour of heroic treatment, a desperate fight between life and death, and the stone rolls away from the sepulchre, and he comes back to hope and divine mercy once more.

Chapter Thirteenth.

RECOMPENSE.

"You have been very kind to me, Sister Delphine. I must have given you a great deal of trouble," said Angelo Leland, speaking for the first time, the third day after his resuscitation, to Adele, after watching her closely as she sat reading on the other side of the room in a shaded light.

She was startled, but replied calmly, "It is always a pleasure to me to wait on the sick."

"I am told that but for you I should have been buried alive. What can I ever do to repay you for so great a mercy?"

"Forgive your enemies, and acknowledge your gratitude to God, to whom it is all due. I was only his instrument."

"Forgive my enemies! Then I suppose I talked wildly in my delirium; fever patients generally do. Would you believe, sister, that I can remember some of those hallucinations? One of them was connected with you, and haunts me even yet with a strange persistency."

Adele's heart stood still; but she replied calmly, "It is a very common thing for persons to remember what they said and did in delirium. I have had such an experience myself. But tell me your illusion."

"I thought I saw you throw off your cap and glasses, and your hair fell about your form, and then you seemed transformed into the person of whom you sometimes remind me."

She felt his eyes fixed upon her profile, but she controlled herself wonderfully, and replied calmly, "You must not excite yourself, Mr. Leland, by recalling those terrible delusions. You have talked enough, and must now rest awhile. I will be in the next room."

He lay in silent thought for some hours, too weak for consecutive thought, but feeling calmer and lighter hearted than he had felt for long years. He thought it strange that mere physical suffering should work such a change now, when it had only served to intensify his bitterness on former occasions.

Hearing that he was becoming restless, Adele returned to the room. Heretofore so reticent and taciturn, he now seemed possessed to talk incessantly.

"Have you had the fever, sister?"

She replied in the negative. "And you risked your life for such a worthless object!"

"An immortal soul is always precious in God's eyes; I have only performed my vows."

"I know that your order is sent to various posts; were you ever in C——?"

Adele was startled, but replied, "Yes."

After a pause, he continued: "I wonder if you knew?— but no, it is not likely; they were too bigoted to approach a Catholic religieuse."

"Tell me who it is. A Sister of Charity comes in contact with all classes of people, and I might know something of your friends."

"That is true; but I doubt if you ever met Mrs. Lyman."

Adele replied, evasively, "I know that she is very bigoted, but her niece, Mrs. Rowland, is a Catholic, and I know her."

"Mrs. Rowland a Catholic! Why what did she want of religion," he continued, cynically, "when she had all worldly means of happiness?"

"She entered the Church after a severe illness, shortly after her marriage. The general opinion decided that she was far from being happy."

"Why so? surely she obtained all that she bargained for."

"In one sense, yes; and learned that the penalty of violating God's sacred ordinances brings bitter fruit."

"You must have known her intimately, sister, to speak so forcibly."

"Yes, better probably than any one else. I suppose you know that she is now a widow?"

"I know nothing about her," he exclaimed with vehemence; then continuing more calmly, "she must rejoice in having gained her prize so quickly."

"You are mistaken; she is a sorrowful woman, and without fortune."

"What! did that animal cheat her at last?"

"No. Her husband left her a splendid fortune, and she could have been the richest woman in the State, but she relinquished all save a maintenance, in favor of persons whose claim she thought stronger than her own."

He drew a long breath, and closed his eyes, as if under the influence of some new feeling. She left him to his musings, then again spoke. "It is evident to me, Mr. Leland, that this lady interests you."

"You are mistaken," he rudely exclaimed; "I hate her; hate her, now and forever!" and he fell back on his pillow, trembling with exhaustion. Adele sprang forward, and laying her hand soothingly upon his forehead, whispered, "You must recall those bitter words. I know all her past; know that she has suffered fearfully in expiation of her one sin. Her constant prayer has been to know of your safety, your happiness, and to win your forgiveness."

"Happy?" and he uttered a laugh that fairly curdled her blood. She had now gone as far as was safe, and after smoothing his pillow, she took up the grand mediæval poem, *The Celestial Country*, and soothed him into quietude by reading parts of those exquisite lines.

Softened by misfortune and suffering, awed by the miracle of the great horror he had escaped, touched by the disinterested devotion of one of that sex whom he had scorned and villified, he yielded at length to those better influences that soothe even while they console. Adele saw the gradual change, and blessed God for the boon. Her mission was now accomplished, her *incognito* had been preserved, but she dreaded the strong sunlight, and the necessity of speaking in her full, natural tone, fearing that at any moment her secret might thus be betrayed. When she announced her departure, he seemed greatly distressed. "Shall I never see you again, Sister Delphine?"

"I cannot say. Our paths are

urt. Yours, if you follow
ius and heaven's guidance,
to fame and honor; while
and her voice trembled,
ad wheresoever God wills.
! meet at one gate when all's

n never, never repay you,

you can."
tell me how, and I will
condition."
ıise me, then, that your first
ı able to leave the house,
ɔne of thanksgiving at the
ıe altar."
ımise freely."
:, give me now the assurance
freely forgive all the injury
ppiness caused you by Adele
."
are a true friend and a good
sister, but I cannot refuse
assurance of what I truly
ıe is freely forgiven, and
ır I now believe that I have
er too harshly, and laid to
ge sins and miseries that
one from my own weakness
ravity. I know not what
is that you possess, but I
ken to you of matters that
t would go with me unut-
the grave. *Suffri e taci* has
motto; why I have broken
ot tell."
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raction to slip out of the
This long-sought assurance
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ty. The long sembled
forced heroism, was ended,
r Delphine was merged once
:o the loving, dependent

days later Angelo Leland
ıthedral, still weak in body,
shed and purified in soul;
ıgh all the new revelations
ıner life, the one desire to
ı Sister Delphine pursued
alling a cab, he drove to
n asylum. He was politely
by the superior, but upon inquiring for Sister Delphine, was told that there was no one of that name in the community. Still he would not be satisfied, but drove to the hospital, in hopes of finding her there, only, however, to receive the same reply. What did it mean? Who was it that had bestowed such devotion upon an entire stranger? What was his life to this woman? For days he sought and pondered; then, like a flash, he remembered that Lize must certainly know something of the person that had been in her rooms for weeks. At first she gave him only evasive answers, but finally told him the little she knew. The name and description of Adele and her attendant were sufficient clue; the mystery was solved. He sat a long while in deep thought, then for the first time since his illness, he removed the covering from his picture, and gazed intently, with a countenance gradually brightening as if the sunlight of some blessed hope had flashed upon him, "Prophetic! prophetic!" he exclaimed, "she did come. She has unbarred the prison doors, and broken the captive's chains. From whence come these intuitions? What prompted my hand to portray a truth which at the moment appeared only like the mockery of a malign spirit."

Days were passed in searching; letters written; but all in vain. Christmas morning dawned, and Angelo Leland arose for the four o'clock Mass. "What," he thought, "if I should find my gift at the altar!" And he did. Returning from the communion railing, all unconscious of the eyes that were upon her, was the object of his dreams. Heaven and earth had come together in his heart. At the fount he dipped his hand, touching hers, with the one word "sister," drew her eyes to his face.

"May I see you home? it is scarcely light yet."

"I am not afraid; Louise is with me;" and turning, Angelo gave the

old woman a pleasant bow of recognition.

"I am not going to be denied, Adele; I must and will speak to you, if only once more."

She saw his nervous agitation, so allowed him to walk as far as her home; but it was too early to receive him with propriety, so she consented to see him at noon.

"How well you acted your new *rôle*," he said, after the first greeting, "and what a dolt I was not to know you."

"Circumstances favored me, and the dress disguised me more than I thought possible. But my object has been accomplished, so say no more about it."

"The whole of your object, Adele? then you have no interest in my subsequent fate."

"If you once struck the right path again, I felt sure that our Lord would protect and direct you."

"Is the door of the past sealed, beyond the power of love and repentance to open it, Adele?"

"I have not been a widow yet one year, Mr. Leland, and cannot listen to such sentiments."

"You have been a widow in heart for nearly five," he replied bitterly.

"True; but I was faithful to my assumed duties then, and I will fulfil them now, by preserving my own self-respect, and what is due to his memory."

"Then you give me no hope, no recompense for all my bitter past. Are you just and merciful in this, Adele?"

"I know not what may be in the future, or how far circumstances may cancel those memories. My sin was great; if further atonement is required, and the way made clear, I shall certainly follow it. Be content with this assurance, Mr. Leland, and let this subject rest."

He looked on this placid, self-possessed woman, for some trace of the once ardent, impulsive girl in vain. Still he saw the struggle between affection and duty, and felt encouraged to wait the result of time and patience.

"May I ask your plans for the future?" she said, after an embarrassed pause.

"Certainly. Since my horoscope has turned its disk, I find once more an aim in life. So I shall accept the offer made me four years ago in Rome, by my granduncle Cardinal M., as it combines not only progress in my art, but a competency."

Adele sighed. She had relinquished then such a home, the shrine of the Apostles, the home of the Muses, "the lone mother of dead emperors," for what? It was another thorn in her crown. But recovering herself, she continued:

"Then the sea will roll between us; and I will be the first to say 'good-by.' I leave in a few days for home, my aunt's failing health requiring my services."

He was deeply moved; then taking her hand he said, "Hard as your conditions are, I must yet admit that the present has obliterated the past; and my future, if you ever care to trace it, Adele, shall prove that the prayers and vigils of Sister Delphine have not been in vain."

Walking to the door, then returning, and again taking her hand, "Who knows," he said tremulously, "but for one or both, *amie*, the silver bells may yet ring out a peal of joy." And raising her hand tremblingly to his lips, he was gone.

Chapter Fourteenth.

FRUITION.

Mrs. Lyman's health required change of air and scene, so a trip to Europe was resolved upon. The summer was passed with beneficial results and infinite delight in England and Germany. Continuing their route southward, September found them in Spain, a land of glorious traditions and marvellous beauty, and yet so much neglected by

er a few days of rest in
ville, whose marvellous
m the old Spanish prov-
› hath not seen Seville
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ace designs that make
noresque architecture,
or in beauty to any
They had reached the
ne magnificent Cathe-
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g to Mr. Lyman, that
l like ice through her
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ıose of Angelo Leland.
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ed a miracle of art,"
to Angelo's analysis
"but do you know
ɔt impress me as much
nna of Mercy, that I
› years ago, in a little
in Maine." Angelo
› it was from that,"
hat you found the clue
r's dreams, and were
: mission of Sister Del-
ll begin to think that
ied witchcraft in that
ınd home, if you make
developments." They
the chapel at the east-
l took a seat that faced
ngel, from which it
ɛ, and which ranks as
ɔ's most imperishable

greatly astonished to
?"
so as if one of these
valk out of his frame.
nt or inspiration that
'
. little of both. My heart hungered in exile for a home voice. Your uncle was merciful, and gave me the programme of your route."

"You always were the most impatient of mortals."

"True; and confirm it now by asking you if my probation has been long enough, and my reformation such as will blot out the past, and place us again where we stood, that November morning, in Dearburn woods, when you listened so incredulously to the toll of the king's bell."

"You shame me by your magnanimity, Angelo;" she replied, in a trembling voice. It was the first time since that day she had called him by that name. "There would be no crumpled tarnished leaves to be torn from our book of memories were it not for my error."

"But the wrongs inflicted by Adele were repaired by Sister Delphine. Even your scrupulous sense of duty might now yield to time and fidelity." She turned her face; her eyes, humid with tears, full upon him, and placed her hand in his.

Firmly clasping it, he said, "Let this sacred spot, and the guardian angel whose presence halos this moment be my sponsor for the sacred fulfilment of this trust." And raising her hand, he pressed it warmly to his lips.

November found them charmingly located in one of the old palaces of Rome. Angelo was anxious for an early marriage, but Adele would not consent until her second year of widowhood had expired.

"I never was in such a place as this," said Mrs. Lyman, as she sat at her window, watching the reflection of the gorgeous early morning clouds upon the seven hills. "There is such a sense of perfect repose, such entire peace pervading the very atmosphere, that it makes one almost feel as if the turmoil of life was at an end. If I don't soon get up some of my old restlessness and bustle, I

Thee the Good Shepherd dowered with richest grace
His death, his banquet, and his love to trace;
His work in nature, and in lines of gold
The people he created to unfold:
And God's own majesty ne'er stood expressed
With human words like thine made manifest.
For Mary's love obtained from Mary's Son,
Greatest and humblest thou shouldst be in one,
And thy life seem the echo of her word
Who said, "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord!"
Thus thine the lily of rare Innocence,
And thine the crown of mightiest Sapience;
And since that youthful victory, when the flower
Of grace was kept in Rocca Secca's tower—
The Queen of Angels girt thee with her zone,
For evermore her favorite son to own,
That on thy mind no stain of ill might fall,
Nor matchless wisdom be to pride a thrall.

Such as thy life, thy life's work was to be,
Forever crowned with light and purity,
Not lessening in the distance, not concealed
By envy, but with time yet more revealed,
Like a deep mine of unexhaustive thought,
Whence many a seeker gems of knowledge brought.
And still from age to age as errors rise
To veil with transient clouds the darkened skies,
Science in thee her spotless mirror finds,
Rendering pure truth to unpolluted minds.
For from the Cross thy light came: from that throne
God, the Creator and Redeemer, shone
With fullest beauty on thy virgin heart,
Which chose in him its first, last, only part.
Before the Cross thy prayers, thy tears were shed,
And from the Cross he called to thee, and said:
"Well has thou written of Me; what shall be,
Thomas, for this My guerdon unto thee?"
"Lord, nothing but Thyself." Oh, saintly word,
Which by the King of Saints was straightway heard!
He called thee to complete in Paradise
The work not all achieved with earth-bound eyes,
Gave thee to see the vision faith forestalls
In that bright presence where no shadow falls.
For when the brother, to whose longing eyes
Thy form first showed itself fresh from the skies,
Asked, what thou could'st reveal of thy new state,
What glorious tidings of its pomp relate,
Thy words were few, yet gave to understand
All the heart wishes, all the thoughts demand:
"What upon earth by hearing of the ear
We heard, in vision now we see most clear;
The City of the Lord of Hosts is this,
The City of our God: our peace and bliss."

THE ENEMIES OF THE PAPACY IN ITALY.

it would be hardly as say, never were the ene- : Papacy more numerous, did the enemies of the splay their hatred with ity than at the present We may divide them into ories; the powerful by the) are followed by legions s; the more powerful by hose fiery tirades against are read and listened to cally by a host of shallow- *id nuncs*, who receive it as hat a well-rounded period : expression of truth. To a multitude of miserable tes, who are neither for for God, who are always after peace, not that peace he brave and true struggle but that freedom from l annoyance which is pur- a cowardly compromise. ot avowed enemies of the is true. Nay, they would ıold it restored to its for- ge and glory. But they f from the struggle in Papacy is now engaged 'orld. They gather not, ials, nor afflictions, nor joy, with the Papacy; they scatter. However, eak of the enemies of the general, and we shall 'o statements, the first of ıires no proof at the pres- 'or we have only to obey tion of the Holy Father, a look about us." It is false liberals of Italy who themselves into the favor le, by evincing a great con- for the Catholic Church, r her wellbeing—to obtain the way, it was necessary mber her of the Temporal Power, and remove that lumbering machine of the Religious Orders—really never had any other intention but that of occupying the Papal States, in order to facilitate their war against the Church herself. The truth of the second statement, to wit, that the ignorance of the liberals is second only to their innate spirit of untruth, will appear in the course of the following general observations on the accusations launched against the Papacy. Waiving, with justly merited contempt, the thousands of recriminations which are being uttered daily by people laying a claim to education and respectability, we may reduce the general accusations against the Popes to the number of five. Yes, five serious charges against the Papacy, any one of which, according to these conceitedly self-constituted accusers, would make a case of irreparable impeachment. The first charge would form an interesting fact for the meditations of a professor of Natural History; the genius and instinct of the Italian race are hostile to the Papacy. The Pope and the Italians are negative magnets. An approach is impossible. The second is a serious charge; the Roman Pontiffs were the principal cause of the many foreign invasions which in various epochs desolated Italy. Third. Many illustrious men, for whom the Italians universally profess great reverence, were the avowed enemies of the Papacy. Fourth. The learning, the unimpeachable honesty and integrity of those who fought most strenuously against the Pontifical authority, are sufficient to remove every scruple which might arise concerning the injustice and inopportuneness of present hostilities. Fifth. The Holy See is, and always has been, opposed to progress and human

civilization, and its system of temporal government abhorred the doctrines and habits of liberty. We shall consider these charges one by one. In answer to the first charge, we ask, by what possible or impossible force of argument can any one hold, that the spirit of the Italians is instinctively opposed to the Papacy, when it is evident from history, even as penned by the most disingenuous writers, that all the anti-Catholic and anti-Papal movements which have from time to time disturbed Italy, were infections, artfully inoculated into the land from France, Switzerland, and Germany? Antipathy to the Papacy not only is not racy of the Italian peninsula, but history proves, that in no country less than in Italy did the errors of heretics take root. The Italians have always been, in an overwhelming majority, Catholics, and those of them who attempted to disseminate the seeds of heresy or schism were men who had cut loose, not only from the Catholic Church, but from every tie of natural morality, and whose learning and consequent authority would not stand the test of the most superficial critic. Perfect counterparts of them abound in the land to-day, in the blatant politicians, who, in the exuberance of liberalism consequent on big dinners, prate about promoting a schism, and about reinstating the ruined clergy and people in the enjoyment of their church rights. Arnaldo da Brescia no more represented the genius and instinct of the Italian race in his day, than the nomadic and croaking Gavazzi does in our own day. The first charge is historically false. The existence in Italy to-day of nearly twenty-seven millions of Catholics, is its best contradiction. The second accusation makes the Popes responsible for the foreign occupations. We will pass over the fact that the Dukes of Savoy sent frequent invitations to strangers beyond the Alps, that the House of Savoy was stealthily leagued with Barbarossa, when he would make Italy an appendage to Germany. We will merely remark, that the King of Italy was consistent, and showed a delicacy of sentiment eminently creditable to him, in absenting himself from the recent celebration of the seventh centenary of the battle of Legnano. But in direct answer to the charge, we would simply remark, that if the Popes were obliged frequently to avail themselves of the arms of a stranger, it happened, not because they conspired against the liberty and autonomy of Italy, but to liberate the land from the oppression of the Barbarians, to put a stop to the incursions, the devastations, and depredations of the liberals of those days, those marauding Lombards. On the other hand, the Popes were bound by a solemn oath to protect and preserve by every just means the rights of the Holy See, and if, to effect this, they appealed to the assistance of a stranger, they did no more than the King of Italy would do to-day, if he found himself in similar circumstances. To substantiate the third accusation, the liberals adduce the names of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. These are the men, say the liberals, who declared open war against the Popes. With these names, in proof of the fourth charge, they couple those of men, "whose learning and integrity of purpose are sufficient to remove scruples which might arise concerning the injustice of the actual war against the Papacy." They are Cola di Rienzi, Stefano Porcari, Savonarola, that angel of integrity and Solomon of knowledge, Paul Sarpi, and many others. The learning and acumen of the modern liberals surpass all appreciation. They actually present Dante as the precursor of the independence and unity of Italy, as an enemy of the Temporal Power of the Popes, and as an opponent of the Church herself. We confess, and we have heard many educated Italians make the same confession, that

r of Dante impressed us
with the belief, that Dante
r fervent Catholic, and that,
live in our day, his fervid
le imagination would have
still more atrocious tor-
punish the living traitors
betrayed the Popes. If he
h such withering, destruc-
gainst the invaders of the
f Pope Boniface VIII in
nd doomed to the oppro-
d execration of future gen-
hose who laid sacrilegious
on the Vicar of Jesus Christ,
afely presume, that the Sa-
who battered opened the
the Eternal City on the
eptember, 1870, would be
accommodated with well-
dgings in his great Inferno.
s not an enemy of the Tem-
ver of the Popes. He only
against certain abuses of

It is true that he mani-
special hatred of certain
but even in these, he recog-
supremacy of the Head of
ch and Vicar of Christ.
out his works, he admits the
venerates all the dogmas of
lic Church, and honors the
Orders. A splendid proof
ay be found in his glorious
s of St. Francis of Assisi,
St. Dominic. Finally, he
himself the implacable ene-
retics and schismatics, and
m a special nook in the

Such was Dante, as he ap-
his works, and such has he
rded for the last five cen-
a half, nor are the capri-
rtions of the present gen-
f sufficient importance to
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change their opinions con-
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untenable assertion of the
erals is, that Dante Alighi-
e precursor of Italian unity.
's boldest Utopian concep-
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Italian unity, as it exists at present. He longed to see the establishment in the world of a universal monarchy. His idea of government was in this, that a universal Emperor should govern the whole world, by a species of lofty dominion, in the same manner, as the Pope regulates the world in the spiritual order. But Dante never pretended, nay, in his work, *De Monarchia*, he formally repudiated the idea, that the supreme ruler should overturn the thrones of the petty princes, and destroy the autonomy of the individual states. In his conception of a universal monarchy, everything was to remain in *statu quo*, nothing to be touched, no traditions to be done away with. The people of the smallest states were to be governed by their own laws, to preserve their own traditions, and have their own immediate rulers. The Emperor would only exercise a supreme moderating power, which would regulate the relations between the minor princes themselves on the one side, and the relations between princes and people on the other. But where, in what passage, in what verse of his sublime poem does Dante, even indirectly, foreshow or allude to the unity of Italy as conceived and realized to-day? Let the liberals impress one consideration strongly on their minds. If Dante were among them to-day, and if he still cherished his habit of thinking and plain talking for which he was proverbial, far from attempting to justify, and much less eulogize their performances, his freedom of speech, and the facility with which he would locate them in the nether regions already adverted to, would bring down upon himself the ire of an appendage to government, not dreamed of by him in his dream of universal monarchy, the Italian fisc. What would that supreme satyrist say of the Italian courts of justice, where there is nothing sacred to swear by, neither in heaven, nor on earth, nor in hell? We are of the particular opinion,

that he would turn his immediate attention to the conjuring up of a new Inferno, specially adapted to present exigencies. As for Boccaccio and Petrarch, we are still more curious to behold proofs of their enmity to the Catholic Church. Gratuitous assertions again, which should meet with gratuitous negations. It is a fact worthy of remark, that wherever, in the history of Italy, you find a man of any capabilities, or of any standing at all, either because of his learning or influence, political or ecclesiastical, if he fall in any way; above all, if he bring upon himself the reprehension of the Holy See, or the ecclesiastical superiors—that man is seized upon by modern liberals and canonized forthwith. This canonization, by the way, consists in inscribing the saint's name among those of the worthies of Italy, and erecting a bust to him at the public expense. Now Boccaccio and Petrarch were both priests, who, in the course of their lives, were guilty of divers infractions of the law of God and ecclesiastical discipline. We do not pretend to intimate that they were exceptionally bad priests for their day. Unfortunately there were others like them. But both the one and the other censured, with all the vigorous eloquence at their command, the abuses of the courtiers at Avignon, and of certain prelates who insinuated themselves in the sacred order of the priesthood, to satisfy their ambition and their avarice. They came not into the fold by the door, but through the window. Both were contemporaneous with Pope John XXII, and witnessed the abuses which obtained in his court. A positive reason, therefore, can be assigned for the hardest word ever penned by either of them against the Popes. Against particular Popes, and the Court of Avignon, they both stormed furiously, but not against the Papacy, not against the Church, in whose bosom both died in peace. To restrict our observations to Petrarch in particular, it is hardly necessary to demonstrate his devotion to the Catholic faith, and to the Papacy, after the glorious proofs he himself has left us in those tender verses of his, in which he appeals to the Popes at Avignon to return to Rome. He implores them in the most pathetic manner to return to the widow (Rome), to clothe her nakedness, lift up her drooping head, and take away her reproach. He wrote a powerful letter to Urban V, in which he conjured him by every argument, to return to Rome, and finally moved the Pope to leave Avignon. When the Roman people sent an embassy to Avignon in 1342, imploring Pope Clement VI to re-establish Rome in her ancient glory of the capital of the Christian world, Petrarch was one of them. The final accomplishment, however, of this great work was reserved for a modest virgin, Italy's greatest heroine, St. Catharine of Siena. Far from Petrarch's being an enemy of the Holy See, Cardinal Bellarmine thought him worthy of several laudatory letters; and Pope Gregory IX eulogized him as a "burning light of moral science."

We now come to an examination of those celebrities, who showed themselves bitter enemies of the Papacy, yet whose genius, learning, and integrity were incontestably great; hence there is no reason whatever why modern society should suffer any qualms of conscience if the Papacy is roughly handled to-day. Before entering upon a particular yet rapid consideration of the worthies apotheosized by the liberals, we would premise a general observation, which is alike applicable to them all, Porcari and Sarpi not excepted: Whatever they may have thought, said, written, or done against the Papacy, as impersonated by particular Popes, they admitted the principle of Papal supremacy as being necessary to the proper conception of a Church. They may have had erratic notions about the realiza-

tion in act of this principle, about its form of existence, and its influence upon Christian society. They may have ranted about abuses. But the hypothesis of an abuse presupposes use, use a power, and power a principle of action. But of the worthies of whom, first and foremost in the liberal canons, figures the last of the Roman Tribunes, Cola di Rienzi. How or why Rienzi is enumerated amongst the enemies of the Papacy, is more than we can comprehend, unless we admit the absurd conclusion that every man who struggles for civil liberty is by that very fact an enemy of the Papacy. Just as if tyranny were one of the essential elements of the Papacy, and liberty its destruction! Signor Liberale, you will permit us to repudiate your insinuation against the Papacy. We love liberty with as dear, as sincere, and as durable a love as you do. We love the Papacy too, and not the least among the many considerations which prompt us to love it is this, that liberty is one of the necessary prerogatives of the Papacy on the one hand; and on the other, no power upon earth has ever struggled as valiantly for liberty, be it religious, social, civil, or individual, as the Papacy. Read history, not as written by your Sarpis and your Guicciardinis; for their histories well merit the title given by De Maistre to some modern historical productions, *A Conspiracy against Truth;* but a primer of history, which contains no coloring, which breathes no particular spirit, a simple narration of facts, and these in their incontrovertible eloquence, will tell you, that the Papacy is the friend of liberty—a liberal institution, if you will, founded upon the broadest and most universal principles of true freedom, by him who died to set us free first from the father of lies, consequently of slavery, and afterwards from his lying offspring, an integral detachment of which answers to-day to the name of Liberalism.

To return to Rienzi. In the beginning of his public career he occupied the position of trust under the Papacy known in those days as Papal Vicar. We do not pretend to infer from this that he was a fervent Catholic, or devoted to the Papacy; we only dispute the force of the assertion made by the liberals, that he was a man of genius, a very good, honest, upright man. That he was sincere in two things, making himself a tribune, and restoring to its pristine signification the S. P. Q. R.—Senatus Populus que Romanus—we do not dispute. But far from proving himself a man of genius and a passably upright man, he stood forth a wild visionary, while his integrity of purpose suffers no small blemish, when we reflect that he calculated upon popular tumults as the stepping-stones to his own glory; he fell a victim to them in the end. Much is said of Arnaldo da Brescia and Crescenzio Romano, simply because, in the Middle Ages, they raised the self-same banner under which the apostates of to-day march, the destruction of the Catholic Church. We simply pass over their names, awaiting their credentials of respectability. The accounts given us of them by their contemporaries are not very flattering to their learning and integrity. Stephano Porcari was a worthy liberal, that is to say, if he lived in any country where justice is the foundation-stone of law, he would be hung as an assassin, for such he indubitably was. We shall not attempt to refute the groundless statements concerning Savonarola. As a Catholic he lived, and such he died, regretting the imprudent zeal with which he inveighed, not against the Church which he always loved, but against the vices of the clergy, and the degeneracy of the times. But he, too, was a visionary, and fanaticism was no inconsiderable item in his character. As for Paul Sarpi, in whose genius and learning our adversaries find weapons against

the Papacy, it is sufficient to state that invectives and diatribes are not the exponents of either the one or the other, and that persons of the most ordinary historical attainments are obliged to make so frequent and so liberal a use of qualifying salt, in receiving his statements, that they become unpalatable as a whole. Sarpi's religion hardly merits the name. In appearance it was a strange mixture of rationalism and Christianity, but in substance it was rank atheism. His style of writing was vigorous. He wrote good Italian. But that fact is insufficient to establish the thesis of the liberals, that his learning and integrity were such, that the consideration of them would remove scruples on the justice of trying to overthrow the Papacy. In reply to the last charge, namely, that the Papacy is and always has been the enemy of progress and civilization, and that its form of temporal government abhorred the doctrines and habits of liberty, we will be summary. Pay your own debts, cease to make of the unfortunate peninsula of Italy a grand amphitheatre of torments for the inhabitants by your unjust, exorbitant fiscal exactions; restore to the Papacy the universities of learning you have suppressed, give back to the religious orders the hundreds of thousands of volumes, teeming with science and literary lore, and with which you now fill a great library in Rome, giving it the name of a robber in ermine, and, when you have accomplished all this, "*give testimony of the evil.*"

SOUTHERN WATERING-PLACES.

NOTHING is more common in these days of universal travel than wintering in the South, and those who have once made that delightful experience will again and again follow the birds,

"Joyous birds of the wandering wing."

Art, poetry, and literature keep the beauties of the winter and spring familiar to dwellers in less favored climes. But who has told of our Saratogas and our Newports, our sweltering July and August, or our hazy fall?

Yet the summer glories of the Southland are passing fair. The moss-draped live oak, in which a company of soldiers could play hide and seek, gives perfect shade. The towering pines, whose tufted heads wave to and fro in the clouds, breathe out that delicate aromatic fragrance which makes the warm air balmy, and is health to those who inhale it. The gardens, bright with color and radiant with dewdrops, are a paradise to the eye. The orange trees, no longer white with blossoms, nor yet golden with fruit, perfume every breeze that sighs through their almost impenetrable foliage. Heavy night dews and copious showers keep trees and grass in perpetual verdure, and the dust, omnipresent in the North, in a state of abject slavery. Cool, deep, cave-like houses, prettily trimmed with ample piazzas or galleries, and surrounded by shade trees, bid defiance to the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun. In the Gulf States the brisk sea breeze tempers the heat of the spacious streets. It is heard, morning, noon, and night, rustling or moaning through the giant oak, the stately pecan, the graceful sycamore. It helps one to live comfortably, and even cooly, in the latitude of the Sahara.

Between Southern watering-places

cessarily much similarity:

; in shade from one another,
, in color, like its brother."

er resorts of New Orleans
between that city and Mo-
railroad skirts the gulf,
yous, brakes, piney woods,
estle-work, swamps enough
ice for a continent, and
emblantes (*Anglice bogs*).
ite lowland scenery, espe-
mmer, I doubt if this road
d. Its manifold beauties
my mind a picture of un-
eliness. I love to stand
n by the tangled copse,
with rainbows and wild
d gaze into the cool green
lanched with enormous
. True, snakes may lurk
ie blossoms, and the ugly
lligators will now and then
silver petals of the lilies,
an blame the reptiles for
naunts which eclipse the
Solomon's raiment?
ions on Southern lines are
I will give just one. Here
idated frame house, con-
e Goldsmith's chest of
a double debt to pay;"
y hotel, partly post-office.
en, and children, whom
r from the windows, strag-
ls the rail, and gaze idly
g line of carriages bring-
orld to their solitudes.
my faces! What black,
eyes! What costumes!
, what a Lotus-land!
has penetrated these
ere is a colored wench
ome passengers who wear
garb. She informs them
a Catholic by making the
cross. A pleasant greet-
medals and rosaries judi-
ributed, and the children
round the religious party.
sses hold up their heavy,
king babies to be "bless-
rating the while: "Voyez,
enfants; voyez le bon

But were the Pope and his retinue to descend from the cars, that grinning field negro of *antebellum* times would not advance. His huge legs are thrown athwart the clumsy fence. He is too lazy to stare. The effort would overpower him. If he sees you, his big watery eyes must have dropped on you by accident. But it is summer, we must not be hard on him. The very gamins play their pranks lazily now. That big nigga' may nevertheless go to the Methodist camp-meeting this evening and display the agility of a rope dancer. When he "gits religion" he will drive his peers to the right and to the left, emit howlings, and practice facial contortions that would scare Beelzebub, and finish by planting his wonderful teeth in the trunk of a hickory.

"What is this; what is this?" asked a rheumatic Englishman, who by chance got on the coast camp-ground at the meeting hour, and, flung aside by a giant of a negro, leaped out of the path of danger with a briskness his physician would have deemed incredible.

"Oh nothing, sir," laughed a jolly Hibernian, who saw good sport in the scene; "it is only a darkey, sir, getting the 'glory-spasm.'"

The train moves on, bearing beauty, fashion, and invalidism to the quiet picturesque nooks of the coast. Bay St. Louis, a charming spot, the summer retreat of the older French families; Pass Christian, or The Pass, attracts owners of fine equipages and handsome saddle horses; its beach, some five miles long, being convenient for this sort of display; Biloxi with its ancient fort, and Pascagoula with its weird Indian legends. All these, and several smaller places, are within two or three hours of New Orleans and Mobile. Neither business nor family need suffer from the prolonged absence of its head; the merchant can attend his store all day and join his family at the seaside in the evening. The

morning train will bring him to his counter in time for the day's business.

The largest and most beautiful town on the coast is Biloxi, an Indian name which signifies Turtle Killers. Founded in 1699, it had already a fort before New Orleans was begun or even planned, and Iberville and Bienville were not the only great colonizers that shared the honors and the hardships of its foundation. In its resident population of over two thousand (increased by a thousand during the bathing season) almost every civilized country is represented. The French and Spanish languages are largely spoken, though fast giving way to English, which every Biloxian of to-day understands.

The beach, hardly passable for carriages, is lined with beautiful residences, belonging chiefly to wealthy Louisianians. Running out into the sea before each dwelling is a wharf or bridge some two or three hundred feet long, connecting a sort of bathing house with the front garden. The wharf finishes by a railed platform, built, like the bath-house, on posts driven into the sand at low tide. Crabbing, fishing, dancing, singing, make these places gay, especially in the evening. The mornings are mostly devoted to bathing.

In a hot country, the gulf shore style of "dipping" has one great advantage over the surf bathing of the North. When you plunge into the waves from the ladder of your bath-house you are completely shaded by the loose plank walls of that crazy construction. Hats, therefore, are a superfluity in the bathing costume; indeed, the hat has not yet been invented that could screen the head from the sunbeams which pour down at noon into the Gulf of Mexico.

The view from these wharves is, I think, unique. The primeval forest seems to stretch to the water's edge; the houses look like white patches among the green trees; and here and there a thin curl of smoke is seen scaling the brooding storm-cloud. In front the broad ocean prospect is broken by Deer Island and Ship Island, famous in the annals of the civil war. The sea stretches out to the sky. Great blue waves, streaked by feathery foam, come in, laughing, tumbling, and roaring. Schooners, sail-boats, and skiffs ply in every direction for business or pleasure, and the invigorating sea-breeze never lags. Few spend a season at a coast watering-place without seeing that "horribly beautiful sight" a tropical storm.

Mornings, nights, and evenings in this region are ineffably delicious. Sunrise and sunset might turn a Bœotian into a poet, but never has poet adequately described the *stillness* of these scenes. As for the Southern moon—well, it makes one think people in higher latitudes have only a moon of tinsel. Such a white silver light; such a yellow golden light! No enchanter ever pretended to a wand like its rays. They touch the waves, and precious stones of unimagined gorgeousness leap up to the surface, flashing like the rubies and jasper and amethyst of the pearly portals of heaven. Sometimes the clouds, after taking every fantastic shape, tumble into an opaque heap and veil the moon, making palpable darkness. Now face the beach, and see the lurid glare of its pine fires. Here and there a dark fisherman snatches a flaming brand, and presently you see its lengthened shadow in the waves, while it illumines and even glorifies the visage of its holder. Unwary flounders swim towards the light as the moth flies to the flame, and the sport of "spearing flounders" begins. This fish is considered a great delicacy, and the peculiar mode of catching it is one of the most weird sights to be seen on the glorious nights that fall like a pall over the Mississippi Sound.

But what of the noontide? Well,

truth must be told, there are
ds in any language that can
e the broiling, sweltering,
ıing heat which bears down
ıe hazy sea and the white sil-
nd. Still, there is always a
and you can be as cool as you
f you keep your unacclimated
within the walls of a house
the seaboard fashion, that is,
road, shaded, and able to
he storm. Like all the other
eniences of life, people who
thing to do feel the heat most
ngly.

artist will ever reproduce the
ng moonlight, the intense
ıe, the preternatural calm of
ɛenes, fresh from the hand of
The glories of the greatest
ıpe painters, compared to
would be but as the daubing
ıild to the coloring of Claude.
hua Reynolds might well have
ı view when he declared it
ɛasy to trace the heads of his
s than to put in the back-
l.

igration would be a great
in these regions. Land is
taxation low; fuel, fish, and
vithin reach of all. An ener-
ıan could live, and even grow
y the produce of his vegetable
and fruit trees, especially the
trees.

ɛe are at least seven Catholic
es scattered over the hundred
venty miles that divide New
s and Mobile. Catholic
ı are numerous and efficiently
ɛted. A Convent of St. Jo-
built under the shadow of the
ı at Bay St. Louis; the pink
of the Convent of Mercy at
ıss glare through the pines and
ies as the train flies by; and at
embosomed in orange and fig
s another Convent of Mercy,
riately called *Maris Stella*.
ıs elsewhere, these institutions
ıtres of intellectual and indus-
ife, by no means confining
ɛlves to the teaching of the
catechism, though that be the most important teaching our youth can receive.

The climate is as healthy as it is salubrious. Deaths, except from old age, are uncommon; I am acquainted with several centenarians. The people are polite, affable, and obliging. They have much of the repose of an old civilization. They are not always, however, overburdened with energy. If I mistake not, the most flourishing orchards, cane-fields, and oyster-beds belong chiefly to men of European birth, Irish, French, Italian, German, Danish, etc. Poverty rarely admits of any other explanation than laziness. If the men, aborigines shall I call them? though they boast no Indian blood, are not lazy, they are a much maligned race. The women are very industrious.

What I shall here set down concerning the men, may be calumny or detraction, or a mixture of both; my readers may pass a winter on the coast, and judge for themselves.

When a youth approaches that age wherein much value is attached to a clean shirt, rather upon ornamental than upon sanitary grounds, he suddenly thinks of looking about for a wife. As the number of fools is infinite, an early success rewards his generous quest, and henceforth, the honor of supporting him is transferred from his mother to his bride. That eminently charitable lady not only enables him to sport immaculate shirt-fronts, but nourishes him on a fish diet, the results of which upset in my mind some respectable theories about brain-producing condiments. The wife raises vegetables, catches crabs, takes in washing, and busies herself in desultory ways; the husband lounges about door-steps and shady alley-ways, and drops into peaceful slumbers. Some are said to be still more eminent for laziness. I heard of one, who finding himself unequal to the onerous task of coming home to his meals, crawled to the water's edge, and

thrust in his head, fervently hoping that a crab would waddle into his open mouth. But the inventor of that story never saw the monstrous crabs which mature in the Mexican Gulf:

> "Whose shape
> Would make them, had they bulk and size,
> More hideous foes than fancy can devise;"

and which, at any period of their infancy, would be very uncomfortable guests in the human mouth.

Indolence, as is well known, is the vice most difficult to be eradicated. I tried earnestly with some of these people, but cannot be over vain of my success. They showed more activity in running to see the cars come in, or the revenue cutter go by, or the schooners unloading, than in doing the work for which I contracted to pay them.

I shall never forget the difficulty we found in procuring, for love or money, a coffin for an orphan child who died at our house. One man took a long time to satisfy himself that a coffin was really necessary, and then walked off, saying he wouldn't make it. Another had no lumber, but might get some next week. Next week, and the thermometer varying from ninety to a hundred, and no ice to be got, and no undertaker within sixty miles! A third had lumber, but thought he would rather make a boat than a coffin. A brother of his, who got up so hurriedly that he appeared in his wife's bathing-gown, advised us to telegraph to the Crescent City for the necessary receptacle, it having been currently reported that the "telegraph man" had been asleep two days, and serious doubts were entertained as to whether he would wake again until the dog-days were over.

Finally, a small, spare man, through whose veins coursed the blood of some chivalrous ancestry, offered to oblige us, provided he could get help. We at once authorized him to hire all the available help in the country. I think his son, and his wife, an Irish lady, must have given him efficient aid, for we had a good oak coffin about noon.

I shall never lose my sense of obligation to that reluctant mechanic. When he said a conditional "yes" to my piteous appeal, methought his wizened countenance glowed with the beauty of Raphael or Gabriel; and his voice, which never before or since showed any peculiar cadences, was sweeter to my ears than the bass of Lablache, and more thrilling than the tenor of Mario. The grave was still to be dug, but how that was accomplished it would take a volume to explain. What a work of mercy it was, under such circumstances, to bury the dead!

We placed the cold remains of our fair child in that dearly-bought coffin, and filled it with choice flowers. The solemn dirges of the Church were sung, and the funeral procession wound out from under the orange trees, headed by the Curé and his acolytes. Under the waving pines beside the bright sea, she was laid, not, indeed, among kindred dust, her kindred sleep far away, but she was not the only one of her race in that lone cemetery. One of those sweet children born to fulfil in a short while a long space, we felt as though she carried her baptismal robe unsullied to heaven. Perhaps she smiled from her bright throne above, on our zealous efforts to give decent burial to her body, so long the temple of the Holy Ghost.

What a dreary episode in so gay a subject as *Watering-places*, some one may say. Why not tell us about balls, and parties, and pic-nics, and boating? Reader, pardon me. I might promise to gratify you, if we were to meet again this summer. For the present I salute you from my orange grove by the shimmering sea, and whisper a tender, an affectionate *Vale*.

FROM OUT THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

ory came softly from dying
ly, fitfully, as lips must
en they set free the sound
:e called failing here, be-
echoes, piercing the dome
eat beyond, return not to
:ory in its simplicity, sub-
its tenderness, grand; in
all-powerful; a story for
l to hear, and acknowledge
e sinner to take into his
heart, that it might melt
:ars whose flow would un-
him the closed gate of
All unlettered the tongue,
)oke its words, eloquent
ough simplicity and truth;
tivated, according to the
acceptation of the word,
which sent them forth for
, yet, to the listeners, it
nd of wisdom no volume
could have given.

vere young girls, fair and
ith youth's untouched pos-
f joy, and proud with the
ness of that possession.
l stolen away from a bevy
ompanions, to enjoy un-
:d a summer ramble and
chat; a chat in which re-
f sweet secrets were blend-
uileless surmises about the
ife so sternly solves for us,
passes away, and gentle
the unseen and hoped-for
As if to glorify the sweet
:e perfume from an unseen
rose the fragrance of the
:ysuckle on the forest air,
itself above with the rare
y odor of the "murmuring
nd on the clouds of their
ere wafted the tones of the
ices. When the glamour
; began to wane:
very tired, Alice."

"And I would look upon a draught of cool milk as nectar direct from the domain of Jove, the thunderer, Estelle. See, there is a house of logs, suggestive of cream, fresh eggs, honey, and all the other delectable miracles of country life. Let us penetrate; let us offer bribes in greenback shape; let us partake of the 'fat of the land,' which stretches itself out in such dainty attire of green velvet about the primitive dwelling."

As she spoke, they emerged from the beautiful forest in which they had for the length of a bright June morning lost themselves, and stood looking upon a prospect, the charm of which it would be hard, nay, impossible, to embody in language. Nestling in a circular hollow of green, velvety indeed, stood the low-roofed log-cabin, and like gleaming jewels set in the softness of the sward, flowed the ripples of a little stream, flowed and sparkled and danced, and then slept in the deep, clear pools, all to the music of its own dainty voice. Just close to the house, stretching out towards a belt of woods beyond, was a field of the waving, the peerless, the graceful rye, with its robe of strange green, that seems striving to steal a reflection of the sky's blue, or else a memory of the ocean's tint, you cannot well say which, for its peculiar adornment. Then, up from the stream's mossy edge, stately hills reared themselves, their tops all crowned with the delicate tufts of feathery evergreens, which so timidly bend to the zephyr's touch, yet live to withstand all the storms of winter's reign, reminding one of sweet humility, which trembles in joy, yet sternly defies the powers of earth and hell in temptation's storm.

Over this beautiful scene, however, a stillness brooded, which seemed to hold something awful in its peace.

"I do not know why," said Alice, "but I feel as if I were in the presence of death."

"And I too," said Estelle, "but perhaps that is only fancy's work; let us go on. As we come nearer to the house we will be sure to find some signs of life."

It was strange that, as they put down the bars answering for a gate, clouds began to gather in the sky, and all the sunny aspect of the scene vanished as if by some stroke of an invisible conjuror's wand.

"I wonder," said Alice, in a tone involuntarily hushed, as we hush our voices in the presence of the dead or the suffering, "is there any danger of a cross dog attacking us? There are always dogs about a place like this."

"*There can be no dog here*," said a deep gentle voice near; "do not be afraid."

They looked in the direction of the sound, and saw a picture set in the shadows of the summer storm-cloud, which impressed itself indelibly on their happy young hearts, destined to be touched that day as they had never been before. Seated, or rather grovelling on the ground, was a boy, who, judging from his face, might have been any age from fifteen to twenty-one, but there was no mistaking the expression of it; you need not have looked below it to know that it was the countenance of one deformed. But looking below a sight presented itself, which even amongst crowds of the deformed would have been most pitiable of all. From the waist down, this creature's body was simply a hideous heap, that bore the peculiar aspect of something dead huddled together under rags, and a human being sitting on the ghastly thing. But the attention of the lookers on was quickly diverted from the horror of the sight, by two beautiful elements of the picture; one, a lovely little girl seated on the ground with the cripple, cuddling up close to him, and resting her silken head against his shoulder, while she shared with him the delights of the other; a crowd of domestic pets noisily assembling around them. Doves perched on his head and shoulders, two pretty kids fed from one of his hands, a perfect swarm of young chickens and ducklings strove to get near him, and lazily blinking her eyes at all in supremacy of self-satisfaction, a beautiful white kitten nestled on the child's lap. And though occasionally his pallid face turned itself towards the house with an expression of the deepest and most tender anxiety, nevertheless it grew beautiful with smiles when it again regarded the clamoring, loving crowd; while those smiles beamed there, the countenance of the cripple was lost, and a striking resemblance to the face of the beautiful child stamped itself in the place of that habitual look of suffering and premature age always to be seen on such. Upon this strange and certainly unexpected picture, the two young girls stood a moment looking in unspeakable compassion, the compassion of youth's untried heart, which knows no reserve and admits no cavil. Then said Alice gently,

"Poor fellow!"

"Ah!" said the deep, gentle voice, which had spoken before, "it is my mother you must pity." It was the boy's voice, and held a peculiar tone, as if a soul fainting from weariness, but kept in life by love, struggled to be free through it.

"Yes, indeed," answered Alice; "it must be a cause of continual pain to your mother to see you so."

"No, ma'am," said the boy, tears springing softly to his eyes, "I mean she suffers so herself, my poor mother!"

"Grandma has been in bed three years, ma'am, with a tumor," said the little girl; "that's what Bernie means."

Suddenly, as if the heavens were being rent in twain, a loud and fearful clap of thunder broke over their heads. A look of the most fearful agony transformed the cripple's face, and with the cry of a hunted thing he swiftly made his way towards the house, with the aid of one hand and the dragging of his shapeless trunk along the ground. The swiftness of the movement only added to the woful horror of the spectacle, and the whole manner of the poor creature reminded one more of the actions of an animal than a human being.

"Isn't that perfectly awful!" cried Estelle.

"Awful!" echoed Alice, "and just to think of other suffering inside. What a lesson!"

"Poor Bernie," said the little girl, "is dreadfully afraid of thunder and lightning, ma'am, and he must run to grandma when it comes, or he would die, I do believe. Then," she added sadly, "they say she is going to die soon, and I don't know what Bernie is ever going to do if she does."

Before they could answer another loud clap of thunder, and the fall of some heavy drops of rain, made all three hasten in the direction he had taken. Once inside, they saw what had cast the indescribable stillness over the place.

The entire house consisted of one room. In this stood two beds, a few chairs, an empty stove, and that species of cupboard dear to the heart of the country housewife, and known as a "corner cupboard." The floor was bare, but perfectly clean, as were all the other appointments of the poor place.

There is a kind of poverty pathetic beyond words for its very absence of attempt at veiling its presence, by the little expedients familiar to the deft hand of woman, and often successful in producing an effect of comfort, by no means really in existence. And the peculiar pathos of this poverty arises from the fact, that the hearts ground down by its iron heel, lack the spirit which creates the wish to hide the rule of the tyrant from stranger eyes, and that such spirit is dead within them is a sadder fact than the poverty with all its attendant pains. This was the kind evidently holding rule here, unmitigated by any sweet work of skilful hands, unshrinkingly left bare for all eyes to see. But, indeed, no eye could stop to dwell on it in view of what lay upon one of those poor and plainly comfortless beds; that would absorb attention from all other belongings of the room. The emaciated form of a woman rested there in suffering so palpable, that the hardest heart must have been touched by the spectacle. From side to side it feebly moved, with painful constancy of motion that seemed to wear it out, and yet seemed entirely uncontrollable; *no rest* was plainly the lot of that suffering frame, no rest until would come that which earth could not disturb. The poor, white hands upon the coverlet clenched themselves with the same unceasing toil, but the face upon the pillow—ah! what words could ever describe the sublimity of its peace, even set, as it was, in an expression of intense pain. Language does not possess them; you should see such look to know its heavenly beauty, and once seen you could never forget it. Sixty years of life had left their marks upon that fading face, and the soft crown of silky black hair that rose above it on the pillow was shining here and there with silver, yet the expression of the soft brown eyes was such as the soul of a little child might send forth to charm all lookers-on with its guilelessness and simple faith. As they entered the dying voice was speaking to one who sat near the head of the bed, sat with moist eyes and tender expression of face, a young girl like themselves, one whom they had often met in their rides and walks, and whom they had often heard spoken of in the gay summer

resort which was their temporary home, as "eccentric," and as girls called it, "poky."

"That was beautiful, my dear," the dying voice was breathing forth; "oh, so beautiful! To think," and the dying eyes fixed themselves upon the fair sweet face with a look that was benediction in itself, "to think that *I* have lived sixty-one years, and never, never heard it till you told me. How I find comfort in it, my dear, the Sacred Heart of Jesus!" A paroxysm of pain choked her voice.

"Oh, Sacred Heart, let me bear it in your holy wound; let my depth of pain be buried there!" the young girl said, fervently; and as a child repeats its lesson the woman repeated it after her.

"It is horrible!" she then said; "awful, like a coal of fire burning into my very heart!"

"Yes," answered the young girl, using a petting, cooing tone, and stroking the silken hair upon the pale forehead; "it is, indeed, and your poor back must be a torture to you, but just as you suffer from head to foot so did our Lord suffer on the cross. He only wants to make you like himself; and that is why you have such pain. And as every pain pierces to the heart, so just as yours is aching now his sacred heart ached on the cross, the terrible cross, which did not afford him even the comfort of this bed of pain on which you lie. Just think! cruel nails were his resting-place."

Every heart in the room was touched to tears as the dying voice answered, "Oh, Sacred Heart, let those nails pierce my soul with sorrow for my sins!"

Then, in a few moments more, "My dear, my dear," said the dying voice, "I have nothing to give you for your goodness to me; and you came to me like an angel from heaven. So I am going to tell you my story before I die, because your heart is young, and maybe the lesson will be gold and silver to it. I can't tell though, and you can't tell, how it was that God was so good to me, to call me to the true Church at the last, after sixty-one years of life. Just to think, I laid here and worked it out in my own mind, without any one telling me a word about it, that I could never enter the kingdom of heaven if I didn't become a Catholic!"

Another paroxysm of pain, another fervent aspiration on the part of the young girl, faithfully echoed by the dying lips. Then,

"You know, my dear, I had been nearly three years in bed, and seeing no doctor or medicine gave me any relief, I began to think about the other world. I wasn't to say a church member, though I always tried to do what I thought was right; but I tell you, when you look back on any kind of a life from the edge of the grave, it seems all but a poor excuse. So, my dear, I thought I'd get some good praying church members to pray and exhort around me, and maybe then I'd happen to get religion myself. But after they'd go I'd feel as if there was no comfort in religion, and I'd be more anxious than ever about my poor soul. Even when the ministers came it was all the same, and at last I quit having them, and they all agreed I was an awful case of an impenitent sinner."

She stopped. Pain convulsed her for several minutes, and the young girl prayed all the time in audible whispers. When at last it was over,

"Ah!" breathed the dying voice, "that *is* prayer, that *is* religion. You know, my dear, when I got into this awful state of mind, and begun to think my soul would be lost, I said to myself, 'I have had a good deal of sorrow in my life, and I tried to do what was right in all, and surely the great God has *some* comfort for poor souls like me at the last, if I only knew where to find it.'"

"So he had," said the young girl

so he always has for those
to do right!' "
so, my dear, it happened
: you stopped in one day
k of water, and seeing me
so hard you knelt down to
as you took me to be dy-
)rayed out loud to the Sa-
art — oh, sacred, Sacred

)sed her eyes, and her lips
:ntly; she was again in
ıd in pain; out of the
d the pain came the next

l never heard of that so
e now—had lived sixty-one
never heard of it! But I
) know it immediately, my
to take such comfort in it
ıever found before in any-
'll just tell you, it came to
nething I had known long
ost, and forgot, and missed
me without knowing what
and then, all of a sudden
ame back, I knew it again.
at strange?"
' said the young girl with
voice, "the Sacred Heart
you through suffering, and
our knowing it was all your
hen," and her voice melted
"in my poor prayer it
) reveal its presence; God's
wonderful when he wishes
; own, his own marked out
ıg!"
never did anything to de-
ıy dear! That's what I was
tell you. After you went
ınd out that you were a
and I began to think the
Church must be the one that
ırt for poor souls like me.
l these around me to bring
holic priest, but there was
ne excuse that they couldn't
Then I prayed to the Sa-
rt to bring you back, and
gh you came, and you soon
aptized and received into
:h. From the minute I was
my dear, I just changed
into as different a creature as if I wasn't myself any more at all. All was turmoil before, and all was peace then—peace, peace—"

Pain hushed the beautiful word upon those dying lips; but after another fierce struggle, aided again by prayer, it was softly breathed again, "Peace—praise be to God."

"Even in pain," inquired the young girl, "such pain as that just passed?"

"Even so," said the sufferer, "and what have I done to deserve it? That's what I was going to tell you all the time. I always tried to do right, to be sure, and if I suffered, I tried to be patient; but then, my life was only a poor excuse after all, and there's many would have done better than me, as you'll say when you hear the story. Once, my dear, I was young like you, aye, and fair like you, and loved as mayhap you're loved now. And my love, I thought, was good and true, and a man to take my life in his care, and watch over it like some strong angel. My father was a farmer, and he was one of his workmen, so he opposed our marriage, thinking, maybe, I might get some one better off, and I easily might, but I loved Matthew, and we were married. Well, well, my dear, it was a disappointment, for he was not good like I thought, but turned out a drinking man, and got into bad company, and from his talk when in liquor, I soon found out he had only put on the goodness to get me for the sake of the farm my father would give me; but my father gave me no farm, and so he fell into his old ways, through disappointment. They wanted me to leave him, but I said no; if it turned out that he had some bodily infirmity, I would be mean to leave him, for, before God, he was my husband; and so when it turned out his heart was not right, I was all the same, bound to try to be a good wife. So I tried, but many a time I think I wasn't altogether the real,

right kind, or I'd have been the cause of him reforming."

The lips that had uttered these words of humility almost perfect, grew too tremulous now with pain to go on, and the young girl sat, uttering those ejaculations to the Sacred Heart which so comforted the sufferer. Now the voice was weaker, when it took up the thread of the simple story, and it spoke more slowly.

"*He* left *me*, my dear, left me to support my two little children and one, a cripple from its birth, and I did it by washing. I would not go home, for I still hoped he would repent and come back, and I wanted him to find the little cottage all the same as when he left it—very poor, my dear, but still *his own home*. And I put a light in the window every night, so if he happened to come at night, he'd think there was welcome. Oh dear! oh dear! he came at last, but such a coming! All rags, and dirt, and his face cut open, and flying from the officers of justice. He said he had committed no crime, but belonged to a gang that had murdered and robbed a man on the highway. I've often thought, my dear, that strength was given me from heaven that night, for I dressed his wound and fixed his clothes without saying a word, and then I said, 'Matthew, if all the world fails you, I'll stick by you, and if you stood at the gallows' foot, I'll stand there with you, but you must leave these men that lead you to wickedness, and come to a land where you'll see them no more.' And so, my dear, we left our own country, and came here, and when I wrote back to my father, he offered me a home for me and the children if I'd leave Matthew, but I said, 'No; I'm his wife, and because I'm to find suffering with him is no reason I'm to leave him. It is not doing right.' So my father abandoned me, and I led a life of suffering and hard work, for poor Matthew got deranged, and off and on, ill-treated me; maybe it was strong drink, and maybe it was his disappointments, I don't know; but I never told one but the One above, and I moved to this way-off place, so people wouldn't know, and I bore it all and worked."

As a paroxysm of pain once more silenced the dying lips, a vision rose up before the listeners of the heroic life in that lonely place on which God alone looked, and it was with streaming eyes and hearts full they listened to the simple conclusion.

"So it went on and on, my dear, for years and years, and Matthew grew worse and worse. But I said nothing, till one day I couldn't work. He had hit me on the back; he didn't mean to hurt me so much, of course, but out of it the tumor grew. And when there was nobody to watch him, he went off in his trouble, and one morning he was found dead on the bank of the river; no one ever knew whether it was an accident or not, but maybe, if I'd have been about, it wouldn't have happened. But he's gone before, and surely God wouldn't hold him responsible. But you see, my life wasn't much to deserve so great a favor as this at the last. I only suffered and tried to do right."

"Only!" the fervent lips of the young girl uttered; "oh, secret of the saints, God sent its reward, to 'suffer and to try to do right.'"

"It *was* very little, my dear," spoke the simple soul just ready to go before God; "but it will tell the like of you how the great God can reward so little. Sixty-one years in darkness, and after all to be brought to the light!"

A change came over the pallid face—a change that comes but once—but through its gray shadow a smile of peace ineffable softly settled. The young girl spoke to her gently; she did not seem to hear, though her lips moved as if in prayer. A woman who had been weeping at the foot of

. came forward, and threw on her knees, crying, "Oh mother!" The cripple himself from where he had ›uching in terror of the storm ner near the bed, calling in ng voice, "One word, mo-*›ther!*"

lid not seem to hear any of he only seemed to know one ɛ. Like a little child re- its prayers at its mother's ɛr voice breathed out the as- s taught to her by the young d the look of her face was ɛe that of an innocent child woman with a long life of g left behind.

' the stamp of the newly bap- ıs there, and truly the gift of God still lived, surviving all feelings. Suddenly, a rapt ›roke over the face already by death's touch.

red Heart of Jesus," stole the stiffening lips, "have ›n me!"

the life whose simple record only suffered and tried to t," saw immortality. Per- may tell to some tried heart this poor attempt at reproducing it here, the truth, that God guided his own to himself by ways not our ways, and that they who seek him through simply "doing right," will find him certainly. Such was the lesson carried away by the hearts gathered around that lonely deathbed, and it influenced their whole future in a way that showed the direct intervention of Divine Providence in leading them there.

The dead was tenderly laid in consecrated ground, and the living were cared for, and finally brought to the knowledge of the truth. The cripple did not long survive his mother, but long enough to learn to carry the cross till it led him to eternal glory.

In the quiet country churchyard, where the body consecrated by suffering was laid, no monument rises to tell what monuments essay to speak; nor does any chiselled slab even record the name of the dead whom God so honored. Let this simple writing fill the place of monument and slab, and may its lesson live long after the hand which reverently placed it here, is stilled forever.

THE GERMAN PERSECUTION.

ıave been accustomed to look ;ious liberty as a secure and ıble conquest of modern civi- . We have seen its develop- ımong ourselves, interrupted l there for a moment by some obstacle, but still progressing . We have felt its genial :e on social life, and the ı and cohesion it gives to ›litic. Experience has shown it in no way diminishes relig- ıl or promotes indifferentism. we have learned to tolerate other's intolerance, we are more, not less, active in defending religious truth than our forefathers were.

The best men among us of all classes and creeds look with as much astonishment on the attempt, in a country which has enjoyed religious freedom, to revive the old doctrine, *cujus regio illius religio*, as they would on the revival of trial by ordeal, or of serfdom.

We therefore, in the first instance, are disposed to lend a ready ear to those journals which make light of the practical effects of the Falk laws in Germany.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe that in a highly civilized nation at our very door two-thirds of the best-educated population in the world are engaged in an attempt utterly to root out the religion of the remaining one-third; that in some districts already the ministrations of the Catholic Church are as entirely prohibited as they were among us in the time of the penal laws; and that the ultimate effect of the existing laws, if they are carried out, must be to exclude from Prussia every Catholic priest who does not carry on his ministrations by stealth.

If, then, we desire to inform that public opinion which the organs of the German Government seek to delude, and evidently therefore fear, we must not confine ourselves to publishing the text of the Falk laws, we must look into the concrete working of this mechanism of persecution. We must realize ourselves, and enable others to realize its effect.

For this purpose it may be well from time to time to publish accurate accounts of the operation of the new confessional laws in the various dioceses which are subject to them, and we commence this month with the condition of Posen and Gnesen in August last.

1. In the diocese of Posen, twenty parishes, counting thirty-one thousand five hundred and twenty-two souls, were deprived of divine service, partly by the death of priests whom Government does not allow to be replaced; partly, by the imprisonment of those who refused to name the apostolic delegate.

The parish of Nekla, near Kostryn, one thousand two hundred and fifteen souls, is equally deprived of divine service. The priest of this parish, having corresponded with the commissary intrusted by the Government with the administration of church property, lost the confidence of his parishioners, and was obliged to resign.

2. In the diocese of Gnesen, divine service has ceased in ten parishes (twelve thousand five hundred and thirty-three souls) in consequence of the demise of their vicars.

Five other parishes of seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-one souls were, during, more or less, four months, deprived of divine service, in consequence of the imprisonment of their parish priests, for refusing to name the apostolic delegate. They were released as soon as the Government succeeded in finding him out.

3. In both dioceses the Ecclesiastical Seminaries were closed—at Posen two years ago, at Gnesen three months ago. The two assistant bishops were exiled, and will be imprisoned should they return. The one was condemned to nine months' imprisonment for having consecrated the oils on Holy Thursday; the other to six months' imprisonment for having given Confirmation, once only.

Fifty parishes at least, in the two dioceses, have but one priest, when, by the size of the parish, two or three are required. Young priests sent to these parishes two years ago, have been expelled, imprisoned, or banished.

4. In the parishes deprived of their clergy, no priest, even from an adjoining parish, was allowed to bear spiritual assistance to the dying, unless he obtained leave from the Chief President of the province, residing at Posen. The first transgression is punished by a few weeks' imprisonment; the next, by a longer imprisonment, followed by expulsion from their country. Saying Low Mass, in another parish, whether it be in a church, or in a private chapel, was subject to the same penalty, if it were proved, that any one person was present besides the servers.

5. Some young priests wore disguise, and let their beards and whiskers grow in order not to be recognized, and to be thus able to make themselves useful here and there;

one had been discovered. If they were, they would be condemned to prison for a period not exceeding two years, to be followed by banishment.

6. Parishioners bereft of their clergy, assembled in their churches for prayer and chanting in common on Sundays and feast days. If sometimes a priest in disguise entered the church and performed the service, sentinels were placed on watch in order to give notice, in case of the approach of the police.

When it became known that a priest had been in the church, and the police asked his name from the peasants, and whence he came, they always answered he must have come from Jerusalem or from Rome.

7. Domiciliary visits were very frequent. Some priests have had to undergo more than one. Private papers and letters, not only were read with curiosity, but were confiscated, especially if they seemed to throw any kind of suspicion on any one. Such searches could not be made unless authorized by the *procureur*. However, when they did take place illegally, complaints were of no avail.

8. Those priests who were imprisoned only for having refused to name the delegate, were allowed the use of books, paper, and pen, they might have light in the evening, and procure their own food.

Those who were in prison for the transgression of the May laws were denied pen and ink; their letters and newspapers were subject to inspection; and the permission of procuring their own food, and having light at night, depended on the good pleasure of their judges.

In the Duchy of Posen there is no case of their having been refused.

Mass was not allowed, not even in the chapel of the prison.

9. The heaviest penalties were inflicted on those priests who had refused to correspond with the commissaries appointed by Falk to administer the property of the Church. This refusal involved enormously heavy fines, exceeding, in several cases, the yearly income of those who were condemned to them. If the offence was repeated, the delinquent was forthwith banished.

Performing spiritual functions on feast days, and on plenary indulgences, which attract numbers, and when so many priests are required, in an adjoining parish, were subject to the same penalties.

The clergy of the Archdiocese of Gnesen and Posen who were imprisoned and banished for infractions of the Falk laws, up to August, 1875, comprise one archbishop, two bishops, four canons, one prelate of the household of the Holy Father, twenty-nine deans, thirteen parish priests, and fifty-one vicars, young priests, and monks.

Some were imprisoned merely because they had performed their spiritual functions without the authorization of the civil power; others, on feast days at their neighbors, had been found to preach, say Mass, and hear confessions; or, in a destitute parish, to administer the holy sacraments to the dying.

To these are to be added about fifty young priests in the last two years admitted to priesthood, and expelled from places appointed them by the ecclesiastical power, or compelled to seek for private employment either abroad or in the country.

At least four hundred priests of the two archdioceses have been fined. The fines imposed were in some instances very large, sometimes as much as a thousand thalers.

A letter before us from a priest who had been just let out of jail, says: "We do not know how long we shall be at liberty. From day to day the Procureur-General may think it fit to put us under lock and key. This is not a pleasant lookout, but if it pleases God to send us this trial, we have only to submit with patience and tranquillity."

Another letter contains the following passage: "This is the *modus operandi*. The police, or some inferior Government agent, lodges an information against a priest for having violated the May laws. The over president of the province, without waiting for any trial, orders the immediate banishment of the accused. The police carry him off to the frontier. This prevents him from defending himself, and is then generally condemned *in contumaciam*. By this means enormous gaps are made in the rural clergy, particularly in the parishes which join those where schismatical priests have been placed."

There follows then a description too long for us to insert, of the imprisonment of a professor who would not give information to the police of the hiding-place of his brother, a zealous priest for whom they had been hunting a long time without success.

Lastly, the Government, when it took possession of the property of the Church, engaged to pay fixed incomes to the bishops and clergy—the payment of those incomes was stopped on the 1st of July—only one of the canons of the cathedral by an exception, but very honorable to him, has been paid.

Contrast this violent and cruel proceeding with the course taken in the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. In the one case a whole priesthood reduced by a stroke of the pen to beggary; in the other every vested right respected, and no one deprived of a single shilling of his income.

Such is the condition of the Catholics of Germany; such are the trials against which, with unwavering courage and unbroken front, they are contending. To use the words of one of the most eminent men among them, "A gigantic war has been kindled against us, in which individuals may perish, suffer loss of earthly goods, and endure many sorts of martyrdom. Humanly speaking, we might almost envy the Roumanian Jews." But it may be asked, are the German Catholics free from blame? Have they not refused to accede to laws reasonable in themselves, and in no way subversive of the essential principles of the Catholic Church?

The heathen state, as Döllinger once wrote, was founded on the principle of utility, of interest, and of brute force—it sought to penetrate all spheres of life, and as an ever-working, ever-grinding machine, to throw down the nations beneath its yoke. It believed, as up to the very latest times the Government of Japan also believed, that the doctrines of Christianity would undermine its very existence, worship of the fatherland was to it the soul of religion; freedom of conscience was unknown to it, and it saw in the Christian Church merely an unlawful society.

Can it be that the German State, which Dr. von Döllinger now supports, is moving and acting on those principles he so eloquently and powerfully held up to the abhorrence of mankind?

We see the Catholic body in Germany, laity as well as clergy, united together almost as one man in their opposition to the Falk laws. We know that Dr. von Döllinger's name and influence have detached from them but an infinitesimally small number, even with the aid of some of the most powerful of the Silesian nobility. Common sense forbids us to believe that several millions of educated men would wantonly and heedlessly subject themselves to obloquy, calumny, and ostracism. This seems a just and irresistible presumption.

The issue to be tried is, after all, a very simple one—are there or are there not provisions in the confessional laws which no Catholic can with a safe conscience submit or subscribe to? If there are no such provisions, the German Catholics are

needlessly subjecting themselves to persecution; if there are such provisions, the German Government is endeavoring to blot out from the Bible the command to obey God rather than man.

It would be a waste of time to recapitulate here the long list of vexatious and oppressive enactments contained in these laws. We confine ourselves to a very few of them. By a law passed in 1873, "No ecclesiastical office can be filled, either permanently or even provisionally, by any one who is not a German having passed the leaving examination in a German gymnasium—having studied theology for three years in a German State university, and having passed an examination regulated by the State in science." To this provision for forming the minds of the future priesthood of Germany is to be added compulsory service in the army.

The appointment of professors in the universities is in the hands of the Government; already some of the professors of theology at Bonn are old Catholics. What sort of professors Prince Bismarck and M. Falk will appoint cannot be doubtful. If any nominal Catholic be appointed, it will be as a reward for well proved submission to the will of the State. Comment on a law which takes from the Church the education of her ministers is superfluous. What would be thought of handing over the training of ministers for the Scotch kirk to the Jesuits? and yet there are more doctrines held in common by orthodox Presbyterians and Jesuits than by Catholics and many of the professors in German universities. Besides, as Edmund Burke remarks, "If a Roman Catholic clergyman intended for celibacy and the function of confession, is not strictly bred in a seminary where these things are respected, inculcated, and enforced as sacred, and not made the object of derision and obloquy, he will be ill fitted for the former, and the latter will be indeed in his hands a horrible instrument." And again, all modes of education, conducted by those whose minds are cast in another mould, as I may say, and whose original ways of thinking are formed upon the reverse pattern, must be to the Catholic clergy not only useless, but mischievous.

The law we have been considering was, as we have seen, passed in 1873. In 1874 a new law subjected to fine and imprisonment any ecclesiastic who exercised any ecclesiastical function, *e. g.*, said Mass for the people or heard confessions, unless he could prove that he was legally authorized, *i. e.*, authorized by the civil authorities. In 1875, all salaries and material advantages given to the Catholic clergy by the State, or by public establishments, were suspended, upon the condition that they were to serve in any diocese where the bishop gave in writing a promise to submit for the future to all laws that had been passed or that ever could be passed by the State.

Power was taken in dioceses where the bishop refused to sign this engagement to restore his salary to any priest taking the oath.

Finally the law to regulate the administration of vacant Catholic bishoprics contains the following clause:

"Any ecclesiastic who wishes to exercise episcopal rights or duties must address in writing the President of the Province, and among other things must declare that he is ready to swear that he will observe all the laws of the State."

The Prussian bishops assembled at Fulda, on the 2d of April, 1875, prayed the Emperor not to require from them this oath. "Such a declaration," they said, "made unconditionally is irreconcilable with the conscience of a Christian." Their prayer was contemptuously refused. We leave it to every fair-minded man, whatever may be his

creed, to judge whether a Catholic bishop could be an honest man who swore to observe without reserve or restriction laws assuming the supremacy of the State over the Church, taking away from the ecclesiastical authorities the education of the clergy, and submitting all ecclesiastical functions—the administration of the sacraments, public worship, the saying of Mass—to the civil authorities. The Prussian minister of justice, Dr. Leonhardt, in 1874, in no way questioned the incompatibility of these oaths with the conscience of Catholics. In supporting a law authorizing the Government to withdraw from ecclesiastics who after fine and imprisonment continued to resist the confessional laws, the rights of citizenship, and to banish them, he used on the 21st of April these words, "I think that no one is obliged against his conscience to submit himself to the law of the State. He may separate himself from the State and, once outside of it, he may act as one who does not belong to it. In principle this measure of banishment is evidently just. He who in the State does not submit to its laws is banished from the State."

Let the Catholic Church cease to be what she is, let her teach by the grace of emperors and parliaments, not by the grace of God, or let her go.

This is the alternative offered to the religion of some twelve or thirteen millions of its subjects by the goverment of Germany. Who could have imagined, save Edmund Burke, fifty-two years ago, that atheism could produce one of the most violently operative principles of fanaticism?

Who could have imagined, we may ask in our turn, that the almost total eclipse of dogmatic belief among the German Protestants would have produced the al denial of religious liberty?

They it was who commenc persecution.

The stern cruelty with whi carried on probably arises fr proud resolve of Prince Bism crush all who presume to opp behests, but it must always membered that it was the n Liberal party who, by maki against the Church the condi supporting his government, e him in the course he now so lessly pursues.

Our object has been attaine have enabled our readers, b scription of the working of th laws in two dioceses, to realiz ever faintly the present condi the Catholics of Prussia. Th in a large and extending ar prived of Mass, of Sacraments the ministrations of religion. clergy—many suffering, all li suffer, captivity, fines, exil placed under the alternative of vation of their means of livel or signing an anti-Catholic e ment, almost every one of th cepting the martyrs' and con privilege, leave to suffer when i science he dare not.

The appeal which their ge and unswerving devotion ma their brethren in the faith, responded to here. We trust day may be fixed on which English speaking congregation United Kingdom, in Ameri Australia, in India, at the C Good Hope, may join togethe prayers for those who are su persecution for justice' sake when the poorest among us v given an opportunity of contri his mite towards the assista confessors who have abandon their worldly goods for the s Christ.

THE PATRIOT'S WIDOW.

THE enemy was nearing,
His banner proud uprearing;
Our last hope disappearing,
  Our bravest, best, laid low;
Of *all* it might bereave me,
And *he* could not deceive me,
'Twas death to him to leave me—
  I *loved*, and bade him go.

In vain! repulsed, retreating,
E'en to our walls; sad greeting!—
One last and anguished meeting
  We gave that hapless band.
I heard the victors crying,
I saw the dead and dying,
I saw our leaders flying;
  I *loved*, and bade him stand.

He stood where swords were flashing,
Where the fierce shell was crashing,
Where the gored steeds were dashing,
  He stood beneath mine eye;
I marked his blood fast flowing,
His arm more heavy growing,
His eye more faintly glowing;
  I *loved*, and saw him die.

Time passed, and there came round me
Those who in sorrow found me,
With love that would have bound me
  Once more in wedded chain;
And friends were there entreating,
And every hour repeating
That grief and youth were fleeting;
  I *loved*—but not again.

And now there's none to cheer me,
Hardly are any near me;
My last fair child, I fear me,
  Dies also ere her prime;
The world is dark before me,
And few would now deplore me:
But Heaven!—that brightens o'er me!
  I *love*—and bide my time.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE attention of the civilized world is now directed to the war between Turkey and Servia. The cause of this war is the universal sympathy felt in Servia for the oppression exercised on the Slavonic Christians of the Greek Church, who form so large a proportion of the population of Turkey. Turkey contains 35,000,000 of inhabitants, of whom 12,800,000 belong to the governing race. There are over 6,000,000 of the Slavonic race, who belong mostly to the Greek Church. Servia, which is a tributary State, has been under the rule of its native princes since 1815. By the treaty of Paris, in 1856, its independence was guaranteed by the Great Powers of Europe. Its population, which is only a little over 1,000,000, is of the same race and creed as the Christians in Turkey proper, and of late years a strong party has existed, having for its object the formation of a Slavonic kingdom. Prince Milan IV of Servia has placed himself at the head of this movement. Russia seeks to use the Slavonic party for its own aggrandizement, and therefore watches the contest between Turkey and Servia with intense interest.

At present the successes, however, appear to be on the side of the Turks. The Servians, who commenced the war by an invasion of the Turkish territory, have been repulsed, and are now on the defensive.

The Principality of Roumania, which is governed by a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, remains neutral.

Turkey possesses an army of half a million men. She has a fleet of twenty ironclads and seventy other steamers, most of them built in Great Britain. The first foreign loan of Turkey was in 1854. Fourteen times since has she appeared as a borrower on the exchanges of London and Paris, to the amount, altogether, of £185,000,000, or $925,000,000.

Servia was an independent State, but was practically overthrown by the Turks in 1389, at the battle of Kossova. It recovered its independence in 1815, after a succession of insurrections against the Turks.

Montenegro, whose prince has also taken the field in aid of the Servians, although never formally recognized as independent, but accounted as a province of Turkey, has always been inhabited by a free race of warlike mountaineers who have boldly defied the Moslems.

Bulgaria, a province of Turkey, which lies to the west of Servia, is the seat of a formidable insurrection. The inhabitants are a steady, industrious race of people, and the cruelties said to have been perpetrated by the Bashi Bazouks, or Turkish irregulars, in suppressing the insurrection, are so atrocious that the representatives of the Great Powers have protested against them to the Sublime Porte.

Herzegovinia has been also the seat of an insurrection since the summer of 1875. This small and mountainous province has cost the Turks already some 30,000 men, who have died from starvation, neglect, hardships, and disease in attempting to subdue it.

HAYES and Wheeler and Tilden and Hendricks are now nominated by the conventions of Cincinnati and St. Louis, and the verdict of the people in November is anxiously awaited. Fortunately in our Republic the triumph of either the one or the other will not plunge the country into the civil war which seems the unavoidable sequence of Mexican and other South American elections. One duty, however, is incumbent upon every citizen, and that is to vote. He who does not vote has no right to criticize. There must be a choice, and even if it is only a choice of evils, it is the part of wisdom to choose the least. The existence of parties is not an evil in a free State; it is a necessity, and these contests are to the advantage of the body politic. In their flux and reflux they resemble the tides or the seasons. An accumulation of abuses and evils calls loudly for reform, and reformers soon appear who remove some or all of the evils. But in doing so they offend vested interests, or seem to be going too far, and threaten the stability of society. A reaction takes place, and the conservatives come into power, whose stubbornness produces another change, and so affairs go on. This process is natural and beneficial. If society was exposed to the crotchets of every dreamer it would soon go to pieces, and if nothing was ever changed it would become stagnant. Incessant revolutions keep back Mexico and impede the prosperity of France. Obstinate conservatism is the bane of China and the curse of Turkey and Tunis. Happy are those lands which keep the golden mean, they may have their troubles, but they are strong, and occupy a position of dignity among the nations.

)LIC Young Men's Societies abound
.ca, but few fulfil the purpose for
ey are formed. With one or two
e exceptions, whom it would be in-
o name, the libraries of these socie-
incomplete, the members devote
ıe and care to the "annual recep-
· ball, than to any literary work,
frequenters of the society-room are
ound with a billiard cue than with
They are also apt to fall under the
ı of cliques, to divide into parties,
:r being often reorganized, to col-

should certainly not be the case.
n young men are industrious, bright,
nt, and confident. They should have
ıore adhesive ability. The one and
a of many seems to be to have a
me." Without disparaging recrea-
ch is a necessary of life as much as
; to be observed that a "good time"
makes a very bad time in old age.
ho have not minds well stored with
ion do not know what they lose.
: pleasures, mental pleasures, which
ıcy and zest far exceed all other de-
A knowledge of the past, and an ac-
ce with, at least, English literature,
. constant intellectual feast which
:s, and which amply rewards for the
nay cost to acquire.

---

gratifying to note that this year the
of Orange parades on July 12th has
siderably diminished. It is equally
g to know that the Catholic Irish
)n have abstained from making any
:ation which would afford excuse
Orangemen to attack them. Both
w a greatly improved state of feel-
is obviously no use to flaunt red
:hiefs if the bull will not attack, and
ıly real meaning of Orange parades
itate, if they do not produce this
:y will by degrees die out.
nnual celebration of battles seldom
ıy good purpose. War is an evil at
. It is sometimes an unavoidable
is the least of two misfortunes.
as it for the Hungarians and the
to resist the Turks, even by war,
:e conquered and enslaved by them.
Orange commemoration of the bat-
.ughrim and the Boyne is the com-
ion of conflicts which, in their result,
Ireland and put it under a penal
sum of all villainies, which crushed
entury and a half, and which took
thirty and forty years' agitation to
f.

ıoteworthy incidents, interesting to
;, occurred lately in London. The New Church of the English Martyrs, erected close by Tower Hill in memory of all those priests and laymen who suffered for the faith in England during three hundred years, was lately opened by Cardinal Manning. Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher were the first of a long army of martyrs, who suffered professedly for "treason," really for the Catholic faith. It was "treason" to be a priest, "treason" to say Mass, "treason" to reconcile any one to the Church, and "treason" not to disavow the Pope's authority, so that treason meant faithful adherence to the Catholic religion.

The other event was the opening of the crypt of St. Etheldreda's Church in Holborn, formerly the residence of the Bishop of Ely. This church dates from the thirteenth century, and is a beautiful specimen of architecture. After centuries of Protestant use, Mass is once more celebrated there, and the hand of the old Saxon Queen, wonderfully preserved for so many ages, is placed there as a relic.

WE notice that it is proposed to give a course of lectures in Boston on Catholic subjects. We have often thought that such a project would be crowned with success. It is true that there are a number of lectures delivered every season before Catholic societies, or in aid of church building funds. But these are nearly always on the same topics, year after year, and, if not, they are disconnected the one from the other. What is wanted is a regular course of lectures by men well posted in the subjects they treat of. Such a course might be on the history of the Church, or on the relations of religion and science, or on the topics of the day viewed from a Catholic standpoint, or they might be biographical, taking up the lives of distinguished men and saints. Or they might be explanatory of the doctrine, discipline, and ceremonies of the Church, or they might take up the subject of Christian art and antiquities, or they might treat of social evils and their remedies, such as intemperance, overcrowding of cities, luxury, materialism, etc. Such lectures would be interesting and instructive. The first thing to be avoided in them is—it seems a small matter—their being *dry*, that bugbear of American listeners.

THERE is every probability of bloody work in Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota Territories. The defeat and death of General Custer and his corps, incorrectly called a "massacre," by the Sioux, has called forth, first, severe grief for the loss of a gallant officer and so many brave men, and secondly, a cry for the extermination of the Indians. The injustice of the war, and the many

wrongs inflicted on the Indians are, very naturally, perhaps, but very unfortunately overlooked, and there is a general desire that summary vengeance should be dealt to them.

"Sitting Bull," who has been for a long time at war with the whites, and whose death is now reported, was induced to make peace by Father De Smet, the celebrated Indian missionary. Had the Catholic influence over the Indians been encouraged by the present administration, instead of being systematically repressed, it is certain that many valuable lives would have been saved, and a costly war, which can yield no glory, would have been avoided.

IT is sometimes urged by the supporters of the free common schools, that in Ireland the system of mixed education prevails, and that it has conferred many benefits upon the country, and that it does not appear to have diminished the Catholics of Ireland. But, observe the difference; of the million of children who are being now educated in Ireland, 800,000 are Catholics, and of these 400,000 are taught by Catholic teachers in schools where there are no Protestant children at all. And of the remainder, 360,000 have Catholic teachers, and only a few Protestant school companions. In other words, in nine cases out of ten, the schools in Ireland are practically denominational and Catholic, although nominally secular and mixed. But here the schools are practically secular and Protestant, and only nominally unsectarian. This is a great difference.

TO fight the battles of Ireland in the British House of Commons requires no small amount of perseverance and courage. MR. Butt's Land Bill has been brought forward and defeated, his motion for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the demand of the Irish people for Home Rule has been likewise rejected, and the University Bill will not even be discussed this session. Yet it must be remembered that the friends of Catholic Emancipation were defeated over and over again, yet they ultimately succeeded. So it was with the efforts to destroy the Tithe System and the Church Establishment. Years passed before these movements were crowned with success, and yet they did ultimately pass the ordeal. And so it will be with Home Rule. Nowadays a permanently successful resistance to the will of a nation is impossible.

GLANCING over the proceedings of the annual conventions of our Catholic societies, temperance, benevolent, and literary, it is evident that "side issues," or questions not immediately connected with the main object of these societies, have a tendency to crop out. This suggests a reflection: do we not need a society for the advancement of Catholic interests in general, a society that could represent and aid Catholic objects? Take the Indian question, take the temperance question, take the education question, take the immigration question, take the care of deserted children, or charitable institutions, to say nothing of church and school building (the burden of which is entirely on the priests' shoulders), could not more be done by united action?

WE observed the other day an account of what was called the "Bishop of London's Fund," started in that city to build Protestant churches. In addition to subscriptions there is a regular collection in its aid. Does a clergyman appointed to a new parish wish to build a church, all he has to do (after he has collected as much as possible from the people) is to state his case, and an allowance is made to him. This obviates the necessity of appealing to a number of congregations for aid. The Catholics of England have the same system in aid of schools and churches. Of course it is hardly necessary to state that the Catholic Hierarchy is at the head of this system, and that without the Bishop's consent nothing is done.

THE continued progress of the Church has been illustrated this last month by the dedication of new churches at Worcester, Mass.; Detroit, Mich.; Long Branch, New Jersey, and many other places.

A new cathedral is to be built at Denver, Col.; the Christian Brothers have opened a new college at Sacramento, Cal., and a reformatory is to be erected at Cleveland, Ohio.

A new diocese, that of St. Albans, is also projected in the State of New York, and an esteemed priest of Rochester may be its first bishop.

BISHOP BOURGET, of Montreal, whose name was in every one's mouth not long ago, in connection with the unfortunate Guibord case, has resigned his See, and is now at the point of death. He has been created an archbishop, an archbishop *in partibus*, and is succeeded in Montreal by his coadjutor, Mgr. Fabre.

He was born in 1799, in Canada, and was consecrated coadjutor Bishop of Montreal in 1837, succeeding to that See in 1840. He was a man of fervent piety, and a devoted prelate. He introduced completely the Roman rite into his diocese.

THE college and school "commencements" are now all over, and from Georgetown College down to a simple parochial

the study halls are vacant and the
are scattered.
y year a large number of graduates
ned out finished and complete. This
:n going on for a number of years,
t it is rather difficult to know what
:s of many of them. Certainly the
promise of early years is frequently
zed, and it often happens that he who
tes, and astonishes his friends by his
subsides into the quiet, useful citizen.

)CIETY has been recently started in
and for what purpose do our readers
e? To effect a change in the method
tion of the Popes, and to transfer it
ıe College of Cardinals to the clergy
)ple of Rome. This has no chance of
, of course, but it serves to bring out
a of those who evidently want to use,
:re possible, the Holy See for the sole
age of Italy. By the present method
t of the Catholic world has influence
election. Even the American Cath-
hrough his Eminence Cardinal Mc-
y, have a voice in the choice of the
ign Pontiff; England is represented
ly by Cardinal Manning, and Ireland
dinal Cullen. By the proposed plan
se influential nations would be left
the cold.

: present position of the Catholic
ı is attracting the attention of the
rs and writers who are without its
nd in many cases it may be said that
trines, discipline, history, and policy
ore studied now than ever before.
the leading magazines and quarter-
ıd glance over them. *The American*
Review (organ of the Episcopalians)
es "Latin Hymnody" and the "Old
ic" movement. *The British Quar-*
he organ of the English Nonconform-
scusses "The Revolution and Cathol
The Saturday Review writes on
hirtieth Anniversary of Pius IX."

HING gives us more an idea of the
ality of the Church than the list of
s appointed by the Pope. On June
he Holy Father named twenty-two
hops and bishops. These were to
ı France, Spain, Italy, and America.
ery Rev. James O'Connor, D.D., of
chdiocese of Philadelphia, formerly
General of the Diocese of Pittsburg,
bsequently Rector of the Seminary of
arles Borromeo, was named Bishop
ibus, and Vicar Apostolic of Nebras-
his See has been vacant since the
)f Bishop Gorman, at Omaha, on July
74.

THE large number of illustrations of American scenery in the Art Gallery of the Philadelphia Exhibition surprises not only the foreigners, but also our own citizens. That America had large rivers, and the Falls of Niagara, was pretty well known before. But that this country possesses such exquisite and such varied natural attractions in every part was not known. The Yellowstone, Watkin's Glen, the White Mountains, the Hudson, the Rocky Mountains, the illimitable prairies, the everglades of the Southern States, the great lakes, the countless mountain resorts, all present scenery of the most delightful character.

MANY a man has landed at Castle Garden poor and almost friendless, and now, thanks to industry and thrift, is a prosperous citizen of the American Republic. Here father has met child, the brother his sister, and the lover his betrothed. Here also, alas, have landed many who have succumbed to the toils, and difficulties, and unaccustomed privations of the New World, and have died far from the green fields of Ireland. Since 1858 more than four millions of people have entered Castle Garden depot, and the destruction of this edifice by fire last month merits at least a passing notice.

THE clerical obituary of the past month is not heavy. Rev. Matthew Hart, of St. Patrick's, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. James Boyce, of St. Teresa's, New York; Rev. John Cortin, Cathedral, Vincennes; Rev. N. R. Young, O.P., Maryland; A. Mullen, O.S.A., and a few others, complete the list. The ordinations were far more numerous, so that the old drawback to the Church in this country, viz., want of priests, is not nearly so bad as it was.

CATHOLICS have 106,000 Indians, and Protestants 15,000 under their care. Yet the school appropriation to the latter is $185,000, and to the former $15,000. In other words, seven-eighths of the Indians are Catholic, and one-eighth Protestant; yet one-thirteenth of the money appropriated to Christian schools is given to the Catholics, and twelve-thirteenths to the Protestants. This is equality under the administration of President Grant.

THE Belgium elections resulted in a Catholic triumph, and riots broke out at their conclusion, which were suppressed after doing some damage. Belgium disputes with Ireland the glory of being the staunchest Catholic people in Europe, and the enterprising and artistic people who inhabit the lowlands by the German Ocean are Catholic to the core.

THE efforts of the Catholic missionaries to improve the condition and save the souls of the negroes of the South, have caused great ire to the Methodists, who seem to think they have a prescriptive right to the colored population. They must have been surprised to hear that the colored Catholics of Washington have built a very fine church, and that those of other places are about to follow their example. Some say that the interest felt in the condition of the negroes has a political bearing, and that when the negroes are Catholics they will be more likely to vote the Democratic ticket. If those who supposed this knew the piety, zeal, and simplicity of those holy men who have devoted themselves to this work, and how profoundly indifferent they were to the politics of the day, they would see that their alarms were unfounded, and that the salvation of souls, and not the attainment of political power, was the chief aim of the Church's missionary priests.

THE Convent of Notre Dame, of Maryland, was a favored spot this year. At its commencement exercises it had the heads of both Church and State present, as both President Grant and the Most Rev. Archbishop Bayley were there; and the prizes to the successful students were given to them by General Grant.

So excellent is the education given in our Catholic schools, conducted by the religious orders, that a large proportion of the most lovely and accomplished ladies in the country have been educated in them, and even the voice of bigotry is stilled when confronted with these practical evidences of Catholic piety and zeal.

DUBLIN was the only city outside of the United States where the people themselves celebrated the 4th of July. In Paris, London, Vienna, and other places, the American residents and their friends observed the day; in Ireland the people did. To applaud the successful resistance of George Washington to George III is a polite way of intimating to England that if successful Emmett and Wolf Tone would now be honored. Bad as was the English tyranny on America, it came far short of the ruthless oppression long exercised in Ireland by that power.

THE American Cæcilia Society assembles this month in Baltimore, on August 22d, 23d, and 24th. This society was organized for the purpose of cultivating the knowledge of genuine ecclesiastical music. Its forthcoming meeting promises to be very interesting, as many selections will be performed by a chorus. A relish for the true Gregorian music can only be acquired by hearing it *well* sung. It is to be hoped that this enterprising association will be successful, and give us examples all over the country of what genuine church music is.

FOREIGNERS in America are surprised at the enterprise of the people, at the mammoth hotels with their complete appointments, at the universal intelligence that prevails, at the harmony in which the various religious bodies live together, at the general well-being of the population, and at the rapidity with which the country is increasing in wealth and subduing the wilderness. The letters of the European correspondents on the Centennial Exhibition all do justice to us in these particulars.

A LARGE number of English members of Parliament are to visit America this fall. Amongst them we notice the names of Messrs. Biggar and Fay, members for Cavan; Mr. P. J. Smyth, M. P. for Westmeath, and Mr. O'Conner Power, M. P. for Mayo. Time was when English and European statesmen felt little interest in America and its institutions, but they now have to study them; for gradually and almost imperceptibly Europe is imbibing many American ideas.

THE dedication of the Basilica, a large church, at Lourdes, and the coronation of the statue of the Blessed Virgin there, has attracted the attention of the world to this famous shrine. Within the last few years seven hundred processions have gone there, and over a half million of pilgrims. Last year there were thirty miraculous cures, and seventy foreign preachers spoke at the shrine, many of them the most distinguished orators that the Catholic Church can boast of.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Connolly, of Halifax, N. S., died on July 27th. He has ruled that See since 1859, having been previously Bishop of St. John's, N. B. The Archdiocese of Halifax comprises Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island. It contains 250,000 Catholics. The Archbishop was greatly esteemed for his learning and piety. The funeral, which took place on the 1st of August, was very magnificent and solemn.

A CRY has been raised in France for the expulsion of the Jesuits. Not that they have committed any crime, but that they are becoming too popular; that is, too great favorites with the people. But it will fail, for the time is badly chosen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CRIFICE OF THE EUCHARIST AND R DOCTRINES OF THE CATHOLIC CH EXPLAINED AND VINDICATED. e Rev. Charles B. Garside, M.A., · of the *Prophet of Carmel*, etc. ɔn: Burns & Oates, Portman Street aternoster Row. 1875.

leaders of rebellion against the in the sixteenth century, commonly ıe Reformation, had not at first any ı to abandon their belief in Catholic

But when men, in their arrogance de of self-opinion, separate themom the visible head of the Church, re of unity, which Christ established , they plant their feet upon quickıeir hold upon the true faith ceases, e up one doctrine of the Church other, and become inextricably in- n error and confusion of ideas.

ɐ it is not at all surprising that soon commencement of their schismatic nts the Reformers (so called) first ı in the reality of the sacrifice of the st and then denied it, and made it a ɔbject of attack. Since then their s have constantly fallen away farther her from this, as well as from other

doctrines, and now they openly ɔ necessity of an altar and of sacri- Christian worship. Their religious have become in form and confess- at they are in fact, entirely subjective s intended to excite on merely natunds certain sentiments, more or less ı, in the minds of those who engage

r Garside's book was written with a confuting the errors of Protestants d to the Eucharist, and especially ıich spring out of and cluster around ial of its sacrificial character. He exhibit or discuss at any length the ıf the Real Presence and of Tranıiation, because, as he tells us at the ɔf his work, the doctrine of the upon these mysteries has been alıfficiently treated of in many English hat are easily accessible.

ıe development of his argument, Garside examines first the words of ıne Lord Himself to the Apostles at itution of the Eucharist, and to the an woman; then the New Testa- ɛferences to Melchisedech and the ɛ of St. Paul, the prophecy of Malachias, and the Sacerdotal language in the New Testament. He then discusses the Sacrifice on the Cross, and the Sacrifice of the Altar; the Eucharist as a Commemorative Sacrifice; the Sacrificial Immolation and the Priesthood; Christian Worship and the Christian Sacrifice; the Unity of the Church and the Sacrifice; the Laity and the Sacrifice; the Propitiatory Character of the Sacrifice; and then, in a concluding chapter, he notices and refutes sundry objections made by Protestants to the doctrine of the Church.

The argument is clear, and is enforced by numerous quotations from the Fathers, especially from those of the earlier ages of the Church.

Bound up in the same volume with this treatise, and without mention upon the title page, except under the indefinite phraseology of "Other Doctrines of the Catholic Church," are essays or tracts upon "Communion in One Kind," "Definitions of the Catholic Faith," "Existence of the Church in Relation to Sacred Scripture," "Tradition as a Vehicle of Christian Doctrine," "The Atonement and Purgatory," "Good Works," "Saint Bonaventura and the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin," and "Replies to a Protestant" and to "Clericus" upon various fundamental points of controversy between Catholics and Protestants.

These subjects are discussed and explained with clearness, and at the same time with great compression of thought and of proof. The work contains much interesting and important information concerning the customs and practices of Christians in the first ages. The method of illustrating and enforcing the truths explained is not scholastic or abstruse, but popular; and on this and other accounts, it is a very valuable work for the laity, acquainting them, as it does, with the grounds of the true faith on various points, and furnishing them with arguments to answer the objections of heretics and schismatics.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: ITS CONSTITUTION, TENDENCIES, AND DESTINY. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. New edition. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street. For sale by Hennessey.

The merits of the late Dr. Brownson as a writer are well known and universally acknowledged. He was a master of the Eng-

lish language. No one understood better than he the use and meaning of words, or had more skill in marshalling them. But under and beyond all this he possessed a mind of extraordinary clearness and vigor. To this was joined immense industry in reading, a perfect familiarity with modern philosophic writers, and a wonderful power and facility of digesting and appropriating to his own purposes whatever he regarded as true in the works he read. These qualities constituted Dr. Brownson *facile princeps* of reviewers, and made it a moral certainty that whatever he wrote would not fail to find readers. The book was originally written and published at the close of the late civil war. The work before us, however, is a *new* edition. Opinions, of course, will differ as to the soundness of the views advanced in it, according to the various ideas of different persons upon the subject of civil government, its nature, and the grounds of the authority it exercises, as well as upon other matters pertaining to the science of politics and the principles upon which our own political institutions rest. But we hazard nothing in saying that all intelligent and reflecting readers (and the book is only intended for such), cannot fail to find in the pages of this work food for fruitful thought.

There is certainly great need for the study of the science of government, and of the principles upon which all just governments are based, in this country. We can scarcely be said to have in the United States any philosophy of politics. We have no statesmen. Our leading public men have natural talent enough. They are, some of them, ready debaters, fluent speakers, adroit manipulators of partisan machinery; but, as for statesmanship as a science, they scarcely apprehend the fact that it is a science, much less study its principles.

The following sentences taken from his preface will show the spirit and aims of the author in writing this book:

"Even in my old age I wish to exert an influence on the future of my country, for which I have made, or rather my family have made, some sacrifices, and which I tenderly love. . . . . I have endeavored in this humble work to add my contribution, small though it be, to political science, and to discharge, as far as I am able, my debt of loyalty and patriotism. I would the book were more of a book, more worthy of my countrymen, and a more weighty proof of the love I bear them, and with which I have written it. All I can say is, that it is an honest book, a sincere book, and contains my best thoughts on the subjects treated."

CANTATA CATHOLICA; containing a large collection of Masses, Vespers, Litanies, Hymns, etc. For the use of the Catholic Church. By B. H. F. Hellebusch, Teacher and Organist. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. For sale by Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy See. 187[illegible].

This work owes its origin, as we learn from the preface, to the expressed wish of many Right Rev. Prelates and Rev. Priests to introduce into the service of our churches in the United States the pure Gregorian Chant. In furtherance of this desire, the author has endeavored to make his selections from the very best ancient and modern compositions, and in the *Cantata Catholica* he presents the results of his labor. The fact that he has an experience of thirty years as a successful and highly esteemed director and teacher of music, and organist, is of itself a not slight guarantee of competency for the task undertaken.

"For the greater convenience of both singers and organists, the short system of notes has been adopted, and every syllable having the full chord, the whole or part of it can be performed or sung by four voices or in unison. The eight authentic masses are taken from the *Graduale*, and were harmonized by Dr. F. Witt."

The chief merit of the book seems to consist in the judicious gathering of various selections taken from the school of Gregorian Chant, and from the writings of several composers of the Palestrina school. There is no doubt that the work will be of great service to those who are anxious to make a beginning in the reform of church music, the need of which is daily becoming more evident.

THE STORY OF A VACATION: HOW IT CAME AND WHAT CAME OF IT. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street. 1876.

This is a pleasant and readable tale of life amongst the French peasantry. There is nothing very striking in the incidents. They are those of everyday life, but they are so simply and naturally related that the interest in the story is well maintained to the end.

ERRATA.—In the article on "Francis Xavier Weninger, D.D., S.J., in the July number of the CATHOLIC RECORD, on page 155, third line, read "31st" instead of "30th;" and in twenty-eighth line, "1821" instead of "1820."

THE

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CHURCH AND STATE.

: most momentous question of ›ur, as it has been the vexed of a thousand years, is the re- of Church to State. A great f the bitterness of this unin- :ed controversy arises chiefly a misunderstanding. One think that in an age which ıes every facility for a thought- l thorough examination of this reason, and not passion or ice should predominate. But, ›ld, the strength of the opposi- › the Church's claim lays in an to the crude and groundless ıceptions of the thoughtless . Their fidelity is stabilitated, eir hostility aroused, by throw- e skeleton, or rather, a hideous of the Inquisition on the po- stage, and pointing to the ıg eyes and savage visage of *'hef-d'œuvre* of Englishmen. ıay talk of "progress and en- ıment," but the nineteenth y can supply a howling and ›us mob equal to that of any y of which the annals have down to us. Whatever cor- roborates human nature, left to its own promptings and actuated by the evil spirit of hatred, unmistakably contradicts the "theory of development." In general the instinct of the world blindly seeks the argument of "brute force" in every encounter with a weaker party. Philosophers and theorists may reason and demonstrate, but it is the myrmidons of the bayonet or ballot that construct civil institutions and governments.

As people are prone to confound social customs and practices with what nature requires, so in like manner people believe that consuetudes, civil and political, are the most just and necessary, simply because they exist and find countenance from men. It is not to be concealed that ethical arrangements may have a variety of phases without in the least impairing their adaptibility and utility. Political economists are, and ever have been, in mutual antagonism regarding every form of civil government, and every department of their peculiar science.

vocate monarchy as the best form of civil regimen; some pure democratism; and another class an intermixture of both. The contention is hardly worth the amount of thought expended upon it; and to calm, disinterested minds, the few verities hurled to and fro in the virulent strife of these truculent advocates, but illy repay the sufferings of the sensitive natures enlisted on both sides.

Moral and ethical science, whilst all pretend to possess it in the fullest, is studied by comparatively few and acquired by fewer still. It is one of those things of human life in which prepossession supplants conviction; and in which man is ever exhibiting his likes and dislikes, instead of his reasons and arguments. In this age of newspapers it is almost impossible to find any one with as much modesty as would enable him to confess himself incompetent to render a just decision on the merits of the financial question, universal suffrage, protective tariff, or the countless other principles involved in the confused and unhealthy political atmosphere of the times, although to the overwhelming majority of the living race the "*pons asinorum*" is as stupendous a mystery as the Holy Trinity.

It is not, therefore, a thing for great wonder that the question of Church and State should be so universally discussed and so little understood, or rather so generally misunderstood, reviled, and misrepresented. To most of people the very premises of the discussion are convolved and uncertain. As among naturalists "the bone of contention" is whether "light is in heat or heat in light," so to those who seek a solution of this religio-political question the great matter is to determine whether the Church is in the State or the State from the Church. It is one of the infirmities of human nature, that when things appear simultaneously there always arises a difficulty in perceiving the principle of priority and causation. Such confusion prevails even in physical matters where the dependence on effect on cause is palpable, direct, and immediate. It is not strange, then, that in the moral world, where lineaments are never tangibly defined, much doubt and indistinctness should be experienced.

If it could be demonstrated that commonwealths were always as they are now in the world, any investigation of this affair would, of course, be in vain; as this simultaneity would present itself as an insuperable barrier in every period selected for experiment. Happily the governments of Christian times are very distinct from those of the pre-christian eras. This difference must arise from some source. It most assuredly did not come of a change in man's nature, or in the face of the world; and as there is but one other composing element in the body politic—religion—it must have sprung from it. Thus, then, Christianity is the real cause of all that difference perceptible between the states of antiquity and those of modern ages. No man who knows aught of history will pretend that this change was wrought by an effort of legislation; and not contrary to civil enactments and despite civil penalties and tortures. Persecution met the advance of Christianity, and extermination threatened for centuries its very existence.

In this controversy between churchmen and statesmen, those latter assume that a State is an organization perfect in itself—a creation and not a mere creature—and like the Church, an eternal something *per se*, lifted high above the heads of men. This assumption is a grand underlying fallacy of all statesmanship throughout the whole range of the historic period of the world. That it is as fallacious as pernicious, the revolutions of the past and the grim roll of successive slaughters speak but too plainly. The lower

ɔnce a Christian State; ion of shadows has it same territory, and the n numbers, became a ı State. Assuredly, if anything in itself, we e to discover its débris ce. In like manner, once a Catholic State; migrations, conquests, ; it became a Protestant gislative necessity and of man's contrivance irst throes of the con-

of the matter is, that a nerest echo of its citi- them, altered by them, them, or remodelled leasure. Were not the selfish interests of men nd up in one or other rm of government, a change itself and its as a man does his coat, m to republicanism or Owing to the confusion, ation, murder, and rob- ıt on such civil commo- of a moderate, liberty- ıal mind ever contem- ions without a shudder y aspect of blood and y invariably present. ossible to accomplish a thout destroying good fringing justice, there ɔthing reprehensible in ɔrally or rationally con- tes are like the houses in various countries. ed to their wants as far e. The habitations of rs are built of snow, a adapted to the require- ir climate. But should nselves surrounded with (a thing not beyond possibilities, since as- divesting the earth of l and centrifugal lead- ıows its errancy and the such things as a fixed ıaten path of astronomi-cal fantasy—a glacial, or other imagined periods), they would consider their snow cabins rather humid and inconvenient, and in consequence would quickly abandon them for structures of more durable material.

The constant endeavor of legists and civilians to render the constitution a sacred thing is to no purpose. It is a human thing as far as men formed it, and only sacred inasmuch as it embodies principles of natural justice or divine truth. Men even pretend it is the best and most constant custodian of spiritual matters. Schools, they say, are fostered by governments, morality enforced, violence repressed, justice administered, and order preserved. Those who make such assertions forget that a State which does all this is supported by people who esteem Christianity, and who in some way profess it. Special pleadings should be overruled in such discussions, for truly considered, the fact that one State does such things, whilst another takes its greatest delight in the contrary, simply proves that the State is a creature of circumstances—men, their theories, and surroundings.

It must, therefore, be ever borne in mind that the State proceeds from men, and they never from the State. This is true, although ignored, in States constituted centuries ago as well as in those that sprang into existence yesterday. The child, even in our ultra civilization, has no legal status until it has passed a certain number of years, *i. e.*, a State knows no one who is not in the supposed possession of matured strength of body and full maturity of mind—grown man. It is incontrovertible that if the growing generations are instructed to other notions and convictions than those which uphold the present civil arrangements, they in due time will, without scruple, alter or subvert them. Such changes have taken place at certain epochs in the past. Sometimes the alteration was general, and sometimes only partial,

a part of the true Church. Neither did the plundering and disfranchisement of the few faithful English Catholics deprive them of Catholic unity. Robbed and outraged, as they were, they always remained the only part of the indefectible Church of Christ in England. The coercive power, employed in some countries to enforce the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church, was and is, where it still holds, an adjunct of this civil establishment, but no part whatsoever of the economy of the Church itself.

The deposing power, exercised by the Popes, is unquestionably bound up in principle with this supremacy of the Church over the State; but it is a matter of requisition only when absolutism sways the complexion of the civil government. The absolutist prince enacted laws which the Church pronounced immoral, and as he persevered in his efforts to enforce them on a people who, obedient to the voice of the Church and their own consciences, deemed their observance sinful, there was no remedy but to pronounce such a man incapable of civil authority. The "deposing power" is, in other words, nothing more than the right inherent in Christianity, and as a matter of leadership, and pre-eminently as the exponent of Christian doctrine in the Popes, of seeking and providing the means for the observance of the scriptural injunction, "We ought to obey God rather than man." Acts 5 : 29.

Towards the latter part of the middle ages the emperors and kings of Europe, by continued and violent usurpations, concentred all civil authority in their persons, and hence the exercise of this inalienable Christian right received the name of the "deposing power," because it would have been only a vain pretence without the deposition of the tyrant. Translated into modern parlance, the same power would be expressed by the word "agitation," and every repeal of a penal ment against Catholicism is cessful effort of this identical It was precisely the same pri that actuated O'Connell in the teenth century, and Gregor Seventh in the eleventh. Th brought an emperor to his the other tore to shreds the despot of Britain. Had Geor despite parliamentary act and terial counsel, adhered to his tion, then the Liberator, in or be consistent, should have adv his removal from the throne a ter overthrow.

The world has already wit the exercise of this same right three different aspects. Mart was its earliest phase. The tive Christians would not obe in religious matters; and as would not be disobeyed, the left to the Christian but one a of escape, and that lay throu realm of death. In mediæval Christians adhered to the sam cept; and as they could for human to yield, they threw it In modern times, even in ou days, man tries to force Chr to disobey God, but to as littl pose. They, now as of old, e this right of freeing themselve the sinful necessity, some by ful agitation and civil me others by forfeiting their w goods and suffering themselve thrown into dungeons, sham dishonored by forsworn and governmental hirelings and tious under-tyrants. It may be called the "unresisting power "suffering power," or the "p ing power," as well as the "de power."

Some, even Catholic adv pretend it was a political ac that consigned this right t Popes. The peculiar feature exercised in the eleventh, tw and thirteenth centuries, was, out doubt, such an accident. the manifestation or peculia

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there is an institution, not de-
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and teaches the world the
morality and the strictest no-
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one that the Catholic Church,
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on which it rests, and claiming
guidance in its dogmatic and
teachings, should insist on an
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matter is certainly very far
being the correct one. The civil and formal establishment of the Church in any country is a mere subject of choice to the citizens of that special land. But the setting up of the Church and its throwing down are two things radically different. Where the Church is by law established it would be a great injustice to disestablish it after the manner of modern days; for this means its utter spoliation, and the sacrilegious confiscation of its institutions and revenues, such as is taking place in Italy. The forcible establishment of the Catholic Church—to argue from an impossible theory—in countries where its teachings and ministrations are rejected by the great majority, such as England and the United States, would be equally a breach of natural justice, and a most unjustifiable act. In lands where the inhabitants are divided in their forms of worship there is only one mode of adjustment. The membership of each should be free to support or neglect their places of public divine service and other institutions. When governments undertake to endow all equally, they always inflict an injustice on the creed that has the most numerous following; and when they except any this injustice is aggravated. But if all the citizens should be fortunate enough, or so highly favored by divine grace as to embrace the doctrines of the Catholic Church, then they might either continue the voluntary system of contribution, or give the Church legal endowment without the slightest injustice.

It must be remembered that establishment or disestablishment, endowment or disendowment, is no part of the Church at all—neither doctrinal, disciplinary, nor constitutional. Such things were merely the grateful expression of past ages to that unbroken Catholic Christianity that civilized the world, or the unmistakable works of delinquency and degeneration. The establishment of the Anglican heresy did not make it

eternal infamy of Anglicanism be it remembered that James II was dethroned and exiled, because he would not permit Anglicans to dictate convictions and tenets to those who abhorred both their creed and canons. The blot of ruining and persecuting a ruler for declaring "liberty of conscience" does not adhere to this much calumniated "deposing power." But it does look awkward and distressing on the highly lauded escutcheon of the noble family of "liberalists." It is the bar sinister that covers the field of honesty in their heraldic devices.

The supremacy of the Church over the State does not, therefore, consist in having its ministers' civic officials fattening on the spoils of the poor, and neglecting the care of souls and the instruction of the people; nor in sending envoys from Rome to snatch the sceptre from the hand and smite with it the face of the ruler; nor in hunting down heretics, and breaking them on the wheel or torturing them on the rack; nor in dragooning conventiclers from their meeting-houses to Catholic churches, for all those practices were peculiar to some times and circumstances in a few countries, and were invented rather for political reasons than prompted by religious motives. The real supremacy of the Church is derived radically from its divine Author; secondly, from its wonderful office on earth; and humanly or rationally from its indispensable influences.

It would have been idle and aimless in past ages to assert that the Catholic Church has its foundation and everlasting mission from Jesus Christ, for this was both known and admitted by all. But the world has receded so far from revealed truth that many, even multitudes of people, not only deny the divinity of Christ, but exclude a Deity from very existence. It need hardly be mentioned that this class is neither more highly gifted with rational faculties, nor in any way superior to ordinary mortals in acquired knowledge. What they make a boast of doing the simplest could do. "The fool says in his heart there is no God." Why they do so is because they are endowed by nature with free wills, as all men are. But whether admitted or not, the Church claims, and has a divine Founder and divine authority; and is, therefore, beyond man's power to make or unmake. It is something, consequently, over and above man, and comes to him, but does not come from him. As everything that proceeds from the hand of God is perfect in its kind, much more, then, is His holy Church beyond the possibility of improvement from human hands.

The office of the Catholic Church is to lead man to his supernatural destiny. To accomplish this it is enriched with graces from heaven,—faith, morality, and grace. It instructs the mind, restrains the animal propensities, purifies and elevates the heart, fortifies the will, and chastens the whole moral nature. It makes man less carnal and more spiritual, removes the mortal from his thoughts and clothes him in the bright hope of immortality, gives comfort to his sorrows, counsel to his doubts, knowledge to his ignorance, peace to his strife, and patience in his afflictions. The elevation of man, in a word, is its peculiar and eternal office. This man cannot do for himself; neither can men do it for him. In every instance where states have made provisions for the advance of any science or department of intellectual or moral culture, when it was not the object to render such subservient tools of the civil power, they invariably choose their models from the Church's institutes. But, in general, the zeal of statesmen, for such foundations, where the physical and moral are blended, or an attempt is made to blend them, is fired by the desire to make of man a good civil machine, termed technically a "law-abiding citizen." A law-abiding citizen may,

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riority does not consist in commanding men to cut their garments after a peculiar mode and from a special cloth, or to sell cattle at a certain price, or make machinery of a uniform material, or pay a stipulated percentage in taxes or Peter's pence, or in any such secular matter. But it does persist that religion is the prime concern of man, and possession of the whole truth, as it is taught by the Church of Christ speaking by its divinely commissioned head, the Pope, the greatest treasure of this mundane existence; that no State and no power on earth has a right to prohibit the exercise of this religion, or to frame enactments compelling Catholics to acts condemned by Christian morality; that the Church has a right to instruct all men, individually and collectively, in youth and in age, in all things that pertain to faith or morals. This is the supremacy claimed, and if Christianity is anything more than a fable, it can never lessen or throw aside such a claim. Any form of Christian belief that submits to learn its duties and its doctrines from any State whatever, acknowledges by the submission that the State is better instructed in revelation and morality than itself, which is supremely absurd. Such a pretending religious combination may make a useful matter of police, but is a laughable Christian teacher.

Render, therefore, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. Matt. 22 : 21. This was said by the divine Founder of the Church nearly two thousand years ago, and she has continued to repeat it to every generation since. It would seem that this utterance ought to have set aside all controversy between the Church and Christian States, but nothing of the kind has happened. The conflict was from the beginning and still continues. The reason is not far to seek. If the State, as in the nature of things it should, submitted to have its peculiar property and rights defined by

the Church, or allowed the Church to circumscribe without interference and with inviolability on the part of the State her own sphere, then there would be no longer dissension. But this is refused by every nation. States have proclaimed, and yet proclaim, as Cæsarian rights, liberty to frame a national creed to suit their whims, to teach a national morality of whatever color they choose, to inculcate reverence for some things and abhorrence of other matters, to lead the child, to compel the man to submit his conscience to their statutes. But the Church denies Cæsar's title to those matters, and hence the antagonism. To end the contention, one way alone is open, and that is to let the individual free either to account them belonging to God or Cæsar each in his own case.

Partisan politics have so warped the judgment of man that individual liberty is altogether overlooked or scouted. The sphere of reserved natural rights in a civilized community could be indefinitely enlarged beyond those of breathing the atmosphere or drinking from the clear spring. Man is never justified in yielding, when he can refuse without penalty, to any government liable to abuse them other of his rights than those which are necessary to its conservation as a big policeman. Cæsar, outside his beat, is an intruder, whether in the church, the school, the domestic circle, or the gold-mart, and should be called back to his post.

It is time for governments to cease seeking after that mysterious being—the "public good," which has neither sense nor feeling, and very often no existence, by causing so much private misery, which is both very sensitive, and makes its complaints very audibly. To pretend that States are spiritual agencies in any proper sense, when many of them in theory and most in practice deny even the existence of spirits, is as foolish and silly as to declaim on spiritual development,—the madness of the philosophic sciolists of the hour. Men who appreciate liberty as the best of temporal blessings and a great aid to eternal felicity, instead of aggrandizing Cæsar and so endangering this possession, should learn to utter the words put into the mouth of Brutus by the immortal Shakspeare, "and death for his ambition."

THE RHYME OF RYDAL SANDS.

THE blue waves dash on Rydal Sands,
The foam-wreaths fall like snow,
Where, fair and proud, a ladye sat
Five hundred years ago.
The broken radiance of her hair
Swept down her silk cymar,
And in her hand a goblet rare
Was shining like a star.

She cast her goblet in the sea;
She cried with mirthful glance:
"Whoever brings that cup to me,
This night shall, at the banquet, be
My partner in the dance!"

The Rhyme of Rydal Sands.

Out plunged a page of noble rank
  To seek the golden cup;
The tide was high; he rose; he sank;
Rose once again; then sank, and sank,
  And never more came up.

Loud laughed the ladye to the sea;
  Her deep eyes blazed like fire:
"Whoever brings yon cup to me,
This night, upon his bended knee,
  Shall soothe me with his lyre!"

Another plunge where sharp reefs rise,
  By dimpling waters crossed—
Lo! glaring in its dread surprise,
A mangled face with ghastly eyes
  Swept up, and then was lost.

Loud laughed once more that child of sin,
  And laughing still she cried:
"These noble youths have luckless been,
But he who brings that cup shall win
  And wear me for his bride!"

Up rose, up floated then and there,
  A merman towards the dame,
A sea-king fair, with em'rald hair
  And lips and eyes of flame;
Upon his breast the golden cup
  He held with grasp discreet,
As with the tide he drifted up
  And cast it at her feet.

"Oh, ladye! flower of the Sands!
  I come for thee," he cried;
"My lyre shall sound thee sea-romaunts,
My hand shall lead thee thro' the dance,
  And thou shalt be my bride!"

He clasped her wrist; he clasped her waist;
  Her shrieks the heavens rent;
He clasped her wrist; he clasped her waist,
  And down, they circling went.

The blue waves dash on Rydal Sands,
  The pure shells gem the shore,
And coasting ships and fisher skiffs
  Go by forever more;
But when the moonlight on the land
  In dreamy beauty sleeps,
A ghostly ladye walks that strand
  And wrings her hands and weeps.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SOME LETTERS.

I.

THE READER.

THEY were not "yellow and wrinkled with age," nor were they tied with "faded blue ribbon," nor yet were they traced in "dainty, Italian penmanship." Therefore, "to all intents and purposes," were they wanting in the acknowledged elements of letters which enter into stories. They were written on "commercial note," the whiteness of which was still in its prime, at least; and the hand which boldly made its way over the well-filled pages, was large, and round, and firm, but not pretty, and as for the tying, it was quite evident they had been held together by a piece of ordinary twine, which lay coiled in a tangle at the feet of a girl, who sat, holding one of the letters in a hand that trembled, and reading it eagerly, and with absorbed air of attention, while, on the others, a jealous touch of detention and guard was laid with the idle hand, a touch which seemed to say, "you shall not escape." She was a fair girl, of the type with complexion like apple-bloom, and eyes of hazel-gray, and hair of brown called "common," but beautiful, when examined attentively, luxuriant, and with waves that were like a dream of rising and falling, and hue that held in its mystery of shadow a reflection of the ebon tint called "rare." The gracious and inviting aspect of youth clothed in its mantle of charm her whole figure, from crown of bent head to tip of foot, peeping out from under the hem of a very plain dress, and, without being beautiful, or even remarkable, but with the condition of being just the sort of looking person one meets with every day, and in all kinds of homes, she unconsciously formed a tableau out of herself, and the which, to any lover of "from real life," would have pr a most enticing aspect. Th in which she sat was of the and quiet, but not magnificer It looked out on a porch, wh ported a load of summer bloc sent therein its surplus fragr fill with magical dreams th air, which softly touched he ing cheek, or breathed up shadows lying asleep in the waves of her hair. The ceil low, and the furniture old-fas but in the little windows t fuchsias and geraniums of g hue, and nothing like a curt to be seen about them, but clambering vines of the d graceful ivy. A small roo rather bare, as regarded furn not a girl's room, too, you wou said, by reason of the abs certain little touches of n inseparable from the ownersl feminine proprietor. Item: derous desk, covered with and—dust. Item: an ancie strewed over with volumes o aspects, and disordered piles azines, and—dust. Item: a piece groaning under the we half-empty tobacco-boxes, p "fearful and wonderful" m manacs of varied aspect—*n nea*, such as fish-hooks, shot screws, rolls of wire, rolls of pebbles, shells, pine-cones, moss, specimens of rock, b little statues, and—dust. An It was an armchair of woo pect in which she sat, with grant air touching her che hair, and with her mind a from all her surroundings perusal of No. 1 of the letters back of the chair might hav stiff, and let us add, hard,

shawl of gray woollen doubled and redoubled, hereon by a leather strap. :at held possibility of un- quality, but an overcoat, ike manner, peeped out in own from where, truth ıe to record, a slippered ırust up under the sitter, side the drapery of the plain dress, very plain white ground, with blue nots tumbling over it pro-, in a way bewildering to ous eye that might hope to m into a pattern; no ruffle, ɔt even an overskirt, and ɛ and wrists a little ripple ıarvellously silky cambric. us eye was gazing at all culine eye, a most indubi- anted eye. Do not build story on my candid and :cessary mention of this ou will be disappointed. from out a wrinkled, yet ɔming face, and the well- ɔws above it were silver, he temples that rose above :r waves of hair gathered : a crown that loved its ce. It was an eye of the epest blue; an eye that e have held magical power ng love," or in pleading look in return, but now ınd merciful touch of age ıed its fires, and where lerful heats had glowed, a .ceful radiance sat regnant, :hat one moment of su- dow death brings, to be for evermore by light Gradually the look grew d softer, more and more gradually, over the mark- ndsome face of the aged :ole that tenderest of ten- ws, memory mutely strug- some unfulfilled longing; these drew him to the un- reader of the letters, grad- eps moved lightly towards loor, till, on its well-worn threshold, he "stood confessed," but she never noticed him, never heard him. So he smiled furtively to himself, and remained motionless, indulging in a very abyss of luxury produced by the undisturbed contemplation. The eagerness of perusal, by degrees, became toned down by something more than mere interest working at the innermost depths of the reader's heart, and softly over the face of bloom crept the look of youth's beautiful, unconditional pity; then this was driven away by something very like hate, that swept as a storm-cloud across the expressive face, and when the old man saw it there, his eyes drooped and sought the ground, and seemed altogether incapable of watching longer. But after a time they timidly rose again to find a gust of sorrow in the place of the angry storm-cloud, and a rain of tears falling on the letter, lips quivering, bosom heaving, finally, a great sob, a casting of the letter to the floor, a cry of—

"Oh! I cannot go on. Poor thing! poor thing!"

Then she saw him.

"Well, Roseleaf, and so it crumples thee," he said, and came in and sat beside her, and laid a caressing hand on her shoulder; "thy velvet is disturbed, my Roseleaf, and a thorn brusheth against thee!"

It was a half playful, half compassionate tone, and the being addressed as Roseleaf "smiled through her tears like a sunbeam in showers."

"It's the most awful thing I ever knew of!" said she, wiping her eyes, and proceeding to smile more, when he answered:

"This Roseleaf has heard of so much in its long life, that it is not easy for anything to earn that title."

"Now, my Plato, you mock me!"

"Nay, proceed, little Roseleaf; the letters are indeed a tragedy, and thy Plato hath reason to know it well; *ergo*, he hath no right to mock thee; *ergo*, if mockery lieth in his late speech, he taketh it back."

"'Plato, thou reasonest well,'" and Roseleaf proceeded to fill a pipe, in a deft and bewitching way, which revealed that she was no stranger to the task; "therefore thy Roseleaf will reward thee. There," pointing to the haven of comfort, covered with travelling-shawl and overcoat, "I vacate in Plato's favor, not that 'I love comfort less, but that I love Plato more.'"

"Oh, rare, rare Roseleaf!" and he laid himself back with an air that the veriest Sybarite would have pronounced his ideal realized, while she, kneeling playfully on one knee, presented him with the pipe, now filled, a wondrous pipe of antique pattern, and *colored* to a degree that was sufficient to make any connoisseur in such articles gaze in convulsions of envy at its possessor.

"Thanks, most sweet Roseleaf!" and there was deep tenderness lying under the gentle badinage of the tone. "And now proceed with thy reading, and let this 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of thine, hold permitted watch over thy varying emotions this time."

"Then make believe, O Plato, that thou watchest not, but seem buried in this tome which I present thee, Virgil, by magic title!"

He took the book.

"I, forthwith, am in Virgil lost; though, mayhap, O Roseleaf, I may keep an eye upon thy telltale face!"

Soon the smile their playful style of conversation had brought to her face, gave way to a most touching shadow that settled thereon; soon the gentle bosom heaved again, and the lips quivered, and the tears dropped one by one in quick succession upon the letter eagerly read. And he—Virgil, was sadly slighted, indeed, the "magic page" had no charm like that which dwelt in the pathos on the young face before him. There was something of an appalled look, too, in the eagerness with which he watched it, and a shadow of remorse often passed swiftly over his countenance. At length, a letter was laid down, and she gave him a horrified, imploring glance—

"Oh, I am afraid to go on! How—tell me, how did it end?"

"By the merciful and magnificent Providence of God," he answered in a tone of quiet reverence, impressive beyond measure; "do not be afraid to go on! The ending of an history of a heart, which places its struggle unreservedly in the hand of God, can never be aught to contemplate with horror, but must always be something to dwell upon and treasure up as a talisman of holy influence."

So she went on. By degrees her speaking face grew softly settled into a peaceful hush of absorbed attention; then smiles lit it, and, at the end, kissing with a sort of reverence the signature attached to the last letter, she looked up at him with a very heaven of trust and love in her eyes, and said:

"How beautiful! How plainly I read the lesson for me! How well I see, my Plato, why you gave me your letters to read!"

"It is well, sweet Roseleaf!" with a smile of placid satisfaction said the Mentor she tenderly, but it would seem most appropriately denominated Plato; "my own life, which, to thy tender judging, is replete with strife for the right, hath drawn all its wisdom and all its noble aspirations from those letters."

He lifted them with a touch such as we lay on a lock of hair from some dear head mouldering in the grave, or a relic made holy, because a saint has handled it; and, as one by one he laid them in order, she saw that the blue of his drooping eyes were suffused with tears. So she looked no more, but going to the little window, bent her head over the gorgeous bloom of the roses and fuchsias, that he might be free to let them fall unobserved. They gathered, they fell, but he said:

"Nay, little Roseleaf, look on!

ıt ashamed of these tears, and
ou understand from *whose*
:y fell, you will think it but
ıat they should fall in the
ɜ of the whole world, and all
e if they brought him shame.
m you call Plato, whom you
ɔod and wise, to whom your
ɜ reverence and your unques-
love are the most undeserved
, is the"— he paused an
with a look of piteous and
mport in his eyes, and then
ing it for one of grave deter-
n, added, "Horace Plow-
the story."
words were caught up and
in a tone of surprise, min-
h horror, and she turned away
, and burst into a passion of
pitiable to look upon, and,
ime, entirely uncontrollable.
d silent before her, and with
ɔf one enduring a fierce or-
t enduring it with invinci-
nation; with the air of one
to the heart's inmost core,
ic in bearing the pain of the
the air of one who suffered
striving to resist or yet to

a simple story, unfortunately
-day one. Would you read

II.

THE LETTERS.

'rice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, April 3d, 18—

MAMMA:

yesterday, and yet it seems a
ngth of time since I saw you,
your precious, farewell tears
face! What a weary, weary
ll I again know the joy of
ar you! But I should not
ɔe my letter with com-
that is selfish, and one with
ɔse in view should forget
ely.
dear mamma, let me forget
ɔu. Let me say the separa-
ld lose half its pain for your
spoiled child, only she is certain your loneliness and grief surpass hers. That I can indeed say with truth; not for one moment since I left you has the desolate picture you made, standing alone on the platform at our most forlorn of country stations, as the train bore me away from you, been absent from my mind. But you know that; no need for me to write it here. You know my heart, and that it is all yours, and though we are separated now, I hope to lay its every thought and feeling open before you in my letters, as I did at home in our dear and now sacred conversations.

Let me reveal to you, as a first confidence, my own mamma, what I would not tell you before, lest it should make you prevent my undertaking. It is, that when I first thought of earning my own bread, in order that out of your little income Harry could have a college course, I believed my heart would break, not for my own lot, but for your desolation when I would be gone. That we had always been so completely one, that to each other we were life of life itself, only increased this feeling. I prayed against it, and, you will remember, I talked bravely to you of how you could cheer yourself in my absence; but now that you are *alone*, I want you to understand *I* know how utterly so. And you praise my self-sacrifice, but it is only a faint shadow of what you practice, giving up so cheerfully our dear cottage home for one poor little room, that Harry's expenses may be paid, and doing without me besides. Dearest mamma, Harry ought to become a very paragon amongst men, to repay *you*—my part is the brighter lot, for my deprivation of your presence is its greatest evil. For the rest, I am comfortably situated, my duties are pleasant, I have ample time for intellectual pursuits, which always suffice for me in place of society, and so you must not fret about me.

The place here is charming in aspect. Mr. Wardour is a man who spends lavishly, and his home gives evidence of the propensity. He is not often here, being absorbed in a certain round of society, where he is king; playing, racing, shooting, quite the style of man found in English novels, but of which I would never dream any existed in America. Indeed, mamma, the whole place seems to me an English novel moved into life by some invisible machinery; and the machinery is very nice, and the spectacle on the surface faultless, but soul is wanting; you understand? Magnificent establishment, castellated building, beautiful and irreproachably kept grounds, carriage, horses of fabulous value for saddle or traces; retinue of servants, from lordly butler to little errand-boy; master with splendid physique and handsome face; mistress perfectly beautiful, elegantly dressed, and completely absorbed in the world; two pretty, winsome children, little fairies in fashion-plate costume, even when they go to bed, and the bed is in the style of a picture from *Harper's Bazar*, and the nursery, ditto, and the garden where they recreate themselves, ditto; the girl who attends to their dainty bodily wants is French, and wears a French cap, and would do splendidly to introduce into one of the aforesaid plates. The governess, well, mamma, I really am the only concomitant to this English novel on wheels, out of keeping with the general get-up of the thing, but I *am* out of keeping with it very much. Nobody seems to mind me, though, so I suppose I'll do; I am left completely to myself as regards the children. Mr. Wardour said, when I arrived:

"Miss Leon, choose your own hours for these children's lessons. At those hours they shall be ready for you, and at all others shall not be permitted to annoy you. There are servants to attend to them when not receiving instruction from you. Here is a check for your first quarter's salary in advance; it shall be paid punctually at the beginning of each term for the future. If you know of any arrangement that will further your comfort, always mention it, and it shall be attended to."

I thanked him, and then he bowed and left me. I was then taken up to Mrs. Wardour's handsome boudoir, who addressed me languidly thus:

"Miss Leon, pray consider yourself at home, and I beg of you take my place to these children, for really there must be some art in attending to them, and I don't pretend to have it. I suppose governesses make it a point to acquire it. I have told them they must state their complaints of the nurse and servants to you, and please attend to them. And pray, see that they don't come to my dressing-room unless I send for them. There, Lulie and Daisy, go shake hands with Miss Leon, and make friends with her."

Just imagine, mamma! this was the maternal speech. They came forward shyly, little blonde creatures, with hair like spun gold, and for all the world like twin blossoms on which the sunlight had settled. I will confess I forgot conventionalities, and smothered them with kisses, and hugged them hungrily to the heart aching with longing for you.

"You're nice," said Lulie.

"I bet you know stories," said Daisy.

"Will you stay?" said Lulie.

"Yes, this time," said Daisy; "not wait till next time."

"Yes, this time, teases," said Mrs. Wardour; "take Miss Leon up to the west room, children, and ring for Emma to see if she wants anything. Excuse me, Miss Leon, but I am very much fatigued, and must rest to prepare for evening, when I hold a reception."

So Lulie and Daisy ushered me to an apartment, which also seemed to have stepped out of a book. I sup-

pose these things all seem so unreal to me, because I have never seen anything like them before, living the quiet life of the past in our humble little cottage. I will not stop to describe the room to you, for it would make my letter too long, but I will say a strange thing, which is, that, though it was so new to me, and contained luxuries to which I was entirely unaccustomed, I felt quite at home with it and them, just as if I had had them all my life. Going to show, dear old lady, reading this with moistening eyes, that your aristocratic blood in these veins will assert itself, no matter what happens to make a non-entity out of it.

Well, I will spend many hours with these twin blossoms, not intended by the liberal programme of the parents. I find them hungry in the midst of abundance; lonely in the midst of splendor; orphaned, in very truth, with parents in the possession of God's most bountiful gifts. So I try to fill all these empty places, and to print on the loving, yearning little souls, some marks of their fair possession of immortality.

One thing more, and then I must close. It is such a strange thing, mamma; it might quite easily have stepped out of a book too.

This morning, by sunrise, I was up, and went out to enjoy a view of the grounds and scenery by the morning light. As I was about to enter the house by a side door set in a pretty pavilion of honeysuckle and ivy, a person, leaning with woeful look against the trellis, confronted me, a young man, with pale face and bandaged eyes, carelessly, indeed shabbily dressed. He listened intently, and, at sound of my step, said:

"Please show me in. Alfred has left me again."

I thought he took me for one of the servants, and that I had better not dispel the illusion. I saw his afflicted state, and feared it might mortify him to reveal myself really. So I took him lightly by the arm, and guided him into the hall. Here I was about to leave him, but he said:

"Ah! you must be a strange servant, or you would know I am blind, and cannot find my way to my room. Come, it is on the fourth landing, and if you bring me to it you will have done an act of charity."

I led him up four long flights of the magnificent staircase, which is a picture in itself—you know how I used to love descriptions of grand staircases; well, I have seen one now—and then he said:

"Third door to the right."

So I led him to that, and then I opened the door. It was a little turret room, bare and shabby—nay, dirty, mamma. He said, "Thank you. Are you Emma, the new chambermaid?"

"No," I said in a kind of whisper. I really don't know why I didn't want him to hear my voice, mamma, but I didn't.

"What is your name, then?" he asked.

Neither do I know why I said "Beatrice," but that's what I said.

"Beatrice!" he echoed softly, as I walked away; "that is '*blessed.*'"

I looked back. He was leaning forward in the doorway, listening intently for the sound of my retreating footsteps. The outline of his head was beautiful, I thought, like some sculptured bust with bandaged eyes.

I wonder who he is, and if I will ever see him again, mamma. What do you think about it?

Good-night, oh! dear good-night. A thousand kisses from your

BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, May 1st, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

I was so happy when I read your dear letter—it seemed a sweet, sweet echo of yourself, and I will attend

to all your dear advice. I am glad you are so cheerful, and that you find solace in petting my plants, and reading my favorite passages, and collecting the dear little home items which I prize above all words of mine to tell. I heard from Harry, and he says he is trying hard to make himself worthy of our sacrifices. Just think, mamma, how happy we will all be together in the future, when he will be practicing his profession, and we will be reunited in some smiling little home! Let us dream of it—dreams are beautiful things, and innocent things, holding precious possibilities and equally precious impossibilities.

The novel on wheels still pursues the even tenor of its magnificent way. I have fallen quite naturally into *my* groove, I know, and am even conscious of having instinctively borrowed a little style from my surroundings. I hope your Bee will not grow unrecognizable, but, you know, we are all creatures of imitation.

You will smile that innocent smile of wonder so peculiarly your own, dear old lady, when I tell you I have never seen either Mr. or Mrs. Wardour since the day I came to speak to them. I find he spends nearly all his time away from home, and she is too "fatigued" after the nights to be visible much during the days. I cannot tell you how extraordinary it seems to me, to see two people with souls and brains spending their lives as they do. Of course I heard of such things before I came here, but you cannot understand how far imagination falls short of the actual thing, as presented to my contemplation every day. There is, necessarily, a sort of loneliness in my life here, but it is not unpleasant. I, poor I, without a possession in this world, am actually mother and father, light and hope, instruction and amusement, for these utterly desolate little children God has intrusted to my care. I live with them and for them. No one interferes with me or notices me at all. They really love me, and, having naturally good dispositions, I have won them from some spoiled ways consequent upon their former want of training. Dearest mamma, whenever I am puzzled as to what is best to do for their good, I remember your method with Harry and me in the past, and I follow it to the letter.

I have not time to say much more, only I am sorry you seem anxious about my meeting with the blind young man. I have met him once since, in the morning again, and taken him to his room, and he said, gently:

"You are not a servant."

I answered:

"No, I am the children's governess."

He then said:

"I beg your pardon," and his air was thoroughly gentlemanly; "my name is Plowden!" he bowed as if introduced to me in a parlor. "I do not own any words that could be a fitting apology for my mistake, and must only let these"—he pointed to his bandaged eyes—"plead for me. He who cannot see, has to trust much to his sense of hearing, and the first occasion of your kindness you spoke so little."

"I feared a stranger's voice might possibly embarrass you," I said.

A flush rose to his cheeks, mamma, as rosy as that which might come to a girl's, and then he smiled:

"And you thought the blind man could not find out that you were not a servant?"

"I thought so," I replied. "How did you find it out?"

"By that voice," he answered, in so hushed a tone I feared some one might be near who he thought would listen. I looked around, and could see no one, however; and then said he:

"The servant Alfred who guides me to my only walk, sometimes forgets to come, and I foolishly grope

my way out, rather than lose the, to me, blessed chance of the fresh air, and invariably find it impossible to get back alone. Generally some one of the servants happens to pass, and brings me right. Hence my mistake. Will you forgive it?"

"Certainly," I answered, "it was but a natural one, and your affliction should claim far more consideration than that."

I will confess that, as I said this, my eyes wandered in imagination over the faultless establishment, and I wondered what position did the blind man own, that his room was so neglected, and that the servant Alfred wantonly failed to give him the attendance so piteously needed. I involuntarily sighed at the thought of how truly desolate his young life must be, and how intense the deprivation he suffered, and, at sound of the sigh, his cheek flushed again.

"You are generous," he said; "you must never have come much in contact with the cruel, hollow world, which stings while it pities, ruins while it courts; drags towards an unsparing abyss, while it leads; which has no gift but poison, and no reward but bitterness."

"Nay," said I—I could not help it, mamma, and I don't know why I said it—"that could only be a world in which there is no God; where there is one, waits a mission of noble striving for every individual soul, and he who works at this, never finds what you describe, for to such it cannot come."

"And God?" I thought his tone was a challenge.

"Is 'everywhere,'" I was compelled, by some force, not my own, to answer, and then to add, "even into the deepest darkness does He follow the soul with call of love."

I will confess to you, mamma, I was frightened after I had ceased to speak, for an instinct of antagonism had arisen within me, and I feared my voice betrayed it. He only said, as I turned to go:

"Beautiful! But hard, almost impossible to reduce to reality."

I did not trust myself to answer, but walked away, very nervous, and very much disturbed generally. And as I must let you see, as in a mirror, every impulse of my soul in these letters, so I must tell you here, that this happened nearly two weeks ago; and yet the thought of this desolate being continues to haunt me. It seems fearful to think what must be his suffering, rendered doubly hard by the element of skepticism contained in what he said, no sweet thought following him into that darkness, all bitter, all doubting.

Then such a mystery, mamma! Who or what can he be, to live in such utter neglect, where all else is abundance and beauty? And why are you anxious, dear old lady? Surely, no danger can arise from doing a sufferer a chance kindness; least of all in this novel on wheels has this desolate and helpless being any power to influence *my* life or its belongings.

Good night. Lay that gentle touch of the dearest hand in the world on my head, and say "God bless"

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, June 21st, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

I told you this was a beautiful place, and I thought so. Now I think it is only one remove from celestial, with "the glow and the glory of June" added to its former splendor of bloom. It is literally plunged in a sea of roses, out of which rise waves of wonderful tints, laden with fragrance. I only wish you could see it, that is all required to make my enjoyment of it complete. It is very strange to me, too, that an entirely indescribable sense of happiness pervades the place for me, probably inseparable from its beauty—not that I long for you less, dear old lady;

not that I am, for one moment, insensible to the void of your absence, but God seems to have sent me comfort, which I take lovingly and with grateful heart.

My little twin-blossoms are not eclipsed by their sister flowers; they are quite as beautiful, quite as sweet, quite as rare as they. I believe I have seen Mrs. Wardour once, and Mr. Wardour twice, since I wrote last, and then only for a few minutes each time. So you may gather from this, how exactly they move in their appointed grooves of this novel on wheels.

I have become very well acquainted with Mr. Plowden, however, and this was the way it came about. I always spend a part of each day in the library, which is an exquisitely inviting apartment for reading or studying, and rich in its possession of rare volumes, and most perfect editions of all favorite writers. It opens into a conservatory, from the recesses of which are wafted the perfume of exotics and a rippling, dreamy sound of a fountain's bubbling, which, combined, make the fortunate occupant of the library imagine himself transported to some region of perpetual summer. I was sitting here one day, shortly after I wrote to you last, when the door was opened gently, and I heard Mr. Plowden's voice, saying:

"That will do, Alfred; come for me in an hour."

Then, as he began feeling his way across the room, he said in a tone of supreme desolation:

"O horrible fate! No horror of yours so great as that I find in entering this room; all its treasures closed to me forever! It would indeed seem as if *this* were a world in which dwelt no God!"

"Yet no such world exists," I said, He did not start, but turned smilingly in the direction where I sat.

"So I have found you!" he said; "you see I do not mind that you have heard my impatient soliloquy!"

"But God heard it," I answered, and I know my voice trembled a little, spite of my efforts to prevent it.

"I never thought of that."

"Yet the thought would have held light for you," and the unseen power I have before mentioned to you, mamma, compelled me to say this.

"No thought of mine holds light," he answered bitterly.

"Yet light awaits entrance there at your simple word of invitation," I said.

"Speak of it to me," he replied; "my wretchedness grasps at any relief, and charity dwells in the tones of your voice."

I spoke; mamma, I know I was eloquent, inspired by my subject. He listened with the air of one who liked to listen. I cannot write for you all I said, it would take too long, but I know I said all that the most earnest desire to draw him to the contemplation of God's providence in his bitter affliction could suggest to me. At the end—

"I never sought this comfort of which you speak so beautifully and with such force of truth," said he, "but now I will strive to find it really. My life has been but a careless and wasted one, I fear, and my affliction, which is recent, has plunged me into a very abyss of unavailing discontent. 'Forgotten!' is the woful cry ringing through my brain—when a mother," such a bitter, bitter smile curled his lips, "forgets her child, no wonder the outer world, nay, the very hireling forgets him."

"Mother!" dropped from my lips in utter amazement.

"The beautiful mistress of this palace is my mother," he said in answer, "yet I live here—*alone*."

I could not speak, so great was my surprise. She looked so young, and acted so thoughtlessly, I never would have taken her to hold that relation to any one of his age.

"I see," he went on, "your

amazement strikes you dumb. As your patience with me has been so great, I will inflict on you my story."

I cannot tell it here just as he did, mamma. It unravelled all the mystery about him, however, in the simple facts that his mother, a young and lovely widow, but poor, had married Mr. Wardour, for an establishment; had obtained it thereby, had forthwith become absorbed in it and its belongings, to the exclusion even of him, though, in the days of their sorrow and poverty, he had been idolized. This always rankled in his soul, and he longed eagerly for the day, when he could cast aside the guardianship of his step-father, who gave him a finished education, and intended to establish him in the practice of whatever profession he would choose. Just as the day of liberty was about to dawn, an accidental explosion of some gunpowder he was preparing for a gunning expedition, deprived him of his sight, and he was condemned to the galling expedient of living in dependence on this hated rival, as he regarded him, for the rest of his life. So there he lived, as I had found him, in darkness, in silence, in wretched and utterly vain chafing at his lot; not persecuted, not wantonly pained, simply ignored, a complete nonentity in this novel on wheels. It would be impossible for me to tell you with what a vivid sense of his misery, I listened. I do not think his own soul could have entered more really into the realization of it than did mine. I am sure, mamma, no nobler mission could be found than the one to which I have now resolved to devote my leisure moments; that of alleviating his wretched loneliness, and influencing him to find in religion, the ray of light that can alone penetrate its gloom. We talked a long time that day, he telling of his thwarted plans for life and his buried hopes, I consoling and pointing out to him the ways of God in his regard. One of the most pathetic things revealed to me was, that the bareness of his room and the shabbiness of his garments, arose from his determination to accept of nothing but what was absolutely necessary from those who treated him with such utter indifference. It was a vain exercise of spirit, for it passed unnoticed. That the poor, black suit was threadbare, that the room was comfortless, that the appointed servant neglected him, were alike unheeded and unknown. Such is life, in a novel on wheels, at least.

Oh! I must stop—I am making my letter too long. I will only add, that ever since that day, I do all I can to mitigate the pain of Horace Plowden's peculiarly sad lot. I read to him in the library every day; I sing for him; I talk to him all the elevated thoughts of which I am capable. I walk with him in the morning, and once I stole his outside coat from where he had forgotten it on a garden seat when Alfred led him out one day, and darned it where the white lining showed at the elbows and front lappels. Of course I wouldn't tell these things to any one but you, not even Harry. I am strangely happy at it all, on account of the sense of being able to do so much good to even the humblest of God's creatures. I always wanted to accomplish something really for His glory, but never had the opportunity before. Even in this little while—it is only a little while since it began—Horace is a changed creature. He is beginning to find the light, and oh! glorious thought —*I* led him to it, through God's dear mercy!

Good-night, mamma, dearest, dearest! Pray for

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, July 3d, 18—.

DEAREST MAMMA:

You must know from my letters how exquisitely happy has been my

friendship with Horace, how beautifully the summer has passed away, and how noble he has become under the influence of religion; you can therefore judge of my sorrow when I tell you I am about to lose his society. It is my own doing too.

In all his talks with me, he has expressed the most intense desire to be able to earn his own living, as the blind often do, but he would not ask his mother or step-father to place him in the way of doing so, because he said they would look upon the measure as a blot upon their aristocratic escutcheon, and refuse. So I prayed for an opportunity of doing it myself. God has sent it.

Your old friend, Father Paul of the Passionists, called on me the other day, and I, knowing there was an institution for the blind in his city, spoke to him, telling him the whole pitiful story exactly as it existed. He was warmly interested, and commended my poor work, promising to crown it for me, if he could, by obtaining for us the desired favor.

To-day a letter came, saying all could be arranged, and to-morrow he leaves.

Knowing me as you do, dearest mamma, it is quite unnecessary for me to try to tell you how I shall miss him. Apart from the fact that it has pleased God to permit that I should be the means of rendering him resigned to his wretched lot, I have become conscious of a warm affection for him, inspired as much by respect for the true and noble qualities of mind and heart I have discovered in him, as for his tender gratitude and gentle kindness to me. A pair of ignored beings in this novel on wheels, we stepped out of our appointed grooves to find each other, to learn to esteem each other, and mutually, to become the hour of sunlight for each monotonous day in our gilded prison. But when some one dear, leaves this earth for heaven, the bereaved should hold tender and unselfish joy, that the spirit has found peace, even though desolation is their own lot, as a consequence. So I must rejoice, my friend is finding, by this departure, what will be to him a paradise on earth, making his misfortune no longer an abyss of darkness and chains, but a sphere in which he can be free to accomplish some noble life-task like other men.

I will set myself resolutely to fill the void made by his absence, by some other task of good, and thus turn it to an offering for God.

Daisy and Lulie are as sweet as ever. I have been telling them about you, and they send you kisses. Take the sweetest one she has from

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, July 15th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Don't you think that suffering holds in some secret depth a species of triumph? It is, I believe, because the road of the Cross is "the king's highway," and must needs be royal. Then, too, that suffering which you can bring to none but God, because no one else can understand it, holds most this triumph, so beautiful, so elevating, though under the royal purple of the robe it wraps about the heart, the wounds it inflicts are dropping blood to the ground.

This is the kind of sorrow I have now. I do not miss my friend like I thought I would—even a thousand times more. My very duties have become irksome, the duties I loved so dearly, so changed is the aspect of my day, because, out of it, the hours are gone which I spent with him. I do not understand this myself; I do not expect you to understand it, but God, who made the feeling for some wise purpose, as all His creations are wise, can do so perfectly. Dearest mamma, you do not seem to be altogether satisfied with what I said in my last letter about my friendship for Horace. It is not

like you to be ungenerous, but you seem actually to grudge him the little kindness I could give him. You talk of my "sacrificing" so much for this "stranger." Ah! there was no sacrifice; it was the most intense pleasure, as doing good to others must always be, a truth you taught me "your own self," as Daisy and Lulie would say. Then you say, "the world, and the male portion of it especially, is always ungrateful." I do not want my friend to be "grateful," and that settles that part of the matter. But let me tell you of our farewell; it was so beautiful.

"Beatrice," said he. He smiled as he said the name. He had never called me either Miss Leon or Beatrice before, nothing but "you," and I often wondered at it, but said nothing. Even in a place so strange as a novel on wheels, it is queer to be continually reduced to a pronoun, by an intimate "familiar."

I said, smiling, too,

"Yes, that is the name."

"Unused till now. I *may* call you 'Beatrice' now," and tears, I thought, stole into the voice, and arrayed themselves about the name, always beautiful, but never half so much so as in that moment.

"I may call you it now, dear," he went on, "for I need the name to tell what you have been to me, blessed—blessed. When first you said it long ago, it fell on my ear like a prophecy, and well has all its promise been fulfilled. You have made light in darkness—hope in despair—a lot too happy to be described out of one, the very deepest depth of earthly wretchedness. To teach one how to suffer is to teach him the most lofty lesson of life, and so to place him under commensurate obligations. How can your friend ever repay you?"

The tears, indignant ones, sprung hotly from my eyes, and I could not speak.

He listened a moment.

"What—have you no answer for me?" he cried.

"No," said I, "*no* answer for the friend, who speaks of 'repaying' friendship's willing service."

"Forgive me," he said then; "apart from this, it was folly to speak of repaying that for which there is no equivalent on earth, and even less of—"

"Stop," I interrupted, "you must not speak to me that way of our friendship, which God made so true and free from flaw. Let it remain so. Let all be of the tender indebtedness from which neither would be free, if it were possible."

"And from which I, who owe you all, have no wish to be; you must not interpret my words to mean I had. Ah! to leave you, Beatrice, is to leave that which has made me learn to deem my blindness a gift from God."

"All sorrow is," I said, "even this sorrow of our separation equally felt by me as by you. God will be with you, and even, if on earth, we should never meet again, heaven is at the end, and there all genuine friendship finds its true climax. In God and for God on earth, its fruition is sharing mutually his adorable society in heaven."

"Dear and noble words!" he cried, "I will take them with me for a memory, that shall be a sacred talisman against temptation, and a guard against my own weakness."

Then he took my hand very gently in his.

"My life, Beatrice," he said, in a hushed and solemn way, "is all yours. I have promised the God who sent you to me in my desolation, that if any future is contained for me in the career I am embracing, that future shall be placed in your hands to do with it as you will. Till then, farewell."

He was gone in a moment. God be with him. Pray for

YOUR BEE.

Father Paul to Beatrice Leon.

C——, Aug. 8th, 18—.

MY DEAR CHILD:

Rejoice. The doctors have agreed that your *protégé* can recover his sight. He will remain under a course of treatment at our Monastery, and, when he is able to see, will announce to you himself the happy change. He is a person of fine mind and noble heart, and I only pray it may be the will of the dear God to give him a religious vocation.

Yours in Christ,
PAUL G.

Horace Plowden to Beatrice Leon.

C——, Aug. 29th, 18—.

BEATRICE:

(For when I write that, I write all you are to me) my sight is restored. Beloved, will you take my future? Will you let it be yours, that I may shape it to be worthy of you? May *I* devote my life to you, to prove how impossible it is to "repay" what I owe, since even that, which is all I have to offer, will fall so far short of the equivalent? I await your answer, before acting further.

Yours,
H. PLOWDEN.

Beatrice Leon to Horace Plowden.

SWEETDELL, Aug. 30th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

It shall be as you wish. Let us place *our* future in the hands of the dear God who has so blessed us.

Yours,
BEATRICE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, Sept. 26th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Ever since I wrote to you the happiest news my heart could experience, life has been so beautiful to me as to seem a dream. I wonder why is it, that the greatest praise we can bestow on our most beautiful things is to say they are like dreams. Perhaps it is because that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," can only be a dream to us, and so all things fair borrow, to our imaginations, something of the mystery it owns.

So, you say, all your surmises are only realized in this, but in a different manner from what you feared. Ah! you knew, you say, dear old lady, *why* I missed him so, and you thought, from the very beginning, that one so ardent and so full of tenderness of heart as I, would hardly fail to love this stranger, about whose lot was thrown such a pathos of interest. And, fearing it could never be consummated, you grieved. But, you see, God has been *so* good.

Horace has been here, but he would not stay. You should see him with the bandage off his eyes. They are of the rarest violet, and he is the very ideal of a, not merely handsome, but a noble-looking man. He *is* noble, too. He never reproached his mother with her treatment of him, but merely announced the fact of his cure, and his determination to support himself, and make his way in the world.

"You ought to marry rich, Horace," she answered; "it always, before your accident, entered into my plans for you. By remaining here as Mr. Wardour's son, you can obtain the *entrée* into any society. So you had better stay."

"Never mind, mother; I cannot stay," he said, "and *I intend to marry rich.*"

We have agreed that when Harry is finished, we will be married, not waiting for anything, but taking all as God sends it. Oh! the happiness of feeling that such a heart is mine, that such strong, and beautiful, and tender love will protect me! I can scarcely realize it, but I feel now, it seems to me, for the first time in my life, what *you* lost when papa died.

Dearest mamma, kiss

YOUR BEE.

rice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, Dec. 20th, 18—.

REST MAMMA:

lappy, happy hours as I have nding; such happy, happy I have been writing to you! seem like a thing of long, now, and I cannot believe is not yet passed since I left Horace is changed. Need ongue say more, I wonder, y wretchedness! I cannot about it now, for my heart say the words. *You* will and pity me—you, the *only* rth to whom I can go with . God will take it in the ope; but now there is a ter- iggle to draw me away even ı. I long for you, mamma. could lay my head upon ast!

YOUR BEE.

rice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, Dec. 24th, 18—.

REST MAMMA:

waited till the fever of my cooled somewhat, to try to a detailed account of what ged the whole aspect of my vill attempt to give it now it must be, for the less I it the better.

ng ago I saw a change in letters. At first I said but, as it grew more and parent, I asked him why it He denied that any existed; t most emphatically. That ist, was very soon proved in lest manner. I got, five , the inclosed note from will explain itself, and it e a woful task to me to

amma, mamma, could I be ome? Could I work at g there, by which to make ? It seems to me my only ı earth, now, is to be near ood-night, good-night.

YOUR BEE.

The Note Inclosed.

Beatrice, farewell. Say I was not worthy of your love, if you will, for that is the truth. With you, I was a reflection of your noble self; away from you, I have become my own true character: weak, yielding, inconstant, and unworthy. I have been tempted into marrying another.

HORACE PLOWDEN.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, Jan. 4th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Such a letter as you sent me! such exquisite consolation! such love! such sweetness! But I will not accept your self-denying offer. I have made up my mind not to go home, not to yield in any way to this woful grief. I will do my duty here—do it to the letter; suffer at the foot of the cross; strive to love God all the more that earthly love is denied me. Already I have placed all unreservedly in His hands, and already I begin to rise to the height where I have placed this all. Dearest mamma, I have thought God must have willed, from the beginning, that such perfect happiness should not be mine on earth, and His will is wiser than ours in all things. And, oh! heaven is at the end. Out of this darkness will heaven dawn upon me, some sweet day. I kiss you in spirit.

YOUR OWN BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, April 6th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

All these letters I have been writing about Lulie and Daisy, and their gay and beautiful mother's life, and all the other doings in this novel on wheels, have not told you one word of what I know you long to hear, but are too sweet, too considerate to ask. Ah, I made a resolution, my own mamma, that I would say nothing till I had conquered—till I had really

carried out in act what my words said in the letter, deciding I would not go home as I wished so madly to do at first. I have conquered; I do not mean that my sorrow is gone, it can never go, never. I mean that I am so perfectly resigned to my cross, I would not lay it aside if I could; nay, I *desire to carry it.* Maybe I was not worthy of the high type of love I thought I had inspired in Horace. I have said to myself now, "God, who knows, has permitted you to be so tried; perhaps, he wants you to come nearer to him, 'having cast out all earthly love.'" So I have stripped my heart of all desires but service to him. I think he will show me always in the future some path to keep me near himself; and I wish for nothing else. Poor little dream of love! It was very sweet, but I have buried it in the dust under his holy feet. Your dear heart inquires: "And Horace?" Ah, mamma, I pray, that for every pang I have suffered on his account, some great good may come to him; that, out of his very indifference to me, a blessing may rise on his life! I often think, perhaps it was all the better for him, perhaps I was not the fittest after all, for the task I undertook in his regard. Yet, with all, I feel my love for him was of the loftiest type, and cannot but work out some noble end for one or both. Have I explained myself? Where I would wish to say volumes I have only spoken a few faint echoes of my heart. But you will understand these. As I finish, I fancy my head is resting on your heart.

YOUR OWN BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, June, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

I have passed through one more ordeal; the last, I think. Horace Plowden and his wife have come here, and he—acts as if he had never known me! Your tears drop at this; yes, it *was* hard, but I know I love my cross, by the way I feel while I bear it. He looks magnificent, but I fancy, at least, unhappy. He has all the *prestige* of wealth about him now, for his wife is very rich, and both seem quite in keeping with the novel on wheels, as I used to call this place. I thought, gazing from a distance, one day, upon his princely figure clothed in fashion-plate array, of the threadbare coat and the little turret room, but then I smothered the thought. To dwell on it might savor of chafing at my sweet burden of the cross.

His wife is older than he, and much handsomer than even Mrs. Wardour, the magnificent Cleopatra style. Her dress is royal, and all her outward seeming that of the heroine of a society novel. She evidently idolizes him, and takes pride in his many attractions. It is said that she settled her whole fortune on him when they were married. Of course I do not know.

20th. A thing has happened for which I am sorry beyond all words. I hoped he was happy, and thought how much more brilliant his lot in life than plodding to support a wife, such as I would have made him. For, we know, mamma, you and I, how very galling is this plodding at best. I was sitting in the library yesterday, when the door suddenly opened, and he entered. Ah, I could not but contrast this entrance with that one of long ago, when a shabby figure with bandaged eyes stood on that threshold, and almost cried out there was no God. This time it paused a moment, graceful, handsome, costumed faultlessly; and while the beautiful violet eyes wandered with an expression I can never forget over the room so full of memories, the white, daintily kept hands clenched themselves together, and the lips gasped, rather than said:

"Would to God that I were again blind! Even hatred is preferable to this love, which I hate to receive!"

not see me, that was evi-
vas seated so that the cur-
bay-window concealed me.
disliked revealing myself
ıo had ignored me as he
sliked still more the dis-
staying, and hearing more
ıich my ear, of all others,
t hear. I stood up, and
silence, therefore, to an-
opposite the one he had
:d.
ce!" he cried pitifully,
d!"
l and looked at him.
ıu hate me?"
I answered.
/ou are too noble to hate.
no comfort to you, as it
to most women, in your
tell you you are well

vord cannot apply to me
. Plowden," I said, turn-

' he cried. "You are
ıgh to tell me what to do
lded pit of misery into
ıave weakly plunged my-

duty," I said solemnly,
else will avail, and that
ll situations, even the most
'

o you know that I have
female fiend, a person
ıdes me by her jealousy,
ne by her exactions; who
the gold with which she
y liberty a chain more
ı any iron one."
Mr. Plowden," I inter-
the person of whom you
ıur wife, and you owe her
ıfringed upon shamefully
nguage to one who is a

er!" he echoed. "Great
ıt refinement of revenge
ısciously inflict with the
:atrice a—stranger!"
ars came to my eyes—
no power to control, for
brought up a picture of the past, when he was helpless, and I his only helper.

"Ah!" he said, "you melt! you will pity me, Beatrice!"

The door near which I stood opened, and the person opening it heard the last words—his wife! She looked at me—such a look! Oh! mamma, my pen refuses to describe it! Its fury was appalling enough, but its contempt was almost intolerable. For a moment, I fear, my patience gave way, but I quickly conquered myself with a prayer to Him, who ever sustains most when He tries most. While this prayer arose to heaven, these cruel words rung out on the air around me: "Gossipping with *servants*, Mr. Plowden, is scarcely worthy of you or—of me!"

I walked out of the room, saying nothing. God knows what fearful scene ensued, but that evening I received a message from Mrs. Wardour to the effect that her library was no longer at my disposal. Ah! when I commenced this letter I thought the ordeal of being ignored by Horace was the last. But another looms before me now, the persecutions of a jealous, angry woman. Dearest mamma, I will do my duty, come what may.

I cannot write more to-night. Oh! how I long to see you!

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, July 3d, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Your sweet letter of caution and advice came too late to stay the storm gathering over me. But I had done nothing myself to bring it on, so, though I suffer from its fury, I am content. You think I should leave, for fear of trouble to ensue from Mrs. Plowden's presence. I feel my duty is doubly here; first, that I may help you; secondly, that these dear little children need my care worse than any orphans. Then the Plowdens are only making a

visit; it must come to an end some time before very long.

But another unpleasant circumstance has come to pass. I have carefully avoided every part of the house or grounds but those allotted to the children and myself, since the incident of which I wrote to you in my last, so I have never met any of the family. But I have given myself the luxury of going out, early in the morning, by the little side door where I first met Horace, and enjoying, before any of the household were up, the free air and God's blue sky. As I returned from my last walk, Horace stood at the door evidently awaiting me. I turned away from it.

"Beatrice," he said, "my wife is implacable. Do not stay here. I have tried in vain to induce her to go away. The jealous are ever cunning and treacherous, and you are not safe here. You know now why I appeared not to know you when I came. I deserve my fate, but you—"

"My fate," said I, "is in the hands of God, not of this jealous woman, to whom I have given no cause of offence."

"Your innocence thinks so, O noblest of hearts!" said he. "But you have given her the most intolerable cause of offence, in that I—"

"That is enough," I interrupted, "the past and the future alike are God's. Even in this painful phase of your life you can do your duty. Accept your fate, as a punishment if you will, but all the more humbly to be worked out for that. For me, you cannot harm me, nor can she; I rely on God alone!"

"Well, I find no God in such a fate! I will rid myself of it soon!"

The tone, the look, the gesture were terrible, and without another word he left me, while, from a window above, I heard the dreadful words actually hissed down at me—

"Meeting a married man clandestinely is scarcely fitting for one having the care of youth. This must be looked into."

The voice was Mrs. Plowden's, and her white face glared down on me like some incarnation of venom itself.

You say I must not pity Horace; I cannot help it. The very weakness of the character I thought so great is pitiable to me. You know Harry used to say, I would pity Satan himself. Ah! who can help pitying what is shut out from God? I will write soon again.

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, September 1st, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

It is so strange, I am banished to the little turret room once Horace's. No reason given, but Mrs. Wardour expects a great many visitors, and needs all the apartments on the lower floor. Once this would have seemed very hard to me, but the school of suffering has become so much my element that I scarcely find it a trial at all. Of course, I do not go out in the mornings any more, lest Horace's unreason should induce him to seek me again, and I am determined this shall not be. Charity alone would demand of me to remove all needless cause for Mrs. Plowden's anger, and this cheerfully.

It seems a kind of parody on Horace's former fate, that to which I am now consigned, does it not? I often, looking on the walls of this room which formed such a prison to him, pray God to make any suffering I have here a prayer for his ultimate salvation.

Nothing has been said openly, and I never see any one but the children, but that the influence of Mrs. Plowden is at work I hourly feel. I am not afraid.

Pray God to be with

YOUR BEE.

rice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, September 15th, 18—.

REST MAMMA:

I have to go. I am sent
I am pronounced an unfit
on for innocent children,
is with me. To-morrow

YOUR BEE.

Plowden to Beatrice Leon.

(Dated a year later.)

E:

t refuse to forgive the dying
ie of the living. I knew
were innocent, yet I ac-
ou, and in the circle where
in was bread to you I ruth-
ok it from you. This, my
But my husband was my
l, and I knew he loved you.
cause. Behold my reward;
nt to me before, he has
espised me ever since, and
e has been cursed. Now I
t to die, I see the past in a
t; I would fain make atone-
d at least win my husband's
ness and respect before I
a for—the grave. For God's
ie to me, let me restore your
me where it is most fitting I
let me hear you say I am
before I die.

E. PLOWDEN.

ce Leon to Mrs. Plowden.

P——, September 19th, 18—.

OWDEN:

ve to say I cannot go; but
t kneels down before you
you to give your atonement
not me. My forgiveness
ig, and you had it from the
it God's is everything, and
a you heaven, where all your
iggles will find a happy end.
r one of his priests, and to
ifide the story of your con-
Then the most fervent of
ers, and the most imploring
of my tears at the foot of the Cross, will have been answered. In truth,

Your friend,

BEATRICE LEON.

Horace Plowden to Beatrice Leon.

SWEETDELL, October 1st, 18—.

BEATRICE:

She is dead; and through the holy power of your words died the death of a Christian. *Not* to win my respect or love—oh! God, how unworthy either, even of *her* valuing—but to disarm the anger of God, she, at the command of her confessor, made public retraction of her accusations against you, acknowledging her own guilt instead. I—great heaven! can I describe for you my feelings? My conduct to her as a husband rose up before me, only second in blackness to my conduct to you as a friend, a lover. Not you alone, but even she rose superior to me through religion's power. I knelt, oppressed by the weight of my own vileness, beside that hallowed deathbed, and offered freely all I had begrudged to her in the past, begrudged ungratefully, for she had at least given her all to me. I was too late. She smiled; she blessed me, then she turned to God and forgot me.

At the end, after a long agony borne with prayers of contrition, she looked up one time, smiling: "At last, sweet Lord," she whispered, "and through Beatrice's—" she finished the words where earthly ears could not hear. This was her death. O, *blessed!* how its glory will dwell upon your life.

For me, I hate myself; I cast aside forever the name under which I have acted so wretched a *rôle;* of the past I renounce even that. Under another I will strive to become what I would be now if I had only followed out the promptings of your influence when you first knew me.

Mrs. Wardour begs that you will resume your former place, promising to reinstate you even with honor,

and make you perfect mistress of your time and terms.

If you can believe me worthy of the slightest thought beyond Christian forgiveness and charity's prayers, let it be that at last I will strive to order my life according to religion's magnificent economy.

HORACE PLOWDEN.

Beatrice Leon to Horace Plowden.

P——, October 9th, 18—.

HORACE:

I rejoice that the dead found peace, and left behind a memory for you to imitate, and be saved. I do not deem the injury done me so great as to need such humiliation to her for its price; but since it satisfied God, it is well she suffered it. It is true my name was ruined in the circle from which I was driven, but that made me learn to cheerfully embrace lowliness. So I cannot return there, not because I would refuse Mrs. Wardour's proffered kindness, but because here I labor amongst the poor and ignorant, who need me more. I am in a place where instruction in the Catholic religion is as precious as the diamond itself, as it is rarely attended by a priest, and the people are unable to build a church. God guided me here by his mercy after I left Mrs. Wardour, and in seeking for other employment. Here I can work out a high mission in perfect obscurity, and here truly can my life be *all for God.* May yours, O friend, find the same fruition on earth that to both the end may be heaven!

BEATRICE.

"I bear thy tears, my Roseleaf, the hardest punishment thy Plato could have found for confession of being Horace Plowden, but deserved too well. But," and the violet eyes turned to heaven with a look so fervent and withal so pure, the words were scarcely needed to reassure her, "never turn aside from me, for *there* I hope my present has blotted out Horace Plowden's wretched past. She is in heaven, my sweet, and I am trying to meet her there!"

The tears ceased to flow, and in a voice which softly held the hush of reverence, she said:

"Oh, dear Plato! And all your wonderful charity to the poor, and all your giving your fortune to religion's uses, and living here in scanty style, and all your shining acts for God's glory, come from this! And you are prematurely gray from your grief, but young at heart from your way of meeting it."

"You have guessed it, sweet; only you make me nobler than I am. My acts are acts of penance and atonement, not high virtue. Some months after my wife died, like a fool, I offered my life and my fortune to Beatrice. But she said, 'Nay, Horace. Give them to God. My heart and life are his for evermore, and, having tasted the sweets of his sweet service, nothing less will satisfy my soul; I am working out a mission here; leave me undisturbed at it.'

"Afterwards, it was by her exhortations I resolved to lead the life you admire so much, and to give up all my wealth to religion's uses. She directed that her mother, at her death, should give me these letters, and when she died, I got them."

"Oh, I know now, dear Plato! I see all. Grandma is her mother, and Harry is my dear, dead father, and —I am sure—oh, is it not so? you keep Grandma and me since his death, and you are the wonderful bank, whence we draw our income, and you bring me here to spend my vacations to teach me to be wise."

"And to enjoy thy love, my Roseleaf, which I do not deserve, and to revel in the sight of thy resemblance to Beatrice! And, because thy heart thinks human love all-noble and all-absorbing, I lent thee my

sweet, to show thee it must
ded on God and truth, or it
ıt. Take the lesson into this
o dear to me, ere love comes
Then, my Roseleaf, even
its course be a tragedy, even
on earth it may never find
, still will it own holy power
to draw two hearts to heaven, and make them noble while on earth."

O, untouched young heart! lingering idly over this page, take that truth from thence, and set it in your mystery of the future, and then the mission of my story will have found golden fulfilment.

ROSSINI.

E Jove of music," as Meyer-
/led Rossini, was born in Pe-
town of the then Papal States,
29th of February, 1792. As
ing runs, "there was music in
ıily," for his father played
rn in the orchestra, and his
figured in the *rôle* of prima
in the provincial theatres.
was merely their nominal
ıf residence, as their profes-
:cessarily involved a wander-
't of life from one town to
:. I am very far from intimat-
deference to the style of sober
graphers, that "from his early
he gave evidences of that
ıusical genius which was des-
› enrapture the world in later

earliest recollection we can
Rossini is connected with his
ing in a blacksmith shop,
ıe devoted his juvenile ener-
"raising the wind" out of the
i. His father had apprenticed
that trade in consequence of
/'s positive unwillingness to
ıusic, or indeed anything else.
i soon grew tired of the black-
hop. Perhaps the tinkling of
mmer on the anvil was sug-
of other and sweeter melo-
He promised amendment, and
ced under the musical instruc-
f Father Tesei, of Bologna,
.ve him lessons in singing, on
ıicembalo and the viola. That
i made rapid progress is evident from the fact that he figured in the church choirs of Bologna as the *solo* soprano, and also played the viola at the opera. It was in the latter capacity that he acquired that practical knowledge of instrumentation, which so ably aided him afterwards in giving expression to his genius. In the year 1807, when he was but fifteen years of age, he entered the musical lyceum of Bologna, and became the pupil of Father Matter, then Master of Composition. The learned contrapuntist was not long in discovering that the development of a great genius was intrusted to him. But the joy of the good Franciscan at the discovery was greatly allayed when, after a few lessons, he became aware that his gifted pupil was anything but diligent and assiduous. Rossini's themes hardly passed mediocrity, and were much inferior to those of his classmates. The pedantic method of the old and rigorous school of counterpoint was exceedingly irksome to him. Still he managed to submit himself to the ordeal of going through the course of simple counterpoint. But it was evident that he would never become a contrapuntist, for his very scholastic themes savored of the dramatic style of composition, to which he was irresistibly drawn. Hearing his master remark one day that double and triple counterpoint were not necessary to dramatic composition, he said:

"What do you say, Maestro? With that which I have studied one can write operas?"

"Without doubt," said the old priest.

"That's enough," rejoined Rossini, "I don't want to know any more. It is operas I want to write."

He began to work forthwith by himself, and produced an orchestral symphony of no ordinary merit, entitled *Il Pianto dell Armonia*, the Lamentation of Harmony. His first attempt at dramatic composition was a comic opera called *La cambiale di Matrimonio*, and was produced with success in the theatre of San Mosè in Venice. This was rapidly followed by several other operas of the same character, which were eminently successful, and made the name of the young master very popular in Italy. Indeed his most unsparing critics were soon constrained to recognize his existence as a *Maestro*, while the unprejudiced were fain to place him upon a level with the greatest musician then in Italy, the aged Paesiello. But if any doubt remained in the minds of his admirers as to whether Rossini were a genius, or only a diligent composer, they were removed forever by the appearance of *Tancredi*, which was also first rendered in Venice. Its original melodies, vested in the richest harmony, and this expressed with a warmth and boldness of instrumentation till then unheard of, captivated the Venetians. The melodies of *Tancredi* were heard from the students as they returned home at night from their carousals, from the gondoliers, from the fishmongers, while the juvenile generation of Venice contributed to perpetuate them in a continued variety of whistling performances. Rossini had no rivals after the production of *Tancredi*.

La Pietra di Paragone was brought out in Milan while that city was occupied by the French. The law of general conscription was then in rigor, and Rossini's name figured on the list of extraction. But popular enthusiasm ran high in his favor, and even the French authorities were disposed to make an exception in his favor, and exempt him from military service. The Viceroy of Milan wrote as follows to the Minister of the Interior at Paris: "May it please you to dispose that the Maestro, Gioacchino Rossini, be exempt from military service. I would not take upon myself the responsibility of exposing so precious a life to the bullets of the enemy. My contemporaries would never forgive me. We lose at best but a soldier of mediocrity, but we certainly preserve for the country a man of genius." This letter saved Rossini from the march to and the tragic retreat from Moscow.

In the year 1815 he wrote *Elisabeth*, an opera which is rarely, if ever, rendered now. Why it is not brought out it is difficult to conjecture, for it abounds in beauty and novelty in the manner of accompaniments and general instrumentation. Rossini's last comic opera was the *Barber of Seville*. It is now sixty years since it was first produced in the Eternal City, and though it is being rendered season after season and evening after evening in every opera house in the Old and New World, the Barber is ever welcome. Yet he met with a very poor reception on the first night of his appearance before the Romans, who are proverbially good critics of music. Not that they failed to appreciate the beauties of the opera, but because there was a counter-influence at work in Rome against Rossini, which blinded a fair appreciation.

The *libretto* of the *Barber of Seville* had already been put to music by no less a composer than Paesiello, and the opera was unquestionably the best of the kind then represented on the Italian stage. Rossini did not make use of Paesiello's *libretto*, though the subject was the same. Still he wrote to the patriarch ask-

ing his permission to use the subject, quite an unusual delicacy in the young composer, who scouted formalities. The permission was readily granted, but the fire of envy was kindled in the old master's heart. When he heard that the opera was to be brought out in Rome he wrote to his partisans there, and he had many, in these words: "*Omit nothing, that the failure may be colossal.*"

Orchestral accompaniments for the recitatives were as yet unknown, so the author of the opera was accustomed to preside at the *cembalo* or pianoforte, and strike the chords of the tone in which the recitative was written. On the first night of the Barber's appearance he was greeted with withering hisses. To make matters worse, when the Count Almaviva appeared under the balcony of Rossini with the guitar, one of the strings snapped. A fracas of whistling and hissing ensued, Rossini merely shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and remained impassive through that and the succeeding outbursts of disapproval. Only when the curtain fell, and the manifestations of disapproval had reached a climax, Rossini stood up and applauded vigorously himself. On the next evening he thought it advisable not to appear at the opera, but remained at home, pleading indisposition. The truth was that he feared the partisans of Paesiello would, in an excess of frenzy, resort to personal violence. He was aroused from a sound sleep towards midnight by a great uproar in the street below. He immediately concluded that his enemies had come to mob him, and was preparing to effect his escape in a very scanty wardrobe through the back window, when he heard the well-known voice of Garcia, the barber, shouting out, "*Evviva Rossini! Evviva il Barbiere di Siviglia!*"

The success of the opera on the second night was immeasurably greater than its failure on the preceding night. The inimitable vivacity of the music asserted its superiority over party spirit, and elicited the most frenzied applause. Rossini was carried in triumph through the streets of Rome. The *Barber of Seville* abounds in ternary movements of exquisite grace and feeling, and their effect was so pleasing that the author used them abundantly ever after.

Cenerentola, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Othello* followed the *Barber of Seville* in the wonderfully short space of two years. *Othello* may be said to be his masterpiece of tragical composition. In it he introduced for the first time a running orchestral accompaniment for the recitatives, making of them musical declamations which formed a most pleasant contrast with the monotony of the recitatives of the old school. The erudite Fetis thus writes of *Othello*; "Who is the musician, the simple dilettants, who is not still moved by the remembrance of that penetrating music of the first two acts, so full of energy, and of the third, wherein the genius of the composer equals that of Shakespeare, though not in the same sentiment? The enthusiasts of Shakespeare have shown themselves severe, unjustly so towards the music of Rossini, because they would have it that he betrayed the inspirations of the creator of English tragedy. But it is precisely because he is something entirely different, because he is himself an independent genius, that he merits our entire admiration. The subject being given, he felt it, and rendered it with the originality of a musician, just as Shakespeare treated it with the imagination of a poet."

After *Gazza Ladra* Rossini began to change his style, omitting the excessive, but with his originality, pardonable use of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and the traditional *cabalette*. This is evident in *Armide*, *Moses*, *Ermione*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and *Mavmetto II.* Each of these operas has its distinguishing

characteristic. In *Armide* the chivalrous abounds, in *Moses* the religious, in *Ermione* the simplicity of lyric declamation, in the *Lady of the Lake* the romantic, interwoven with the weird, and in *Mavmetto II* the happy opposition of savage rigor with the accent of patriotic devotion. Perhaps there is not in the world's *repertoire* of music a melody which breathes a more sweetly religious and consoling feeling than the *Prayer of Moses in Egypt.* Who would believe that it was written in bed? Rossini invariably slept until near noon, the consequence of his having prolonged his convivialities, of which he was passionately fond, until the "wee sma' hours of morn."

The poet of the *libretto* of *Moses*, Tottola, worked by instalments, and having concluded a scene, was in the habit of bringing it immediately to Rossini. It happened that he concluded the Prayer one morning towards midday, and he hurried away to the residence of Rossini, who was already somewhat behindhand with his own work, and was, besides, bound by a contract to have the opera ready for a certain date. He found the composer in bed surrounded by a circle of friends, who were entertaining him with the latest gossip. He read the Prayer with evident interest, asked for a pencil and a piece of music paper, and, regardless of the noise and chattering of his friends, began to write. It was done in a few moments. The orchestral accompaniment was merely accessory, and he wrote it in his leisure moments. But the Prayer remained as he had scrawled it in bed, the most incontestably original melody he ever wrote.

In 1823 Rossini married the prima donna Colbran, and in the following year went to London, whither his fame had preceded him. Indeed, if exception be made to Berlin, every city in Europe gave a cordial welcome to his music. The Italians, of course, adored him, the Viennese stopped short of adoration, the Parisians were enthusiastic, and the Londoners were graciously pleased to patronize him. But Berlin ignored him, and of the gentle Mendelssohn Fetis writes that he was strongly opposed to the music of Rossini.* He was warmly received in London, and by none more so than by King George IV, who was very fond of music.

Rossini had a rich baritone voice, and knew how to use it with grace. While he lived in Rome he was a frequent visitor at the palace of Cardinal Gonsalvi, and he never went to pay his respects that the old man did not ask him to sing something from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto.* Though the music of that opera is light and spirited, and on the whole tending to appeal to our risibles rather than to our tender faculties, the good Cardinal was always moved to tears when he heard Rossini render selections from it. George IV frequently invited Rossini to the royal palace, and it was no uncommon thing for them to sing duets together. During his short stay in London he amassed a fortune of £60,000. From London he went to Paris, where he undertook the direction of the Italian theatre. While in this capacity he modified *Mavmetto II,* making of it what is now known as *L'assedio di Corinto.* The principal feature in the modification was the addition of the grand symphony, which critics place side by side in merit and beauty with that of *Semiramide,* the last opera he wrote in Italy. Apropos of symphonies, it is to be regretted that they are fast going into disuse, at least that style of symphony which was so zealously cultivated by composers anterior to the last half of a century. The authors of the present day flatter themselves that they have accomplished a symphony when they

* Mendelssohn même, sl grand musicien q'il fût a moutret im esprit étroit dans sa répugnance pour les oeuvres de ce genie. Biographie Universelle.

oduced an incomprehensible
on of augmented or dimin-
hords, with a volley of mus-
om the drums, and a start-
ound from the bass drum,
anied by a flourish of the
ler and lightning machine."
this does not introduce us to
ubject, and we would remain
e ignorance of the argument
e not wheedled into expend-
quarter in the purchase of a
in the lobby. Modern com-
do us an injustice. They
bear in mind that we are the

It is our sense of hearing
t their own desire to indulge
itific display they must please,
us in rebus, and I opine that
these music is a considerable

the fashion in music now to
Wagner. Well now, we are
acting. We will tolerate a
able imitation of Wagner, but
e else, unless, indeed, a Ros-
symphony. Rossini wrote
he same time another little
or Charles X called *Un viag-*
Rheims. The success which
d its production in the court
determined him to change

He added the charming
e which we find in the more
editions, the *ballabile*, and
endous chorus in the fourth
Conte Ory followed soon after.
t regards the style, this opera
considered as a prelude to
n Tell, his last and complete
rmation of style. It appeared
, and amply repaid the anx-
pectation of his admirers, who
gun to fear that a love of his
d asphyxied his energies. The
asm which greeted *William*
unparalleled in the history of

The *libretto* is wretched,
rdly merits the name. But
exhaustible wealth in melody
rmony of the composer made
e grand treasure of every *re-*
in the world. Not to speak
symphony, every measure of

which is a chapter of Swiss traditions culled in melodic form, the "oath scene" worked up the patriotic feelings of the Parisian students to such a pitch of excitement that they broke out into a thundering shout of, "Vive la patrie! Vive la liberte!" At every repetition of the opera in Paris a strong police force was necessary to preserve order, and once the opera itself was interdicted, the greatest tribute that could be paid to its author.

After *William Tell* Rossini retired into private life, avowing his intention to write no more. I will confess frankly here that, though my admiration of Rossini's music be great, I cannot but condemn the sentiments he expressed after the appearance of *William Tell*. He was far from being satisfied with the reception given it by the Parisians; and being asked by a friend to begin another opera, he replied, "One success more would add nothing to my fame; a fall might injure it. I have no need of the one, and do not wish to expose myself to the other." Whatever may be said of his youth, it is evident that he did not cultivate music at this date with the spirit of a true artist. He ceased to compose at the age of thirty-seven, an age when most men begin, and relapsed into an inactivity unworthy of himself. This was in the year 1829.

Four years after he wrote the *Stabat Mater*, but in so careless and desultory a manner that the editor, Troupenas, was loth to issue a second edition. This aroused the dormant energies of the composer. Not only did he revise it carefully, but even assisted at the rehearsals with the ardor of a boy, and his health which had been failing for some time before was soon restored. The great tenor, Duprez, sang for him, and the success which attended the *Stabat Mater* was even greater than that of *William Tell*. The *Stabat Mater* has been criticized as being too dra-

matic, too inconsentaneous with the ecclesiastical spirit. But it should be borne in mind that he took the poem, not in its strictly ecclesiastical sense, but as a text for an oratorio. Hence is he dramatic, yet he is decidedly original, and touches the sublimity of religious pathos.

In 1836 Rossini returned to Italy and established his residence in Bologna, where he gave himself up unreservedly to the sweet pleasure of private life and the company of his friends. He was urged to this step by the unsettled state of affairs in Paris. He was not destined to enjoy peace long. The Italian Revolution of 1848 drove him from Bologna. While in that city, the ringleaders of the revolution levied a tax on the rich inhabitants of the city for the support of the national militia. Rossini's name figured among those who were requested to contribute. He gave a pair of horses, but positively refused to give any money, expressing at the same time his most cordial disapproval of the revolution, and his devotion to the person of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. This aroused the anger of the revolutionists, and Rossini was obliged to fly to Florence. Meanwhile the mob gathered around his house, broke the windows, and burnt Rossini in effigy. This proceeding was disapproved of by Father Ugo Bassi, who was then the leading spirit of the Bolognese. Having composed a poem in honor of Pius IX, he sent it to Rossini, requesting him to put it to music, apologized at the same time for the rashness of his fellow-citizens, and requested him to return to Bologna. Rossini composed the hymn, and it was soon afterwards sung in the public square of Bologna. He wrote a letter to Ugo Bassi, from which I clip the following: "Bologna was always the centre of my affection. There, from my youth, and I remember it with pleasure, I acquired the musical art, and, let me repeat with the poet,

'Lo bello stile che m' ha fatto onore,'

the lovely style which has done me honor, and which I, a true and warm-hearted Italian, shall endeavor to adapt to the song and to the enthusiasm of all Italy, which applauds our great and beneficent sovereign, the Pontiff Pius IX." But he did not return to Bologna. While in Florence he became hypochondriacal, and was haunted with the fear of death continually.

In 1853 he returned to Paris, and to the tender sympathies of his Parisian friends is due his recovery from the almost incurable malady which afflicted him. He bought a charming villa near the Bois de Boulogne, and there the *élite* of Paris met regularly to gossip and enjoy the witticisms of the old master. Meanwhile he amused himself by composing little *morceaux* for the piano, which he entitled "Salon Music, by Gioacchino Rossini, Fourth-class Pianist." Among these figures a satire on Offenbach, which is to be executed with one finger. He also wrote the grand chorus of the Titans (published since his death), and the three charming choral songs, Faith, Hope, and Charity. His *Messe Solennelle* was the last production worthy of notice, and in it are embodied the genius of the composer, and the religion of the Christian.

He died in 1868. A few days before his death a French clergyman, of whom he was very fond, called upon him. Rossini was too weak to talk much, and the clergyman contented himself for the nonce with asking him how he felt in conscience. "Like the author of the Stabat," replied Rossini.

IN GOD, IMMORTAL.

ONCE, in a cavern, dark, and damp, and lone,
A gem lay hidden, ceaseless was its moan,

For something wanting to its heart of light;
Something not named in that strange world of night;

Something it felt its own, yet could not see;
Its very life-pulse yet a mystery.

"Oh, gift ineffable!" it cried in pain,
"Come to my life!" Unchanging cry—and vain!

* * * * * * *

Softly against the cavern plashed the wave
And to the yearning gem sweet music gave—

Music that seemed to hold in chains of sound
The beautiful unknown—a captive bound.

"Oh, come within, sweet voice!" it tender breathed.
Lo! flashed the wave above it, with light wreathed;

Then back swept, bearing on its foamy crest
The gem, transported to a vision blest.

Beyond the darkness fled that world of night,
And all its own—its heritage—*the light*

In its awakened heart reflected fair,
Now known, now held in proud possession there.

Oh, happy gem! Oh, heart of light set free,
Ne'er shall the darkness more encompass thee!

* * * * * * *

My soul, that gem inthralled, thy friendship rare;
The wave o'erpowering, bearing it to where

Its life of light—God's love—it finds; oh, friend
Most dear of all—such friendship hath *no end!*

A wave from grand Eternity's deep sea,
Back will it proudly sweep, and then will be

The true beginning—round God's feet to flow
With *all* 'twill bear from cavern of earth's woe!

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

LIKE thousands of my countrymen, I walked the streets of Philadelphia, my heart swelling with patriotism. Over my head floated that banner which, too proud to be content with earth, caught and held captive in its folds the very stars. Around me were the trophies of our greatness and the tokens of the friendship and good will of other lands; and mingling with my countrymen on every hand, were representatives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, met together on the one hundredth birthday of the United States of America. "They may call it the boy among the nations," cried I, exultingly, to myself, "but it is a giant boy of which any people might be proud, this land of the free and home of the brave."

"Sir," said a thick, uncouth voice, "what do you call this town?"

Close beside me stood a dwarfish figure, clad in undressed skins of beasts, which he did not seem to find uncomfortable in the July heat. The misshapen form, coarse features, and brutish expression were more like those of an animal than of a human being. I wondered if it was possible that some Hottentot or Digger Indian had heard of us in his cheerless home, and conceived the hope of elevating himself and his race by coming to learn of us our better ways. A sense of compassion rose in my heart, mingled with wonder when again, in good, unbroken English, the creature said: "What do you call this town, sir?"

"This city is Philadelphia, sir," I answered, with some emphasis.

"Philadelphia!" he repeated, with a scornful laugh. "Nonsense! what kind of a name is that? It's no kind of a name at all, sir. We don't have such names in our country."

"I should suppose not," said I, blandly, never dreaming that he would detect my sarcasm; but I fancied that a fierce smile played round his wolfish mouth, as if he not only understood me, but found even more meaning than I.

"What's this?" he asked, abruptly, pointing to a building near us.

"I must be patient with the ignorant being," I thought. "It is a telegraph office," I answered him. "Come in and I will tell you about it," and quite teachably, as I fancied, he nodded his rough head and followed me. "You are in good time," I said, "for I have a message to send to England to-day. See, here it is," and I pointed to a map upon the wall. "This is Philadelphia—this dot here."

"No such thing," cried my companion, in excited tones. "You take me for a fool, sir. It's no kind of a name, sir, as I said before; but that little black speck isn't this place."

"I—I—you misunderstand me," stammered I. "This thing is a map; it shows where places are. This dot represents Philadelphia."

"The man must have been a fool then who made it," grumbled he. "Any child could draw better than that. A map! What's a map?"

"This is a map," I reiterated; "These lines represent the Atlantic Ocean, and this island is England, where my message is going. It is three thousand miles across there."

"Three thousand fiddlesticks!" flamed out the stranger. "It isn't an inch."

"It represents three thousand miles," said I, meekly. "I am ac-

rned to speak to those who understand my language."

And I understand your language," quoth he, stoutly. "I understand it very well indeed, when speak sensibly, sir. How do know that England is three usand miles away, sir? Did you go there? Did you ever see

No, I never did. Other people e been there, though, and I have ids there."

Don't trust friends," my companion said, eagerly. "Did you see England?" turning to the graph operator, who, awaiting order, gazed in undisguised astonishment at the stranger.

Never," was the answer.

Ten to one there's no such e," cried the dwarf. "Did you see it? Did you?"

so happened that of all the men then in the office, not one had crossed the ocean. The dwarf ed upon me ferociously.

Stop, stop," said I. "I will you word from there in half an r. Here, clerk, send this."

he clerk took the pencilled message from my hand, glanced at it, ad it on a pile of others given day, and went to work. "It gone," he said in a minute.

My message has gone to Engl," explained I. "Under the an is what we call the Atlantic e. It contains a telegraph wire, ked by electricity, which carries s from here to England and back n in half an hour."

Can't be done," said my hearer, with calm, pitying deliberation, he had quite ceased to be angry with me, and only compassionated ignorance, if he did not suspect of more than ignorance. "Stands reason it can't be done; you said rself 'twas three thousand miles e. Isn't it three thousand miles ? Can't send word that dise in thirty minutes. I'm no d, sir."

I got the operator to explain the whole thing to him, which he did admirably, as I thought, and the dwarf heard him through without an interruption. But when he ceased, well pleased and expecting praise, "Did you ever see electricity, sir?" asked the dwarf.

"Well, no, not in this case exactly. Lightning is an electric force, however. You have seen that, I suppose?"

"I don't see it here," was the answer. "Not a bit of it."

"No, no; not here. I only gave that as an instance. Lightning is only one—one phenomenon of electricity."

"Did you ever see electricity?" persisted the dwarf.

"I have felt it," cried the clerk, desperately. "Here, maybe you would like to feel it. It can *do* something, even if it can't be seen. I will prove that to you with the greatest pleasure."

"No, no," said the dwarf; "you don't catch me. *I* don't want to be sent to England."

"But you won't be sent to England," said I. "It will only shock you."

"I am shocked already," he replied, drawing up his little figure imposingly. "What lies these Americans expect us to swallow."

"No lie," said the operator. "Here's your answer, sir. What do you say to that?"

"I say that it is all a humbug," he cried. "Here's the proof. Your message never went at all, sir. There it is on the top of those papers where he put it when you gave it to him."

"But we don't have to send that," explained the clerk. "I read it and then expressed the words by ticks, which the man heard at the other end."

"Oh, oh!" sighed the dwarf, "what will become of your poor souls by and by? You expect me to credit that a thing which you cannot see carries a little tick-tick under the

ocean three thousand miles, and a man at the other end hears it with the waves tumbling, and rushing, and roaring, and the winds blowing, and sends you back an answer? Eyes and ears are ours to use, and we have a reason to use, sir, and it stands to reason that what you can't see or hear or comprehend isn't anything at all, sir. I hope all America is not a humbug, sir. Perhaps you will kindly show me something credible, now that you find I am not an idiot."

The men laughed audibly. I bit my lip and strode away, the dwarf shuffling on beside me at a pace fully equal to my own.

"Here," I said, entering one of the new buildings erected for the Exhibition, "here is the hall where the relics of our nation's heroes are kept. You may learn something from these; but perhaps I should first tell you a little of our history. One hundred years ago we were but as a handful of men along this seacoast, and we rose to shake the yoke of the tyrant from our necks."

"Did you save it?" asked the dwarf. "Can I see it? We make them of iron in our country."

"I spoke figuratively," said I, in dread of the very answer that came.

"Figures of speech seem common here. You always reckon in round numbers, I suppose. It is convenient. What did you shake off, if it was not a yoke!"

"I meant that we made ourselves free," said I. "You shall see the original Declaration of Independence. We prize it much."

"Doesn't look as though you did —that old parchment. Where are your gold and pearls to adorn it?"

"We do not think it in accordance with American simplicity to treat it so," said I.

"American disrespect, we should call it in my country," said the dwarf succinctly. "And we mean what we say, too, and know what we are about. You've made a mistake, sir. This cannot be anything of importance, and yet look so contemptible." And when, to prove my statement, I began to read the well-known words, he asked petulantly what I was doing.

I was reading, I told him; reading the words on that paper.

"But they don't speak," cried the dwarf. "*I* can't read it. It's only black marks. I don't believe it. They are not in the least like what you say."

I turned the conversation. "This is a chair in which General Washington once sat," said I.

"And this," said the dwarf, bounding into another close by, "this is the chair where I once sat. What's the difference! Who is General Washington? I never heard of him."

"He was the Father of his Country," I answered. "He was a great statesman, and a victorious soldier, and a good man."

"Did you ever see him?" asked the dwarf.

I answered "No," with gloomy forebodings.

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"I never did."

"Did you ever send him a message that you could not see, and get his answer in less than no time?"

"He died before I was born,' said I.

"Ha, ha, ha! And you never saw him, and you never spoke to him, and you never had so much as one of your wonderful messages from him. Did your father ever see him, or talk to him? Did your mother?"

"They never had the privilege," said I.

"Any of your family ever see him?"

I shook my head. My parents came from Scotland; but I would not tell him that.

"And you never saw him, and your people never saw him; and you never heard him, and your people never heard him. How do you know anything about him then?"

"It is a fact in history," said I.

"A fact in history! How do you prove history? It's one big lie, sir, from beginning to end."

"It's not," I exclaimed. "How do I know anything! How do I prove anything?"

"Ex-actly, sir, exactly. You ask the question of questions. How do I know anything? How do I prove anything? With my eyes, sir; with my ears, sir; with my senses; with my reason;" and again the dwarf drew himself up imposingly. "With my reason, sir; that noblest faculty. You are not the only person I have talked with in this town, sir. I was sent from my land to learn news of America; I have striven to fulfil my task; I have asked questions and listened for days. And all agree in telling me what is contrary to my senses; things which I never heard of in my own land, and my fathers never heard; things that are literally impossible, such as your iron boats that float on water, and your tick-tick messages, sent by electricity, that cannot be seen. I shall tell my people that the Americans are one big humbug; a nation that cannot speak the truth. What's that thing, sir?"

"That," said I, boiling with indignation, "that is a cannon. I am going to tell you the truth, and you, of course, are not going to believe me. It cannot see or hear or walk, but it can speak. A man is just about to touch it with a bit of burning, tarred rope. Then it will go off, but not on its feet. And if you get in its way, it will take your head off, too."

"I'm bound to try it," said the dwarf.

"Very well," said I; "you run your own risk."

The dwarf sprang from my side; there was a loud explosion, a cloud of smoke. When the smoke cleared, the dwarf was no longer to be seen, but I fancied that I heard a derisive laugh near me in familiar tones. However, as my eyes saw nothing, and it stood to reason that it could not be, I decided that I was mistaken.

Chafed and irritated to excess, "The little wretch!" I cried; "does he think that he knows everything? Does he fancy he can gauge our resources and greatness by the line of his reason? Reason, forsooth! How much has he?"

And while I thought upon the clever answers I might have given him, now that it was too late to give them, another voice spoke close beside me.

"Sir," it said, "will you show me the marvels of this place?"

He stood there, stately, and tall, and young, with a face that made me, true republican as I am, think that the blood of kings must be in him; a face full of intellectual power, yet mild and loving as a little child's. "Some prince in disguise," I said to myself, "escaped from his tutor's surveillance for a time. It will be a pleasure to exhibit to so noble a youth the excellence of our free institutions, and to teach him the lessons to be obtained from our glorious history. "What shall I show you first, my lord!" (The word slipped out unconsciously; he was evidently too used to it to notice it, and I could not politely recall it.) "This hall contains many of our relics."

"Ah, I wished particularly to see those," he said. "May I first have the privilege of beholding the relics of those blessed ones, Jognes and Rale?"

I stared in unfeigned amazement. "There is some mistake," I said. "We have nothing of that kind here. I do not know what you mean. These are the relics of our nation's greatness," and I proceeded to display proudly the rare and curious articles with which the hall was filled.

Each moment my wonder and admiration increased towards the stran-

ger. He wished to see everything. What he thought I could not even guess, but like one who has unmeasured time before him, he moved onward, listening attentively to all I told him, noticing the smallest, most trifling thing.

"And all these belonged to saints and martyrs?" he said, at length, pausing reverently before a gold-headed cane, which had belonged to Thomas Jefferson. "Is this, too, the relic of a warrior-saint, of whom I notice you have so many? How did *he* die?"

"He died in his bed," said I, thoughtfully. "I—I—If I am not mistaken, he did not know very much about God," said I; "that is, he did not believe in him very much."

The stranger showed irrepressible horror. "How dreadful!" he exclaimed. "How can you endure to keep it here?"

"Oh," said I, "it makes no difference; it is a relic all the same."

"Impossible," said my prince in disguise. "Impossible. I beg your pardon, sir, but how can it be? Does it work miracles, sir?"

"Miracles!" cried I; "what do you take me for? Of course it does not work miracles."

"Ah, I thought not," said he; "I thought not. But will you not show me some that do?"

I gazed upon his massive and commanding head, and wondered if such strength of mind and such weak credulity could be united in one being. "The age of miracles—if ever there was one—is past, my lord," said I. "Somebody has been deceiving you; that is evident."

"No other than my own senses, then," said he. "In the land from which I am first come, an old woman was cured of palsy but yesterday by the touch of a relic of St. Anicetus."

"Impossible," cried I, in my turn. "In the first place, I never heard of St. Anicetus. The Bible saints are quite enough for a man to remember, and they are too many for convenience. It is hard enough to keep the list of Presidents in mind. But in the next place, there are no miracles nowadays; they are only the fiction of a superstitious people."

"Fiction? superstition?" he repeated. "Those words are new to me. What do they mean?"

Happily for me, only the day before I had heard my daughter read out the definition of those very words from no less an authority than the indubitable Worcester, so I was quite sure of the elegant correctness of my reply.

"A fiction," said I, "is a thing feigned or invented; and to be superstitious is to be full of idle fancies or scruples with regard to religion."

"Ah, I thought so," said he; "I thought it must be a mistake in the meaning. No, this old woman was not at all superstitious. She was a very practical old woman; I don't suppose she ever had a scruple or a fancy in her life. And as for her cure being a fiction—a thing feigned or invented—why, I have seen her with my own eyes shaking with palsy, and she was entirely cured."

"There is another definition of superstitious," said I, "or of superstition. 'A belief in the existence of particular facts or phenomena, produced by supernatural agency, of which the existence is not proved by experience or countenanced by revelation; a belief in the direct agency of supernatural power in producing results which can either be proved to proceed from secondary causes, or by reasonable analogy must be inferred so to proceed.'"

"Ah, that settles it," said he; "that is very satisfactory. She had used the customary methods, and they all failed, and then she only tried ways which experience and revelation have taught. What a pity that none of these things are better relics, sir."

lo you suppose that I credit
' exclaimed I. "You say
seen them, but I know I
and my father never did,
er before met any one"—
ly I stopped; a disagree-
ory had come to my mind,
ied that I heard a chuckle
t was only fancy, of course,
ught it well to change the
When my companion had
: of our real treasures and
it would be easier to divest
mind of such degrading

l take you," said I, "to
public school."
is that?" asked he.
the nation's nursery," I
"She desires that all her
shall be enlightened citi-
in their tender years she
l into her fostering care,
may learn what shall fit
eafter to be true patriots,
ngs to their country."
ld gladly see that," said

rt glowed with pride as we
he room and beheld its
ls adorned with perfect
al figures and artistic de-
hairs of the latest approved
r schools, its scholars in
tion of order and decked
ed, white, and blue. One
he classes came forward.
re original dialogues in
nd Italian, and German;
ations in Latin and Greek;
roblems in higher mathe-
One young lady expounded
which govern the motions
anets, another held forth
geological strata, a third
hat chemical forces came
in the creation of the
o young men were pitted
it the other to argue upon
profound theory of evolu-
were followed by a class in
ilosophy, and by another
coursed upon the human
n a manner most gratifying
to the human pride. We visited all grades. The primary scholars told their letters, and said their tables, and spelled, and sang, as well as their elders had performed their higher duties. At last the folding-doors were opened, and the school in its entirety was before us.

There they were, the bright-eyed, well-taught, well-trained children, representatives of our nation's future, the men and women of to-morrow. Now they performed their patriotic exercises, gave a brilliant synopsis of our history, said in concert the important dates and names, answered questions on any subject connected with our past and present which the master chose to put, sang "America," and "The Star-spangled Banner," and other national airs, and treated us to an oration by Patrick Henry, and another by Webster. The many voices in exact concert sounded like one; the precision of movement, the promptness of obedience to word, or bell, or signal, were remarkable to behold. Any American might be proud of such an exhibition.

At length, the principal, as much impressed as I by the evident intellectual power of the visitor's face, and highly flattered by his unflagging interest, begged him to address the school, and he readily assented, only asking permission to talk with them rather than to talk to them, as he was curious to learn more from them; and, doubly flattered, the principal in an evil hour consented.

The stranger rose, and filled with foreboding as I was, I could not but admire him. His smile won every heart, and each eye was fixed upon him, and his voice rang out like a trumpet, reaching the furthest person in the room, and gaining the attention of the smallest child. Suddenly it struck me that he was something more than a boy, however princely. He looked as if he had been a wise astronomer, weighing the sun and computing the distances

of the spheres; or a philosopher pondering the subtlest questions of the day; or a poet with his hand upon the human heart-strings, moving them at his will. Who would have dreamed that from such lips would come the trivial question, "My little children, who is the patron saint of America?"

Silence formed the sole reply.

The question was repeated; then a clever-faced boy stood up, and answered, "It is not in the history, sir. I don't think we have any. Do you mean like St. George of England, sir?"

"Precisely; Oh, of course you have one. Is it possible you do not know his name?"

Had any child there told me that he did not know who George Washington was, I could not have expressed more surprise and disappointment by my tone. It roused one of the young ladies to reply:

"We Americans do not care about such things. Among the English it is only a relic of past superstitions."

"Superstition? Oh, no. This gentleman has just explained that word to me. The matter is a very practical one; there are no scruples or fancies about it. We ask the aid of our saints as we do of our parents, but the saints are in heaven and so are more able to help us."

The youth who had argued so ably for Darwin's lofty theory rose to reply with calm assurance. "If they are in heaven, sir, that quite settles the matter, of course. I have no definite idea of the exact locality of heaven, but it would be quite beyond the power of the natural eye and ear to learn anything from such a distance, granted even that there are saints, and that they could assist us if they were near enough."

"Ah," said the stranger courteously, "I understand. Pardon me that I did not consider sufficiently that you are at school, and have much to learn. Still, in my country one of the simplest axioms is that of the spiritualizing of the faculties by the transforming power of the long-desired vision."

This was a matter which the young man who had so profoundly treated of Darwin's theory appeared not to have bestowed much thought upon. In fact, he looked as if the last sentence was said to him in some unknown tongue. However, he was not lacking in an answer.

"The subject of development is most interesting," said he, "but I am sure that the notion of such prayers as you speak of has nothing to do with it. Whether there are saints or not, they are not omnipresent, and otherwise it would be quite impossible, quite contrary to reason, that they should hear our prayers."

Again a low mocking laugh near me; a sound like roaring waves and a stormy wind, a "tick, tick, tick," derisively repeated. Strange how vivid one's fancies can be. And I am not in the least superstitious.

"You have indeed much to learn, my son," said the stranger, in a tone of such intense compassion, and such overwhelming, confident knowledge of the true state of the case, that the youth, without a word of self-defence, took his place again, with a most uncomfortable and dejected expression.

"I acknowledge," said the stranger, after a moment's thoughtful pause, "I acknowledge my ignorance of your customs and methods of speech. Perhaps I do not make my meaning quite clear. You have told me of your statesmen and your soldiers. Now tell me this: who, from first to last of your noble dead, is his country's pride and his country's darling, for this reason and for this only, that he loved God with his whole heart and soul, and for the love of him alone he lived and died?"

Silence. He looked slowly down one after another of the long files of highly educated children before him; no look of answering intelligence or

enthusiasm met his own. "In the land from which I am just come," he said, "I heard but yesterday the names of Jognes and Rale mentioned reverently as those of martyrs. Can no one tell me anything of them?"

Up rose the cleverest girl there, she who in the philosophy class had explained the whole working of high and low pressure engines, and afterwards had treated of the function, development, and faculties of the human intellect.

"My father came from Norridgewalle, a town in Maine," said she. "He used to tell us of a priest named Rale who lived there once, but he was an ambitious man who gave great trouble to our Puritan ancestors, and taught the Indians his superstitions, and finally fell fighting, having stained his hands with the blood of an English prisoner."

"He of whom I heard," said the stranger, "lived for God, and feared God only. He gave up home and country for his sake. He went forth to meet his foes, hoping by the sacrifice of his own life to save the lives of his people, and at the foot of his mission cross he met the death which he had desired. Did you never hear this? It is a fact in history."

"I believe that is the Catholic version," said the girl, carelessly. "Their accounts of history are so mixed with superstitions that I never pay much attention to them."

With no seeming reference to her answer, and with no shade of annoyance upon the ever youthful face that yet grew more wise and calm and strong as I looked upon it till it filled me with an inexplicable awe, he spoke again. "I wish to hear the school recite the creed," he said.

Silence.

The stranger turned to the master. "Have I used the right word?" asked he.

"Yes," was the reply. "It is not a school exercise, however. We do not interfere with the belief of our scholars. They believe what they please. This is a free country."

The stranger's face grew stern. "Permit me, then," he said, "to hear you all repeat the Hail Mary."

Silence and consternation.

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

A confused murmur of voices; some spoke firmly, some waveringly, some would not speak at all.

"Sir, sir, sir," stammered the principal, like one who could with difficulty articulate, "they said it perfectly this morning. You cast some spell upon us."

"Can that be?" said the stranger, and the stern irony with which his tone was full had no trace of bitterness or malice. "Is not a spell a relic of past superstitions, a fancy, or a scruple, or a thing feigned and invented? or does this recitation represent the true state of the case? Perhaps all of your free and enlightened people do not wish that the future nation shall be trained in childhood to repeat the Lord's Prayer in your nation's nursery."

"Yes," said I, "it is a fact there are those who believe too little and so do not like it, and there are those who believe too much and want to have such things all their own way."

He lifted up his hand, and the very gesture swayed us to his will. We had no power to check his burning words.

"I heard it said," cried he, "that this was a land of saints as well as a land of heroes; that this soil was red with nobler blood than that of your patriot soldiers, even the blood of the martyrs' noble army; that a soldier of no less a master than the King of kings discovered your western continent for the Lord he loved, and planted here no less a standard than the cross of Christ when your federacy of States was not so much as an idle dream. What memory of this swells your children's hearts with loyal love to-day? They treasure a faded dress of the mother of a president, and they cannot repeat

what angel lips first uttered to the Holy Mother of God; they tell me of the motions of the planets, but not of him who made the planets; they must learn earth's meagre sciences, but it makes no difference to this nation's future what her children shall believe of GOD."

No words can tell what he made that one word mean. As he spoke it, all worldly knowledge seemed, for the moment, as dust and ashes only. Elocution and eloquence work wonders sometimes. We waited breathlessly to hear more, though the words had their sting.

"In the land across the sea from which I come, I heard but yesterday its children's lessons. There was little like what I have heard here, but they knew their creed and their prayers, and they say them day by day. It is thought there that education is something more and higher than the study of human science; that to believe in God is a greater lesson than anything else the schools can teach; that to bow one's neck under his yoke is the only way whereby men can become truly great. I fear you would call it, however, a land of superstitions."

My long-pent indignation broke forth at last. It was time that the honor of my country should be vindicated, and before the very children who had heard these strange ideas and accusations.

"A land of lies," cried I, "judging by him who tells of it. You say that your home is across the seas, and three several times have you spoken of matters which came under your notice there but yesterday. There is no country across seas from which one can come in a day, sir. Your home lies nearer here than that, and your ideas are fictions like your statements."

I knew the words were harsh, but it must be granted that they were not uncalled for. Instead of anger, however, a marvellous look of pity was upon his face.

"Pardon me, I did not say my *home*," he said, and at the word his voice grew sweeter, and his body swayed back and forth, light as air as flame sways on live coal, and it seemed as if in a moment he would be far away, going where he willed as he willed. "My home is indeed in a land that is very far off," he said "the land across the sea, from which I come, and I spoke the truth."

"Impossible," said I, "it can't be done. There are no means of conveyance of that sort. Besides, it would take your breath away."

Quietly he looked at me, and all at once I felt a new sensation. In this Centennial year, in this city of Philadelphia, with the stars and stripes above my head, I, a free-born citizen of this world-renowned nation, felt most mean and ignorant and insignificant. Suddenly it occurred to me that the universe is very great, greater than the United States, greater than the earth on which we live, and that possibly there might be in it beings whose capabilities differed from our own.

"It did not take my breath away," said he, "and the mode by which I came is an ancient one that has been in daily use for ages. I travelled on the sunbeams as they crossed from east to west."

The room seemed to reel about me. I thought I spoke, but my voice sounded uncouth and thick, and another will than mine seemed to move my lips.

"It is contrary to my senses, my lord," I found myself saying. "It is contrary to anything I ever did, or that my fathers ever did. It is contrary to reason, that noblest faculty."

And then—I did not see anything, and it was not as if I felt anything really tangible, yet I was conscious that something like a hand moved swiftly across my eyes, and touched my ears, and rested for a moment above my heart, and suddenly every faculty in me was quickened to a power which I had never

ed they could possess. No-
new was given me. It was
is if a tiny bud had blossomed
moment into a perfect flower.
stood in our nation's nursery,
s walls formed no barrier to
harpened vision. Our whole
country lay plain before me,
was conscious alike of what
on without the room and of
hing within. Among the ban-
which floated proudly on the
:, towering higher than they,
to be discerned through a
ess that was neither mist nor
, but showed very awfully
it the sunshine, rose a rude,
tic cross. Something—some
ung upon it. It was dreadful
old. There was a sound as of
blood-drops falling heavily.
ong the children who filled our
r's nursery, myriads of hideous
s went skipping, ambling, shuf-
they seemed to take no space,
ke no sound, yet it was to me
hey spoke and spoke with ex-
on.

'his land is ours," they cried to
nother. "This land is ours
r. Give us the children and
k no better gift."

ey turned with mocking homage
t towering cross, flung up their
and jeered. "We will train
well," they cried; "they shall
, and know, and know; they
be as gods, knowing good and
we will help them gladly and
hinder, for it makes no differ-
to this nation's future what
little children believe of thee
on the cross."

e darkness deepened, but the
form grew more distinct. I
ie aware that it loved us and
s heart was breaking. Against
pitiless clamor rose again.

'his land is ours, forever ours,
r ours. We will train its little
en well. If they read and
then they can vote, and it
s no difference what they be-
We will take good care that
they shall think it superstition to ask the help of God Almighty's Mother. We will make their tender consciences more tender in the matter of giving undue honor to her there beside the cross; that business suits us well."

I could see the face now. Its brow was crowned with thorns. I looked, and then I trembled and fell down upon my knees, and it seemed to me that my heart was breaking, too. Those little children, those little children—our nation's hope and future!

"They shall reason well," the taunt went on. "They shall match their reason with thine, oh God! They shall gauge thy mission by the plummet of their own. We ask no better measure. It makes no difference to this nation what its rulers believe of thee, oh King of kings! The vote of the infidel is as good as any. This land is free, oh God! free of thy Saints, and free of thy Mother, and forever, and forever, and forever free of thee."

Serene and strong, the stranger stood beside me; his grave eyes met my look of horror and despair. "Are there not certain men among you," he asked, as one who would gladly help, "men who honor the Mother whom God deigned to honor, and who hear God's voice speak infallibly to-day?"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "There are men who teach those errors and many more beside; and they try by all means in their power, to lay hold upon our children and teach such things to them while they are young, that so they may keep them in the future and control this land. They say that to believe rightly is as needful as to act rightly, and then they ask us to believe, sir, what is contrary to all reason."

"To *their* reason?" asked the stranger, gently.

"They say it is not," I had to answer, with a puzzling sense of shame. "But, indeed, one cannot

understand their doctrines, and that they own themselves."

On his face, forever young, and marvellously wise, and humble as a little child's, a look of awe and love unutterable rested. His eye, like an eagle's, looked unflinchingly into the glowing western sun. He stood there, the seeming embodiment of all mental power, at whose feet earth's wisest scholars might have sat down gladly to learn the alphabet of sciences, which were as play to him, but which for ages men had craved in vain to know.

"In my home," he said, and no trace of pride was in his tone, but again I noted that strange swaying of his body, light as air; "In my home we have no use for reason, for we know; and in my home we hold that to know is good, but to love is better. But though we shall know more and love more forever and ever, this one thing we never look for—to understand God."

And so saying he was gone, but the setting sun had dazzled me, and I knew not whither or how he went. But in my heart some words were ringing, "Ah, ah, ah, oh, Lord God! they say of me: Doth not this man speak by parables?"

THE STORY OF A VICTORY.

I.

"There goes Frank Rossiter on the other side of the street; he's a fine looking young fellow, isn't he?"

"I've nothin' agin' him as fur as looks goes; if he'd only keep sober he'd be well enough."

"Well, Tom, you must admit that he's been doing pretty well of late."

"Yes, he'll behave himself, I s'pose, till he's earned enough to go on another spree with. I declare, I don't know how he manages to keep his situation. Nobody but old Wilbur would be bothered with him, anyhow, for all his good looks and fine eddication. Tim O'Shaugnessy or August Schimmelwagen, that spends the biggest part of their time in the lock-up, ain't near as much disgrace to your people as that stylish young drunkard yonder—for he's nothin' but a drunkard, after all. His drinkin' does more mischief, too; for the young men kind o' look up to him because he stands well in the world and is in with all them big bugs over the river. 'Tain't no use your tryin' to smooth it over about him to me, because he has the name of belongin' to your Church. I ain't no Catholic myself, but give me the man that lives up to his belief, whatever it may be. If he's a Catholic, why don't he go reg'lar to church and take the pledge, or jine your temperance society? but no, that ain't grand enough for him."

"Well, well, Tom, don't be too hard on the young man. Like the rest of us, he has his faults, but pride isn't the worst of them, and a better-hearted fellow, in some ways, never lived."

The speakers were standing in the doorway of a store that fronted on the principal street of Greigsport. They were both elderly men—Peter Franklin and Thomas Grey—fast friends and partners in the grocery business. They were well to do financially, and were leading spirits in their own circle. The latter turned away impatiently at his friend's last

remark, and was soon absorbed in his day-book, while Franklin gazed with a regretful look after the fast-receding figure whose appearance had occasioned the conversation above noted.

Yes, Frank Rossiter stood well in the world. He was young and fine-looking; intelligent and liberally educated. He was cashier in the Greigsport Savings Bank, and was regarded as "a rising young man." He had one disadvantage, however; he was a Catholic, and the Catholics were an unpopular minority in Greigsport.

"But then, you know," to quote his friend, Randolph Rawson, to the members of the Amphion Club, when Frank aspired to become a member of that classic body, "he is liberal, not ultramontane." Our hero, for various reasons, was not in the good graces of his Catholic fellow-citizens, who were for the most part of the laboring classes.

While Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, and Unitarians boasted religious edifices of greater or less architectural pretensions, the Catholics had to be content to worship in a little frame structure in an out-of-the-way part of the city. But the Cross rose above it, and its walls were hallowed by the Lord Jesus, ever present on its lowly altar. Close in its shadow rose another cross-crowned wooden building—the school-house. The zeal of good old Father Redmond and his poor but fervent congregation had thus provided for the educational wants of the little ones, to save them from the unhallowed influences of the district schools.

Frank Rossiter attended Mass occasionally, to please his mother. She was a widow, and occupied with her two sons, Frank and Hugh, a pretty cottage in Vernon Place. The Rossiters were considered socially, as the *élite* of the Catholic body in Greigsport.

But her holy faith was dearer to Mrs. Rossiter than any worldly advantages, and it was a subject of bitter sorrow to her that several years had gone by since Frank had approached the Sacraments. Faith was not dead in his heart, but in order to resume the practice of his religion he would be obliged to sever his connection with a certain widespread and influential organization; and, as he reasoned, such a step taken prematurely would irrevocably blight his present brilliant prospects. By and by, having secured himself for this world, he would turn his thoughts towards making provision for the next.

Frank was an immense favorite in the "best society" of Greigsport. Romantic maidens sounded his praises. He was "perfectly splendid" in point of appearance; he played exquisite flute accompaniments; he knew Tennyson from cover to cover. What more could be desired? Papas and mammas were benevolently deaf to sundry unfavorable reports that sometimes flew about concerning him.

"They do say that young Rossiter goes on tearing sprees once in a while," remarked Mr. Gordon Coxe, the happy father of five blooming, unmarried daughters, "but then some of our very first young men here do the same, and it might be worse."

"Very true," echoed his amiable wife, to whom the remark was addressed in confidence; "it might be ever so much worse."

But to return. We left our hero leisurely pursuing his way homeward, but the soothing influences of the lovely September afternoon seem to have no power to cheer him. He is evidently wrapt in deep thought; nor are his musings agreeable, if we may judge by the changes of his handsome and expressive countenance. There is a strange, dissatisfied feeling in his mind; a self-contempt which stings his proud nature bitterly. He is beginning to realize

that his intervals of sobriety are becoming fewer in number and shorter in duration; that the fits of passionate penitence which regularly succeed his seasons of dissipation work no lasting good, and that his mind is daily becoming less capable of that severe application to business which his important situation demands. He has a good heart and he loves not to see his delicate, careworn mother growing paler and frailer day by day, suffering with a pathetic silence more grievous to his soul than angriest reproaches could ever be.

The voices of two ladies who pass him on the sidewalk break his reverie and arrest his attention.

"Yes; Mrs. Preston and Mary have come back to live here; they have taken a house on Locust Street," says one.

"How does Mary look? Has she changed much?" questions the other.

"I have not seen her yet, but, of course, I am going to call at the first opportunity."

By this time the ladies have passed out of hearing.

"Mary Preston come back to Greigsport!" soliloquizes our hero, and then he relapses into a deeper reverie. He turns from the thoroughfare down into a more secluded street and pauses abstractedly before a fine old mansion. It had been the homestead of the Prestons in their palmy days. Well he remembers Robert Preston, the honored, the trusted, and his stately, handsome wife, the beloved of the poor and suffering. Nor is he ever likely to forget the winsome, bright-faced daughter of the house, who had been the object of his enthusiastic boyish admiration. It seems to him but as yesterday since the news of Robert Preston's failure startled quiet Greigsport. How the ruin of his splendid business had been accomplished ever remained a mystery. At all events, himself and his family were the only ones who suffered by it.

"The men and women who have trusted their little all with me shall never have cause to regret their confidence," he said. And so land, and house, and furniture, books and plate, pictures and statuary, carriage and horses, all went under the auctioneer's hammer for the benefit of his creditors. His wife added her jewels and laces, and ere long every pecuniary obligation, from the greatest to the least, was fully discharged.

"It was only my duty," he said to the friends who gathered round him with words of praise and offers of assistance. "If it please God to spare me I shall, with his help and yours, make good my losses."

But the man was already advanced in years, and his multiplied losses, the parting from his cherished home and all that sacrifice involved, were heavier blows to his brave heart than he would admit, even to himself. So ere the preparations to remove to an humbler dwelling were completed, he died peacefully, though after a sudden and brief illness, in the desolate, dismantled house that had been *home* to him for more than half his life.

His widow and daughter had left Greigsport almost immediately after the funeral. Nine years had passed away and the Preston homestead, as it was still called by old residents, had long been occupied by strangers. The sad story connected with it was still an oft-told tale, for this was a small inland city, in which such events seldom happened. The return of Mrs. Preston and her daughter would long afford theme for conversation and conjecture at many a fireside.

"So they are living on Locust Street," muses Frank Rossiter, quickening his pace and rejoicing that he must pass through said street to reach his home. "I wonder if Mary remembers me; she was a lovely girl. Bless me! she is at least twenty-four now. They must have taken that vacant house on the corner, where the Thompsons used to live."

Instinctively he glances at the house as he draws near. A lady sits on the broad step of the verandah, reading. Can it be Mary Preston? Yes, it is none other. The rosy, bright-eyed girl has developed into a beautiful woman. The face is thinner than of old; the complexion fairer; the features more delicately outlined, and in the large, luminous, brown eyes, raised for a moment at the sound of approaching footsteps, is that chastened but serene expression seen in the eyes of none save those who have struggled and overcome.

Frank Rossiter opens the garden gate and hastens up to the verandah, for the desire to speak once more to his old-time ideal, and the hope of being remembered by her has come over him irresistibly.

An instant recognition, a cheerful and cordial greeting, sets him completely at his ease. A few minutes' chat on indifferent subjects follows. As if by mutual agreement, no reference is made by either to the past. Frank fears that any such allusion on his part may awaken only sorrowful memories, but as he is leaving he says: "This has been rather an unceremonious call, Miss Preston, but I wanted to find out if you still remembered me."

"It would be strange if she had forgotten you," says Mrs. Preston, who has joined them on the verandah, "you were children together. Come in again, Mr. Rossiter. We both will be glad to see you."

This is just what he wants her to say.

"I will most certainly avail myself of your kind invitation," he rejoins. "It is but an hour ago since I learned that you had come back. Mother will be delighted. She will take pleasure in calling on you at an early day." And Frank Rossiter takes his leave, wondering as he walks along, what magical influence is at work glorifying the evening and banishing from his mind despondent thoughts.

II.

"Miss Preston is going to teach in the school, and take charge of the choir, during Miss O'Donoghue's absence, Frank."

"Who was telling you, mother?"

"She mentioned it incidentally, this afternoon, when I called; but Father Redmond, who was here awhile ago, to see John on some society business, gave me fuller particulars. She had a legacy left her by a relative who died last year in New Orleans, and she is quite independent as regards money matters. But she desired to have some settled occupation, to which she could devote her abundant leisure. When she heard that Miss O'Donoghue was to be so long absent, and that Father Redmond wanted some one to teach until her return, she offered her services gratuitously. I must add that she did not tell me that last part of the story; she is one of the most modest and unassuming women I ever met."

Miss O'Donoghue, the teacher referred to, was a woman of most pure and perfect life; "a nun in all but the habit," as was often said of her. She had taught in the little school from its opening; formed and trained the choir; attended to the decorations of the altar; visited the sick; in short, devoted herself entirely to works of piety. Business of importance had obliged her to go to Ireland, and would probably detain her there until the following summer.

Father Redmond was much perplexed, not knowing how he should replace his invaluable assistant, when Miss Preston so opportunely tendered him her aid.

She fell quite naturally and gracefully into her new duties. They were, without doubt, comparatively easy; for Miss O'Donoghue had smoothed the way for any possible successor. The school children were docile and attentive; and among the members of the choir there was little, if any, of that petty jealousy and ri-

valry which too often exist in choirs, to the annoyance of the pastor and the disedification of the people. Moreover, Mary Preston's antecedents invested her with a peculiar interest in the minds of the Catholics of her native place, and her affable and engaging demeanor soon made her loved by all.

"She ain't a bit stuck up, nor her mother neither," said Nellie Goguerty to her particular friend, Susie Fay, as they wended their way home from "choir meeting" together, a few weeks after the advent of their new directress.

"No, they ain't proud, that's a sure thing," rejoined Susie; "for if they don't visit among us Catholics, they don't go among the Protestants either."

"If you was sick they'd come to you quick enough. Miss Preston or her mother comes in 'most every evening to see ma, and brings her chicken, and jelly, and lots o' things we couldn't afford to get ourselves; and Nora (that's their hired girl, you know) told us that Miss Preston did all the work for her Saturday, so she could have a free day to spend with her cousins, that come from California last week."

"Oh, say, girls!" cried Jennie Walsh, as she overtook the two friends, "did you see Mr. Rossiter in the church to-night?"

"Why, no!" exclaimed both the girls in a breath.

"Of course, Susie, you had eyes or ears for nobody when Tommie Byrnes wasn't in the choir; but I should think you'd have noticed him, Mollie; he was in one of the pews near the door."

"*I* was so busy learning my part that I didn't pay much attention to anything else," said Mollie. Jennie thought she emphasized *I* unduly, but nothing daunted, went on. "I wonder what's bringing him round at choir meeting. 'Taint the music altogether, I'll venture to say."

"No, I think there's a stronger attraction," remarked Susie, demurely.

"Well, I hope Miss Preston won't give him no sort of encouragement," continued Jennie; "I don't want to be uncharitable, but I have my own opinion of that gentleman. He don't be at mass on Sundays more'n half the time; he won't associate with Catholic young men; oh, no, they ain't the style; but he ain't too dignified to go on awful sprees with some of his big-bug acquaintances. I know I seen him myself in the bank, one day, when he didn't hardly know what he was about."

"Hush, Jennie!" exclaimed Mollie, who felt that they were treading on dangerous ground; "that's none of our business."

"There they go, turning the corner," cried Jennie. "I knew he'd wait to see her home. I know it ain't none of my affair, but as I said before, I have my own opinion. That's a pretty dress Miss Preston has on to-night;" and here the conversation turned on toilet details, and was kept up with much zest till the girls reached their homes, which were near together, and parted with many good-nights.

With the revival of his acquaintance with Mary Preston, a new element entered into Frank Rossiter's life. Reverence blended with his admiration for her. Her beautiful and useful existence contrasted strangely with the lives of the idle, pleasure-loving women who abounded in the fashionable and exclusive circle of Greigsport society. As in his youth, so now in his manhood, she was his ideal, and he longed to win her love. From her every word, and glance, and gesture, went out a subtle power, which wrought notable changes in his daily life. The society of his former boon-companions became irksome to him. A lily face came between him and the intoxicating cup, making him set it down untasted. All who wished him well

were surprised and pleased to observe his close attention to business. His fine, well-cultivated voice was a great acquisition to the little choir of St. Joseph's, of which he became a regular member.

Says Tennyson, by the mouth of King Arthur:

> "Indeed I knew
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

The poet's thought is sweetly uttered, and true as far as it goes; for vain is the "maiden passion" to work an abiding change, or to break irrevocably the strong chains of evil habit, if it lead not to something higher than the mortal maiden who called it into life; since all true beauty, all permitted love, come down from God to bless his creatures, and fulfil their mission only when they draw his creatures closer to Himself, the Unfading, Everlasting Beauty, the Eternal Love.

So Mrs. Rossiter, though she rejoiced at the apparent change in her son, knew that the grace which alone could make it permanent and real was lacking. Yet she prayed more earnestly than ever, hoping that even by this sweet human agency God might lead him back to the love and practice of his religious duties.

Meantime, almost a year had elapsed since Mary Preston's return to Greigsport. The little school would soon be closed for the summer vacation, and Miss O'Donoghue was expected home in a few weeks. It had been a busy season for Mary, yet she had grown to love her self-imposed duties, and was almost sorry that she would soon have to relinquish them.

It was June—the month of singing-birds and roses; of radiant sunshine and sweet-odored breezes; but there was an influence more potent than the natural gladness which visits us with early summer-time, waking in Mary Preston's heart a joy like unto none that had hitherto been hers. It is a very sweet and blessed thing to know that a great and tender love for us exists in that heart whose love we desire beyond all other earthly affection. Though naught but words of friendship had thus far passed between them, yet she could not be ignorant of Frank Rossiter's sentiments towards her. Of his past career she knew nothing, and his present course was, as far as she could judge, all that beseemed a Christian gentleman.

One evening Frank Rossiter came home early, partook but sparingly of the tempting supper which awaited him, answered his brother's witticisms in an absent-minded way, and when the meal was over announced his intention of going down town.

"Down town to Locust Street?" said John, laughing good-naturedly, as his brother passed out. And his mother smiled and then sighed.

"So I find you alone, Miss Preston," said Frank, on reaching his destination.

"Yes," she rejoined; "mamma, under Nora's escort, has gone on a mission of mercy somewhere in Germantown. I expect her home soon; she has been out since three o'clock."

They conversed gaily for a little while, and then came a silence which neither seemed to wish to break. Frank Rossiter toyed with his watch-chain, and Mary's attention appeared to be absorbed in her crochet. The sunset shot long, slender arrows of light through the vine-shaded windows. A faint breeze sprang up, and the soft rustle of the leaves sounded painfully loud in the stilly room. Both felt that a decisive moment was at hand.

"Miss Preston—Mary." His low, impassioned tone thrilled through her. She felt the color rising in her cheeks, and her eyelids drooped still lower beneath the earnest gaze fixed upon her.

The door-bell rang sharply. Mary

rose to answer the summons, and returned in a few minutes, pale but composed, and with an open telegram in her hand.

"It is from Mrs. Masterson, of Poughkeepsie," she said; "her only daughter, my dear friend, Christine, is dying, and calls for me continually. You must remember Christine Masterson; she used to spend her summers here with us long ago. Ah, here comes mamma. Shall I be in time for the evening train, Mr. Rossiter?"

"Yes," he replied, glancing at his watch, "that is, if you can be ready in twenty minutes."

Handing the telegram to her mother with a brief explanation, Mary left the room to prepare for her journey; and in a marvellously short space of time returned; arrayed in a simple but becoming travelling suit, and carrying a small satchel. Her mother and Frank accompanied her to the depot.

"Good-by, dear mamma; I will write as soon as I get to Nellie's. Thank you, Mr. Rossiter," as he deposited her satchel beside her, "and good-by," yielding her slender hand to his warm grasp. Mrs. Preston and Frank descended to the platform, and in a moment the train was steaming away eastward.

Before a fortnight, Mary was able to announce that her friend was out of danger. The invalid, however, besought her so earnestly to remain with her during the first weeks of her convalescence, that she finally consented to do so.

III.

It was the summer preceding the Presidential election of 1872, and political feeling ran high throughout the country. Greigsport, of course, had its share of the excitement. As the summer waned, the excitement increased, and stump speeches and ward caucuses were the order of the day, or rather, of the night. Politicians assumed their blandest countenances and most insinuating manners, and the poor Irish or German laborer wondered to find himself suddenly transformed into a person of consequence in the community.

Frank Rossiter attended strictly to his business, and kept aloof from politics. But it was dull work. Hitherto, there had been reward for long days of watchfulness and self-denial, in an occasional conversation with his beloved one; but now she was far away, and with her had gone the stimulus that had cheered him in his new and difficult *rôle*. When the business of the day was over, time hung heavily on his hands. One night, late in August, as he strolled down Main Street, he could not help thinking that the brilliantly lighted parlors of the Amphion Club wore an unusually cheerful aspect. Many months had passed since he had attended a meeting there, and he was a stranger even in "the lodge."

"Why, Rossiter, how are you, and where have you been keeping yourself of late," exclaimed Randolph Rawson, seizing Frank's hand, and giving it a hearty shake. "It's an age since I've seen you, old fellow. Come on upstairs; we're going to have a special meeting to make arrangements for a reception we intend giving the delegate from Chicago. He's expected in town Monday night, you know." And drawing our hero's arm within his own, he conducted him to the club-room, where a large assemblage was already gathered. Frank Rossiter was greeted with boisterous cordiality, and when the club proceeded to business, was named first on the committee of reception. Cigars and brandy concluded the meeting. A few sarcastic smiles were interchanged when Frank declined to drink, but he affected not to notice them, and went home at eleven o'clock, accompanied by Randolph Rawson and young Gordon Coxe.

"I don't know why you all insisted on putting Rossiter on the recep-

tion committee," said a prominent member of the club, after our hero's departure. "Not much can be expected of him since he has turned choir-leader and catechist. Rawson would have done better."

The president emptied his glass, and smiled knowingly as he replied: "He can influence the Catholic vote, don't you see? He's gone up immensely in the opinion of his own sort, of late, and we must make much of him till after election, anyhow. He isn't looking for anything himself, but he'll stand by his friends, I know."

The delegate honored Greigsport with his presence for nearly two days. He was a young man; persuasive in manner, fluent in speech; he found kindred spirits among the members of the Amphion Club, but seemed specially attracted to Frank Rossiter. The attraction was mutual, and through complaisance for the fascinating young politician, Frank waived his resolution on the evening of the reception, and drank almost as freely as the rest of the company. He managed to walk home, though not without some difficulty, and it was late next morning ere he had sufficiently recovered from the unwonted dissipation to make his appearance even among his companions of the previous night.

The delegate's mission being accomplished, his political *confrères* decided to show him some of the attractions in and around town. The programme consisted of a drive to the bay, and a sail on its tranquil waters, with supper at Devlin's; after which the whole party was to proceed to Rawson's, there to finish the evening.

Randolph Rawson, Sr., dispensed the hospitalities of his establishment to his already half-intoxicated guests, who left his mansion towards the "wee sma' hours," in various stages of drunkenness; none in perhaps worse condition than Frank Rossiter.

He rose after a few hours' sleep, though but partly sobered, for he had an imperative engagement at ten o'clock. The strong coffee which his mother had thoughtfully prepared for him, helped but little to clear away the mists from his bewildered brain. Yet he was miserably conscious of all that had transpired within the past thirty-six hours, and as he tried with unsteady hands to make his usual careful toilet, he shrank with loathing from the altered semblance which his mirror reflected.

"If Mary Preston knew," he murmured, "but thank God, she is far from here, and before she does return, I shall be myself again."

The delegate left town at one o'clock. Frank was one of his escort to the depot. Parting glasses had been drained in the Clifton House, and with many protestations of regard the astute politician had taken leave of his entertainers.

It was a day of intense heat. Not the lightest breeze stirred the dusty leaves of the trees that grew by the roadside. The sun glared down from an unclouded sky. The pavements fairly burned beneath one's feet. What with his last potations and the fierce noon sunshine, the blood was coursing through Frank Rossiter's veins with delirious heat. Half-way home from the depot, he remembered that he had some business with Randolph Rawson, whom he had not seen that day.

"I must go down there at once," he said to his companions. They were both soberer than he, and protested against his going, urging the heat of the day, and his own condition. But in vain, for half-crazed as he was, opposition only strengthened his resolve.

"Here, get into my buggy, and I'll take you home. You'd better go to bed, and sleep yourself sober." Saying this, Gordon Coxe, Jr., unfastened his horse from a neighboring hitching-post. The horse and buggy had been left under the scant

shade of a tree an hour before. The handsome, spirited animal was panting with the heat.

"No, I can't go home yet; I'm all right; I can drive myself," and before a remonstrance could be uttered, he had sprung into the buggy, seized the reins, and dashing down the hot, dusty road, was soon out of sight. The young men looked after him with dismay.

"I am afraid this is going to be a bad business; he can't manage Fanny now," said Coxe, ruefully.

Greigsport was quite a railroad centre. A broad track ran through the middle of the town, crossing Main Street, on which the depot was located. Rawson's residence was near the city limits, and to reach it, several railroad crossings had to be passed, and first of all, the broad track at the depot.

"There's your young convert," said Grey to his partner, as Frank, drove recklessly by; "he's a nice pictur', ain't he? Good heavens! there's Miss Preston and her mother coming down the street. I didn't know she had got home. I wonder if they see him."

They did see him, and poor Mary could hardly credit the evidence of her senses. Was it indeed Frank Rossiter? his face was flushed and bloated, his eyes dilated, and he swayed from side to side in the buggy as he strove to slacken the horse's speed, and to steady himself sufficiently to return her involuntary recognition.

But hark! a loud rumble, a shrill whistle, a chorus of shouts and shrieks, and the hoarse voice of the flagman sounding above all: "Back, man; back for your life."

It was too late. The horse, maddened by the heat and the uproar, was already on the track. In vain did Frank Rossiter, sobered completely in the face of his awful peril, endeavor to rein her in. As well might he have striven to stay the whirlwind. One fearful instant of acute and tingling consciousness, while the horse pranced and reared on the track, and the train thundered on, and all his life unrolled before his view, like a vast picture, and the judgment and an eternity of woe rose up beside it. Then came a terrible shock, followed by utter darkness.

The gathered crowd saw the locomotive strike the horse; they saw Frank Rossiter flung out beyond the rails on the curbstone, and the buggy lying in splinters on the track, and they shuddered at the blood-curdling cry of the poor animal, as the cruel wheels crushed its life out.

Dr. Ostrander shook his head as he gazed on Frank's bleeding and unconscious form. A stretcher was quickly improvised, and he was conveyed on it to his mother's residence, the physician hastening before to break the sad news gently, and to see that all things needful were prepared, while the crowd at the depot, with its attendant fringe of small boys, slowly dispersed to talk over this unlooked-for event, and to speculate on its probable result.

IV.

"My God! my God! spare him to make his peace with Thee! Sweet Virgin Mother, pray for him!" Over and over again, from Mary Preston's white and trembling lips came forth this prayer, as she lay prostrate before the altar in the little church, to which she had fled from the scene of Frank Rossiter's humiliation and peril.

For many days he lay in direst extremity, sometimes steeped in death-like lethargy; again having short intervals of consciousness, during which, memories, and forebodings, and the torture of bodily pain maddened him into fits of wild delirium. So from one state to another he passed, until at length, in God's mercy,

"There came a day as still as heaven,"

physical prostration, it is
the pain had ceased, and
was perfectly clear and
ɾely calm.
ːme the priest of God to
e poor soul for its passage
ıe valley of the shadow.
bonds that had held it in
despotism worse than that
ed Eastern potentate were
ısunder. The wondrous
s of Holy Church—puri-
ːngthening, comforting—
nighty work in the repent-

ıth was hourly expected.
no one in the apartment
Rossiter, and John, and
who lingered a few min-
performing the solemn
his office, watching with
he face of the dying man,
ɪ known Frank Rossiter
boyhood and loved him
But even as he gazed,
ːike shadow fled, the rigid
ed and a soft slumber fell
Mrs. Rossiter looked at
ːdmond with her heart's
hope in her eyes.
nk this is a favorable
ıe whispered, and gliding
room with John, he left
ɾ to her loving vigil.
ıat moment Frank began
slowly but certainly.

ur hero moaned and raved
ıs anguish, the name of
ton was often on his lips,
first brief lucid intervals
t later one which he had
ɔuld be his last, the mem-
faded in his thoughts of
en land to which he
ˈ near. What was any
ːe to him whose hold on
ɛ was loosening hour by
ːt sometimes a sweet, pity-
at looked like Mary Pres-
ned to look upon him,
he murmured: "If she
pray for me when I am
ːn I am dead."

But now death had gone by and left him. Life, with its cares and labors, claimed him again, and he must go forth ere long and find a place among the world's workers. Bitter seemed the prospect; love, and self-respect, and an honorable position forfeited, and all through his own folly. But he would bear his cross manfully—had he not made it for himself?

Now he knew whither to seek for aid when temptations would beset him. Nevermore would he trust in the strength of his manhood, in the power of human love (ah! he had tried them both!) but even as the child clinging to its father's hand follows him trustfully, though the way be dark and stony, so would he, depending absolutely on the All-Merciful Lord, pass through the desert land that awaited him—sorrowfully yet bravely.

With the return of physical strength his love for Mary Preston reawakened stronger than ever. Ah, he had lost her love forever! He could not stay in Greigsport now; it would not be for the best. He would go South, West—somewhere, anywhere to build up a new life in a new land, and then—

His gloomy reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Father Redmond. The old priest looked provokingly cheerful as he drew his chair up beside the sofa, and tried to rouse his young friend into a cheerful conversation. Few understood Frank Rossiter's disposition as well as he, and he saw at a glance that something weighed heavily upon his mind. Continued mental suffering can unnerve strong hearts, and longing for sympathy makes the most reticent communicative; so before the end of Father Redmond's visit, Frank had unfolded to him his present difficulties and his fears for the future; last of all, he spoke of Mary Preston.

"There is nothing for me now in Greigsport," he concluded; "I have

lost my situation in the bank. Wilbur is a Free Mason, you know, as are nearly all my former friends, and they will not help me to retrieve myself here. Why, since I received the Sacraments, not one of them, not even Randolph Rawson, has crossed this threshold. But for Mary Preston—" He could say no more.

The priest smiled. He was thinking of some one who had been offering Masses and Communions, Novenas and votive tapers, daily Ways of the Cross and Rosaries for Frank Rossiter's recovery, and who would be awaiting him with anxious inquiries for the invalid. But he only said, "Don't be in haste to make any change yet. Get strong and well first, and I don't doubt but that you will soon find suitable employment. As to Mary Preston—why, time will tell. Come down and see me this evening; my nephew is with me, and we shall spend a few hours pleasantly together. Come now, promise me, Frank. I shall expect you without fail, if God spares us." And Frank, reluctant to grieve his kind old friend, promised.

Scarcely had the priest gone than a second visitor arrived. It was John Wilton, the President of the "Greigsport Coal Company," and, albeit not a Catholic, an old friend of the Rossiters. He had often called during Frank's illness. This evening, after the usual salutations and inquiries, he said in a business-like way:

"Simmons, my book-keeper, is going to St. Louis next week. Would you be willing to take his place?"

The abrupt proposition startled our hero a little, but after a moment's pause, answered: "You are very kind, but I have had some thoughts of leaving town myself."

"Well, take a few days to think the matter over. I would like to have you; the salary is fair. At all events, remember that if I can ever in any way assist you, you need not hesitate to call on me."

John Wilton was a man of few words, but these always carried their full value, so that these terse expressions of good-will from him meant more than the most flattering protestations from many others. Soon after, he bade Frank good evening, and left him to a new train of reflections.

The fair autumnal moon shed a weird splendor all around as our hero took the retired street that led to the priest's house. It was one of those delightful evenings of the Indian summer, and though the trees were leafless the air was as warm as in midsummer. He noticed a familiar figure coming down the path toward him. He felt, rather than saw, that it was Mary Preston. He would have turned in another direction to avoid this painful meeting, but no street branched off this one, which he had chosen purposely because it was quiet and unfrequented. He walked moodily on. As she drew near she glanced at him; then with a little exclamation of joyful surprise and extending her hand, she said: "Oh, Mr. Rossiter, I am truly glad to see you again; we have been praying so earnestly for your recovery."

He held the little hand in a close pressure, but for a moment no words came. Then in a choked voice: "Have *you* prayed for me, Mary?"

"Yes, indeed; I have prayed with all my heart for you. How could I help praying for my friend in his great need? I am just coming from the church, where I have been making the Way of the Cross for you."

"Oh, Mary, my friend—if I may call you so—my dearest, as you are and long have been; now that you know all and have witnessed my humiliation with pity and not with scorn, tell me that when I am far away from here you will continue to

think of me kindly and even still to pray for me."

"But why must you go away?" There was pain in the questioning voice.

"Because I have forfeited the right to seek your love. Listen, my dearest; I never sought a woman's love save yours. You were the dream of my boyhood, and when, after the lapse of years, I saw you again in the beauty of your womanhood, my love for you became the ruling principle of my life. For your sake I refrained from intoxicating drink; I became diligent in business; I avoided dangerous company; for your sake, and not in obedience to God's law, I went to Mass and seemed outwardly what I thought a Catholic should be. I fought a hard battle with my besetting sins, and you know how it ended—not in victory, but in shameful defeat."

"But you have begun the battle again, and this time under the standard of the Cross; and it was said of old, 'In this sign thou shalt conquer.'" The words were breathed rather than spoken; Frank saw that her eyelashes were wet with the tears that she was trying to repress, and her prayer-book trembled in the nervous little hand that held it.

He went on: "Yes, through bitter suffering and humiliation, I have begun a new life, trusting in God to save me from myself. But oh, my dearest! dearer to me than ever, since the idol-worship with which I wronged you has passed away, your sweet pity makes me daring. Tell me—may I hope ever to win your love?"

Softly but earnestly she answered: "God knows, it is yours already."

They walked on in happy silence, tasting the first rapture of that joy which has so often thrilled the hearts of men and women

> "Since high in Paradise,
> O'er the four rivers the first roses blew."

Frank did not reach Father Redmond's until a late hour that evening, but the good priest readily excused the delay, seeing the glad light in his young friend's countenance, and half divining the cause of it, even before he heard from his lips this new version of "the old, old story."

"And I have concluded to remain in Greigsport and to accept Mr. Wilton's offer," said Frank, as he rose to bid good-night to Father Redmond.

One morning a few months later, in the fair, white Easter-tide, Frank Rossiter and Mary Preston knelt before the humble altar of St. Joseph's to receive the nuptial benediction at the hands of their beloved pastor; nor could we deem it strange that the simple people who filled the little church afterwards declared that they had never seen a happier bridegroom, and that a fairer bride had never worn the orange blossoms.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE present condition of the Catholic Church in this country is a subject particularly interesting to our readers. Let us look on the bright side first. Churches are constantly being erected, many of them very beautiful and costly, the number of vocations to the priesthood is large, education is being attended to more than it ever was before, there is very little anti-Catholic prejudice in the country, and Catholics are growing in wealth and increasing in numbers. In addition to all these gratifying signs, neither heresy nor schism seems to trouble the Church in America.

Yet there are numberless drawbacks to this pleasing exhibit. Are Catholics really united in heart and feeling with one another? Do not our organizations display very frequently a tendency to jealousies and petty strifes unworthy of the Catholic name?

Is the standard of intelligence amongst us equal to the requirements and necessities of a skeptical age? Are we all ready and able to give a "reason for the faith that is in us," or are we merely Catholics because it so happens, but are ignorant of the why and wherefore, indifferent to Catholic interests, and unacquainted with the history and services of the Church to humanity, art, and civilization?

Is there any intellectual movement towards the Catholic Church perceptible in the American mind; and, if there is none (and we confess we can see few, if any, traces of such a movement), is it our fault or not? Are Catholics showing the good effects of Catholicity practically before the world? Are Catholic legislators nobler than their fellows, and Catholic districts freer of crime? As a State or a city becomes more Catholic, does it, *pari passu*, become more and more industrious, sober, law abiding, and freer from political, social, and moral evils, or not? Are we neither better nor worse than our fellow-citizens, but about the same, perhaps worse? These are not trivial questions, they are vital ones.

LORD MACAULAY says: "There is not, and there never was, on this earth a work so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of this Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The prevailing royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs."

Lecky says of the Church: "No human pen can write its epitaph, for no i can adequately realize its glorie eyes of those who estimate the g a sovereignty, not by the extent tory, or by the number of its soldi the influence it has exerted over the Papal Government has had nc can have no successor."

Mr. Gladstone says: "Since th hundred years of persecution, t Catholic Church has marched hundred years at the head of hu zation, and has driven, harnessed riot as the horses of a triumph chief intellectual and material fo world; its learning has been the the world; its art, the art of the genius, the genius of the world; ness, glory, grandeur, and maj been almost, though not absolutel in these respects, the world has h of."

These three conclusive testimo greatness and power of the Cathol from three well-known Protesta should be enough to show Cat may not have bestowed a thought erto, how much they lose by no ance with church history.

THE old story about the Pope h ognized the Southern Confeder vived. This assertion is based ter which his Holiness addressed t Davis, on December 3d, 1863, in begged him to second the efforts made by the Most Rev. Archbisho York and New Orleans. The dresses Mr. Davis as "President c federate States of America," and orable Sir," dates his letter from in the 18th year of our Pontificate, scribes himself "Pius IX, Pope."

This letter is not dated from th nor is it signed by his Holiness eign, but only as Spiritual Chief of olic Church, nor does it bear the c of the Secretary of State. The ways gives the rulers of the earth th titles, and the Pope could not have Mr. Davis as "The Rebel Leader insulting him and defeating the view.

In short, the letter was worthy o of the Prince of Peace, and of the Christian Bishops, and it is conte the last degree to use it as a wea sault.

THE Blaine amendment to th tion (with the express provisions by the Senate Committee on the

secure the two-thirds vote neces-
we shall hear no more of it, unless
ncies of the political party now in
ıall necessitate raising a hue and
ıst Catholics, and their attempts to
our public schools." Archbishop
ıas issued a declaration and appeal,
ısitively states that Catholics are not
of overthrowing the public schools,
they conscientiously disapprove of
tion divorced "from religion." In
ese opinions should be recognized,
ıolics given their *pro rata* share of
ı raised for school purposes. Eng-
ıs this, Canada does this, and the
ıts of Austria and Hungary also
ted with justice in this respect.
ın this the Archbishop waives, in
ı to the public wish.
e question is not settled, and indeed
ıe, until either the just claims of
ı are recognized, or it is found that
Catholic "cry" does not pay politi-

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ms a great evil that *personal ques-*
ıme so much importance in the prog-
the Presidential campaign. The
ı civil service reform, the condition
ɔuth, and the state of the currency;
ı issues are grave enough to demand
udgment of every intelligent citizen.
entious man finds it difficult, when
lers these questions with any degree
o form a judgment; but how much
ficult is not his task rendered by the
obloquy and the charges against the
honor of candidates, which are
ıquently on very little foundation.
rse of an ordinary lifetime, much
space of a campaign, is not suffi-
ɔng to enable any man who has his
to attend to, to investigate all the
and the effects of them are that citi-
believe *all* such charges, putting
wn as "*newspaper lies.*" Such a
action also tends to the degradation
s; it prevents highminded and hon-
ıen from taking part in them, and
tes evils.

Turks have been not only successful
ing the Servian invasion, but have
urn invaded Servia. The terrified
ı fled at their approach, and the
ı passes, with which Servia abounds,
ın fortified. A large army, said to
40,000, under General Tchernayeff,
ed to resist the Ottoman hordes. So
have been the atrocities committed
urks, in Bulgaria, that the prospect
tition of them, in Servia, has caused
ɔf terror throughout Europe. The
wers are said to have interposed
ıd offices in favor of peace, but Ser-
via has for the present rejected these offers, and is prepared to defend her independence with heroic courage. The city of Alexinatz, on the southern frontier of Servia, is now the chief scene of action, and a succession of desperate conflicts have taken place there.

The Island of Crete is also said to be in a state of insurrection; all business is suspended, and conflicts between the Turks and the Greeks are of constant occurrence.

THE political campaign, thus far, is not very exciting. Those Republicans who wished to make the "school question" an engine for party success, brought in an amendment to the Constitution, which succeeded in passing the House, because the Democrats *there* were afraid to oppose it. In the Senate, however, it failed to secure a two-thirds vote. It must be admitted that both parties show to very little advantage in this question. Those who are at heart unfavorable to the centralization of education are too timid to meet the case on its merits. They are afraid of a "hue and cry" of Catholic sympathies being got up against them. Thus they dodge the question. Catholics must expect this. Political parties are not disposed to damage themselves for any abstract ideas of justice; and they will do nothing for any section until they are obliged to.

SOME persons in Ireland have argued in this wise: Servia, with only a million of inhabitants, is bravely resisting Turkey, why cannot Ireland, with between four and five millions, make a brave fight for independence against England? The Dublin *Nation* answers this, and puts the difference between the two cases very strongly. First, England is much more powerful than Turkey. Second, Servia has a drilled army, Ireland has none. Third, the Servians are all armed, and accustomed to fight, Ireland is completely disarmed. Fourth, when war broke out there was no Turkish army in Servia, while in Ireland there is a large English army; and fifthly, Servia expected to be assisted by Russia. To all these reasons it may be added, that notwithstanding all these advantages which Servia possesses over Ireland, she has been unsuccessful hitherto.

THE following facts will show that the cry that Catholic countries are backward in the cause of education, is not founded in fact: The school attendance compared with the population, is in Austria as 1 to 10; in Belgium, as 1 to 10½; in Catholic Switzerland, as 1 to 16; in England, as 1 to 17; in Bavaria, as 1 to 7. Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, and Ireland, have proportionately a

larger school attendance than England. England and Wales, with a population of 22,712,000, of whom only half were registered, and not half of these attended with sufficient regularity to bring grants to their schools. Ireland, with a population of 5,411,416, had on register 1,006,546, or nearly half as many as England and Wales, though her population is not a fourth of that of these countries.

THE Government of Servia desired peace, and obtained the mediation of the great powers. But General Tchernayeff, the Russian General who commands the Servian army defending Alexinatz, attacked the besieging Turks and was defeated, and now the Ottomans are enraged, and will not agree to peace, except on terms which are most humiliating to Servia, and which would reduce her almost to a state of vassalage. Surely a more unfortunate victory could not well be gained. The Turks now insist that Alexinatz be surrendered to them, a hard pill for the garrison to swallow, after having repulsed and defeated the assailants.

THERE was a debate on amnesty to the Irish political prisoners, on August 2d. Mr. O'Connor Power, Mr. Kenelm Digby, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. Mitchell Henry, John Bright, and The O'Connor Don, all spoke well and thoroughly on behalf of clemency. The motion for amnesty was rejected by a vote of 51 to 117. Almost simultaneously the six escaped prisoners arrived at New York, and have been received with delight by their fellow-countrymen. It is said that those who are still in captivity will be treated with extreme harshness on account of the escape of their more fortunate fellows.

THE escape of the Fenians, and that through the aid of an American ship, has roused the ire of the London *Times*. 'Tis, however, a bad rule that won't work both ways. England has always been the home of political refugees. In 1858 she risked a war with France in order to protect the accomplices of Orsini. Mazzini, Prim, and hosts of revolutionists have made England their home, and there plotted to destroy governments with whom England was at peace. England should not therefore feel aggrieved, if America offers an asylum to these six brave men, whose only crime was love of country and hatred of tyranny.

CERTAINLY a reform is wanted in church music. Our choirs, in very many instances, endeavor to execute Masses much too difficult for them—Masses which require the best vocal abilities and a large orchestra to render them successful. The style of these Masses also is not ecclesiastical or devotional, and when they are rendered badly, far from *promoting* devotion they distract it, and cause the unhappy listener to wish for silence, as preferable to discord and harsh notes. The St. Cecilia Society, which met in Baltimore last month, is doing a good work in endeavoring to raise the standard of church music.

THE campaign in the Black Hills progresses. It must be remembered that this district is about as large as England, and very easily defended, and very difficult to attack. To surround the Indians would require a million of men; to meet them in a square fight is impossible. Some 5000 men, under Generals Crook and Terry, are now converging on where the Indians are supposed to be. Perhaps they will meet them; but it seems most likely that the Indians will either disperse, or escape to Canada. In the latter contingency can they be demanded from the British government?

THE assizes in Ireland show that crime has been almost reduced to a minimum in that country. There were only three murder cases, and of those only one was connected in any way with a land dispute. Yet the Lord-Lieutenant, at the banquet given at Cork, on the occasion of the meeting in that city of the Agricultural Society, said that English capitalists did not invest their money in Ireland, on account of the insecurity of life and property that was believed to exist in Ireland. And this was also the reason why absenteeism was so frequent.

THE terrible crimes of which the Mollie Maguires of Pennsylvania have been convicted, reflect no discredit on the Catholic Church; for long before the evil became manifest, the vigilant solicitude of those who are set as watchmen to guard the bulwarks of the City of God on earth, which is his Church, had detected the evils of societies which are practically, and to all intents and purposes, secret ones, although they may be Catholic in name. No Mollie Maguire is a practical Catholic.

THE campaign against the Sioux has ingloriously collapsed, and Sitting Bull has succeeded in escaping the toils set for him. One of his bands went north and one south, and Generals Crook and Terry are employed in looking for them. Most probably they will be next heard of as descending on some miners' settlements, or as dexterous in running off cattle. The only net result of this year's events is that some valuable lives have been lost, and a large amount of money spent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

s OF THE RIGHT REV. SIMON WIL-
GABRIEL BRUTÉ, D.D., FIRST BISH-
VINCENNES; with Sketches describ-
Recollections of Scenes connected
ıe French Revolution, and Extracts
is Journal. By the Right Rev. James
velt Bayley, D.D., Bishop of New-
ow Most Rev. Archbishop of Balti-
New York: The Catholic Publi-
Society, No. 9 Warren Street, 1876.

istory of the Catholic Church in this
s as yet unwritten. True, we have
ies of some of its prelates and emi-
rgy, more or less complete. We
, compendiums and sketches of the
f the Church in the United States,
ıg many interesting facts, but we
anything like a full and complete
f the Church in this country. Nor
apprehend, possible for any one to
ıt this time. The materials are not
:ted or arranged in such a manner as
ailable. The work of doing this
:essarily precede that of writing a
complete history of the Catholic
n the United States.

biography, however, of a priest or
:very paper recording the labors of
ıc missionary; of the establishment
›arishes or dioceses; of the intro-
ınd growth of religious orders, is a
ion of more or less importance in
of adding to the stock of materials
ırked up by the future historian of
ty in the United States.

is reason, apart from its own intrin-
ts, we welcome this volume from
›f the Most Reverend author. But
ınd separately from this, the work
which we can scarcely speak too
Bishop Bruté, we need not say,
ıost saintly character. The insight
in these memoirs, of his youthful
›f his consistent Christian life, whilst
the study of medicine, amidst con-
ıptations of the most dangerous and
kind; of his habits as a Seminarian,
Priest and Professor of Theology
e, then as Professor of Philosophy at
›logical Seminary in Baltimore, and
ds as President of Mount St. Mary's
at Emmittsburg, is most interesting
ying. So also is the account given
evation to the Episcopal office, and
rs as Bishop of Vincennes. The
are composed in great degree of
f Bishop Bruté, and extracts from
rs and journal. They give, there-
nside view of his character, motives,
and interior life, such as would not be found in an ordinary biographical sketch.

One of the most interesting and valuable parts of this volume, is that which is made up of Bishop Bruté's notes of his recollections of scenes of the French Revolution, which transpired under his notice and observation, and of the persecution of religion in France, in 1793 and the following years. To this Archbishop Bayley has added such portions of Bishop Bruté's journal as still remain. A great part of this journal was destroyed at some moment of danger and alarm by Bishop Bruté.

In reading over these brief but graphic memoranda of the scenes Bishop Bruté witnessed whilst still a tender youth, the mind is filled with horror at the crimes that were perpetrated against humanity and religion, in the names of liberty and love of country; but, above all this, a feeling of admiration, of veneration, is excited for the heroic priests who, faithful to duty, labored devotedly and undauntedly, amid the dangers which continually surrounded them, and with death constantly staring them in the face.

ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY. A Dramatic Poem. By Aubrey Vere de Vere, author of *Alexander the Great.* Henry S. King & Co., London. The Catholic Publication Society: New York, 1876.

Among the great men and great saints of past ages over whom a cloud of obloquy has been cast by non-Catholic writers of English political and ecclesiastical history, is St. Thomas of Canterbury. Of late years, however, modern historical criticism has instituted investigations which have swept out of all scholarly minds the fabric of falsehood which, under the name of history, writers imbued with the diabolical spirit of the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century, had laboriously reared. The true significance of the events, and the real character of the leading personages of mediæval times, are coming to be better understood. One of the results of this process has been to bring more clearly into view, before the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic public mind, the greatness and sanctity of St. Thomas, his clear comprehension of the far-reaching, and momentous importance of the issues that were involved in the conflict into which he was forced by Henry II, in behalf of the rights of the Church in England; the severe struggles through which he passed in opposing that powerful, wily, and unscrupulous monarch—crowned in the end by the hor-

rible murder, but glorious death of St. Thomas, who died a true martyr in the cause as well of civil as of religious liberty. History is now doing justice to St. Thomas in all these respects.

It is not enough, however, to place important events and important personages before the minds of men, in the form simply of narration. It is necessary to their full realization that they should be reproduced, and made to live again in the thoughts and minds of men. This is what constitutes the work and mission of the poet, and in this true poetic genius finds its legitimate field of action and employment.

Aubrey Vere de Vere has done this for St. Thomas of Canterbury. The truth of history is rigidly preserved in his dramatic poem. The events and personages of the age are brought before us as they were, not in the form of mere description or narrative, but of real reproduction. It is not merely the characters of the great and heroic St. Thomas, and of the great, but crafty, bold, and diabolical Henry II, that pass before us, but the men themselves, as they lived, and spoke, and did—clothed, as it were, in real flesh and blood. This is the highest function of true dramatic genius, and this Aubrey de Vere has accomplished in this noble drama which is his latest, but we trust will not be his last work, as an author and poet.

ILLUSTRATED LESSONS IN OUR LANGUAGE; or, How to Speak and Write Correctly. Designed to teach English Grammar without its technicaltities. By G. P. Quackenbos, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1876.

We cannot better describe this work than by quoting from its preface. It is, we are told, "the result of an earnest effort to teach young children, in a natural and common sense way, how to speak and write correctly —to enable them to master the leading principles of English Grammar, without its technicalities, easily and thoroughly, because intelligently and practically." Leaving out of sight the formidable legion of inflections and conjugations, divisions and subdivisions, observations and exceptions, which occupy so large a space in most text-books on grammar, and which confuse and discourage the youthful student, this little volume seeks from the very outset to familiarize the learner with the use of language as an everyday reality. It substitutes for the dry routine of verbal parsing, a variety of oral and written exercises, teaching the art of expression inductively.

The extent and variety of these exercises and their happy arrangement, are one of the chief features of this manual. They divest the subject of its proverbial dryness, and lead the pupil step by step, and by a plain and easy road, through what, under other methods, often becomes to him a dreary desert, in which he constantly finds himself bewildered and in doubt. The work is not one of a series, but is complete in itself. It presupposes no previous knowledge of grammar. It will enable a faithful and intelligent student, thrown upon his own resources, and with no other grammatical instruction, to speak and write correctly in all ordinary cases. In the hands of a teacher, it will serve as a manual of instruction greatly superior to most other grammars, by means of which he can lead his pupils easily yet thoroughly into a knowledge of grammatical construction which will subserve all the common purposes of composition, and will admirably prepare those who desire to undertake it, for the study of higher grammar, comprehending all the niceties and technicalities of language and its construction.

MITCHELL'S SERIES OF GEOGRAPHICAL TEXT-BOOKS. J. H. Butler & Co.: Philadelphia.

A new edition of these books is before us. The enterprising publishers have spared no pains to have incorporated into this new edition all the results of the most recent geographical explorations and discoveries. As regards typographical execution, there is scarcely anything to be desired that is wanting in these text books. The type is clear, the paper good, the maps clear and distinct in outline, tastefully colored, and as full of details as it is desirable that maps for pupils in geography should be. The descriptions are clear, concise, and easily memorized.

The series consists of eight books, of which one is on Physical Geography, one on Ancient Geography, and two are systems of outline maps.

The high position which Mitchell's Geographical Text-books have so long and so firmly held in public estimation, is a strong evidence of their merit. We find in them (a rare exception in non-Catholic school publications) nothing that is open to objection on the ground of religion.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XI.—OCTOBER, 1876.—No. 66.

MONTE CASSINO.

Monte Cassino, round whose rugged peak
The very cloisters in their beauty climb,
Souls on this summit still perfection seek;
Beholding at their feet the things of time,
As forests from this mountain-top are seen
Dwarfed into littleness. The grave, calm rule
Of holy Benedict is here their school,
To win each thought, each wish from scenes terrene;
While I, a pilgrim from a land afar,
Have claimed the gracious privilege as mine
To visit, and at their shrine,
Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica.
Written in the Monastery-book, July 9th, 1876.

SPEEDING by railway into the quaint little town of San Germano, every traveller to Naples sees Monte Cassino, perched like an eagle's nest on the highest of the peaks in that grand mountain region. For ourselves, we can easily leave Italy without having seen Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum or Pompeii; but to leave Italy without having seen Monte Cassino, would be to disappoint the wish, if not the expectation, of years. Not only have St. Benedict and St. Scholastica their individual and united hold on our hearts and imaginations, but the Benedictine spirit has been found to run through so much which we most prized in devotion and Benedictine history, through the periods and the lives we have studied with such ever-increasing delight, that our American solitude often heard the sigh, that we might, some day, be allowed to climb this steep pathway, and drink from the same fountain which had sent its healing and civilizing waters through the whole Christian world. And yet, when we actually stood at the base of the rugged mountain, looked until our eyes ached at the monastery on its very summit, it seemed like a rash dream; indeed, nothing but the considerations we have named, could have induced us to attempt this ascent on the back of the best donkey in Italy. The ascent looked perilous enough, but the descent.

Strange to say, we had no sooner passed through the stony streets of the town at the foot of the mountain, and entered upon the actual path to Monte Cassino, so broad and so skilfully graded, than all fear subsided. We were stepping on the very edge of precipices, winding round and round the sharp angles of gigantic rocks, but at every point we could see what pains had been taken to anticipate an accident. Our guides, too, were not only good-natured but

very careful, and our donkeys the surest of sure-footed animals. At first we dared not trust ourselves to look down the dizzy heights; but admiration soon overcame fear, and we found ourselves forgetting all the imaginary perils of the way in the beauty and majesty of this amphitheatre of mountains, their heads among the clouds, while at their feet lay vast forest tracts, villages and towns, like mere specks or patches of color. Every shade of green, from emerald to the palest olive, on the plains; every shade of gray, of amethyst, of sapphire, on the mountains; while close at our side, and forming the foreground of this picture, were rocks, with their deep crevices rich in verdure, and where the delicate blue harebell, the starry clusters of the virgin's bower, and the wild rose found a home, while trees often threw a grateful shadow over our path.

We soon pass the picturesque *Rocco ganula*, whose strong walls actually withstood two sieges by the German emperor, Frederic II, its citadel crowning a mountain-peak a little lower than Monte Cassino, while its straggling towers and walls extend almost into the town of San Germano. Thence, still ascending, still winding along the broad flank of the mountain, we came to the little chapel of St. Maurus, on the spot where St. Benedict parted with this beloved disciple when sending him to France to propagate his order; then to the chapel of St. Scholastica, each with its saint frescoed on its inner wall, and then to the highest of all, the chapel of the Holy Cross, or Trinity Chapel, as it is often called, on account of its three arches, which can be seen distinctly from the base of the mountain. But although we had passed all the chapels, we still found crosses planted to commemorate events in the life of the holy patriarch of Monte Cassino; and also marking, in nearly every instance, some distincture in the road; for there can be no doubt that the path is essentially the same as in the days of St. Benedict. The fourth and last cross stood on a table-land overlooking the vast plain below, but also giving us, after one sharp curve with its steep ascent, a view of the portal of Monte Cassino. When that portal, the very same through which St. Benedict and his personal disciples had gone in and out, rose before us under the arching acacias of the avenue, with the venerable walls of the monastery above it, we could almost believe that we saw St. Benedict also, seated on his rude bench ready to receive, and to confound by the majesty of his presence, the rash Totila; could see him also with the peasant who had come with his dead child to ask back its life from St. Benedict; could see the slave, cruelly bound with thongs, driven by an infuriated master to the feet of St. Benedict, only to be released. All our impressions of the dramatic grandeur of the character of St. Benedict came back to us with our first sight of the gate of Monte Cassino. It was on the same level spot, or table-land, before the gate where all the scenes were enacted, that we alighted from our patient beasts of burden, and prepared to ascend—yes, still ascend—to the first court of the monastery. This ascent is made through a long low arch of such solidity that it seems to be cut through the rock itself, and so paved as to allow a mule to carry its burden to the gate of the first court if desirable, while flag-stones give still another path to the pilgrim on foot. Half way up this solemn entrance is a shrine of St. Benedict with its lamp; and over the second gate is a relief, in marble, of the Blessed Virgin seated between St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and holding her Divine Son on her knees.

But how describe the effect of this first court upon the eye and the mind, as we emerge from the low rocky

arch? How describe its forests of columns, stretching off in long vistas, and all the beauty of those arcades through which we look on inclosed gardens in their summer blooms, or catch glimpses of the strange architectural phases through which the monastery has passed during its more than thirteen hundred years of existence! As we advanced to the centre of the portico on which we had entered, we found ourselves gazing through an open balcony on the left, over the enchanting view from that side of the monastery, while before us on the right rose successive flights of steps, the width of the vast court, and leading to still another court, through which we had a sight of the cathedral church. At the foot of these grand steps were the statues of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and in the very centre of these architectural surroundings was the monastery well.

These Benedictines, we said, certainly understand, not only the value, but the significance of a monastery well. For there it stood in the centre of that inclosed court like "a thing of beauty and of joy forever;" its massive curb, as graceful in its outlines as a marble lily, of which it reminded us; its straight canopy resting lightly on two Corinthian columns, and the ornaments above supporting a cross. The worn steps, the worn lip of the curb, only told the story of a beautiful age of goodness; while the clang of the buckets, one going up as the other went down, and the splash of water over the steps, told of the perpetual youth of an ever-gushing spring.

We had not come to Monte Cassino without having obtained, through the kindness of Monsignor Chatard of the American College, the *permission* from the Holy Father necessary for ladies who wish to see the treasures of this most ancient of all the monastic sanctuaries of the West. The right reverend abbot had also extended to us a courtesy reserved most strictly for the mothers and nearest relatives of the pupils in the seminary, thus giving us the time really necessary if we were to have more than a glimpse of what we had for so many years longed to see. But as if nothing was to be lacking for the perfect fulfilment of our anticipations in visiting Monte Cassino, we could not only claim the very reverend prior as an American, but as a friend; for years before, while on a visit to the United States, he had assisted us in our researches concerning St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. It was not, then, the "salve" of the porter alone, which had welcomed us to Monte Cassino, and never had our English tongue sounded more delightfully in our ears than when we heard it, that day, from the lips of Dom Bonifacio Krug, or *Father Boniface* as we had always called him. Nor was it without a feeling of just pride as Americans, that we saw him, at last, in his own place, in this retreat of learning and of sanctity, looking out over one of the grandest panoramas of mountain, and plain, and historic grounds, which the world knows.

We had not time allowed to stop at San Germano even for fifteen minutes, and it was in the guest-room at Monte Cassino, on the same level as the first court, that the abstinence dinner of Saturday, so perfect in its appointments, yet so monastic, was served to us. After this we proceeded immediately on our sight-seeing. "And first," said Father Boniface, "we must venerate St. Benedict and St. Scholastica at their own shrine."

From this point, too, our readers must consider themselves not mere readers, but companions; seeing through our eyes, hearing through our ears. We step out into the first court: "Let us drink from the well, Father Boniface!" and the bucket is lowered to send up another. The porter runs gayly for the large glass

Every panel was a design by itself, and separated from its neighbors by pillars of a workmanship equally delicate. The arms, the disks, presented still other groups and elaborations, and this choir, lost to the memory of many a visitor by the very multiplicity of wonders around him, might still attract a sincere lover of the beautiful from the plain below. With a sense, so rare in this world, of entire satisfaction, we passed out of the church into the upper court, with its papal and royal benefactors, down the steps, fit for an imperial triumph, past the well and the gardens and the statues of Sts. Benedict and Scholastica, caught another glimpse of the amethystine mountain-summits around us, and then plunged into the cavernous arch leading to the gate of the turret, thence through the avenue of acacias, until the porter showed us the pretty house, with its vines, on the very edge of a cliff, where we were to find a home while at Monte Cassino. From its clean and blooming inclosure we wandered out to the terraces beyond, where we saw the sun set in summer splendor behind the grand mountains in their purple vesture; and then, plucking a handful of blue hare-bells, returned to our rooms, to watch the moon rise and the stars come forth over Monte Cassino.

Six o'clock saw us on our way to this basilica, on a height only to be ascended by the patient donkey; and since four o'clock we had been watching the mists rise from their level sleep over the plains, then roll themselves into vast clouds, to vanish, we could not tell where or how, but leaving everything before us rejoicing in sunlight. The dew just besprinkled the grass and the wild flowers and the old ivy-vines, and the birds had not finished their morning carols, when we entered the church, to find mass after mass celebrating at the different altars in this solitude, as we do in the basilicas of Rome with its teeming population. On the great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, thousands and thousands of the peasantry from the surrounding country flock to Monte Cassino, which is the cathedral of the diocese; and nothing, we were told, could exceed the richness of the ancient costumes seen at such times. But, although, this was not a Sunday to bring out the peasantry in any numbers, we still saw the most beautiful costumes we had seen in Italy, and the most genuine peasantry; and they were all at home among these marbles and statues, and reliefs and pictures. They trod their inlaid floor reverentially, indeed, but without concern, so different is the atmosphere of the temples of God from the far inferior dwellings of royalty. There was nothing here to recall his littleness to the peasant, unless, indeed, the picture of Prince Carloman, who had been a shepherd like himself; but everything showed him the greatness of his soul; nor did these fine forms and dignified heads do dishonor to the training of their Benedictine teachers. It was a "morning picture in church," of which no poet or artist could fail to see the beauty and freshness.

We were not allowed to return to our tower for our cup of coffee, but it was served to us in the sacristy, and thus we could improve our early hour to sketch the well and the court and mountains beyond. Just at the right hour, when the sun lighted up every object on the plain west of Monte Cassino, Father Boniface came to show us the convent where St. Scholastica lived with her choir of virgins in sight of Monte Cassino, and from which she came, every year, to meet St. Benedict at the foot of the mountain, there to spend a day together talking of the things of God. To see this we must go to the open gallery on the side of the court opposite the church, and called "*Loggia del Paradiso*," or Loggia of Paradise, as it really de-

serves to be called. All the charms of distant mountains, of smiling plains, villages, cities, even with those of a foreground of rocks and verdure and lofty trees, were here to be found; and, pervading all, an atmosphere which angels might breathe. Our eyes soon caught the square tower and the buildings belonging to the convent, and then we sat down to give, as nearly as pencils could do in our hands, the fair panorama, in which the convent of St. Scholastica floated in a sort of amber mist. The actual place of meeting between this twin brother and sister was not to be seen from the Loggia of Paradise, nor even to be reached at present by ladies. We must therefore content ourselves with what was before us. To the right of the convent of St. Scholastica was Aquino, the town which could boast of having been the birth-place of St. Thomas, although the castle in which he was born was concealed from us by a lofty mountain-peak. The time passed quickly until eleven o'clock, when the early offices having been sung in the choir, with that pathetic sweetness which is to be heard only in the songs of the Church, the high mass was sung at the altar over the shrine of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. There were a few visitors besides ourselves; there were the peasants in their Sunday costumes; but these were all we could see; for the deep choir held the religious of Monte Cassino, and even the long line of students in the large and small seminaries did not come to view. We heard that mass chanted as if for God alone. Its sweetness and majesty were for him as much as the perfume of any wild flower in some inaccessible glen, or the grandeur of some lake shut in by inaccessible mountains. Never had we heard music which God could claim so entirely as given to himself. The mighty organ spoke only in its turn; and every now and then the one voice at the altar was all that was heard, to be answered by the voices in the depth of the sanctuary only. Those solemn pauses were not broken by trifling *thrums* on the organ keys, but allowed to have their full length, and thus lived in the memory and imagination of the worshipper as part of the grand harmony, as they really were.

After vespers and benediction of the blessed sacrament we were presented to the abbot, and received with that graceful urbanity which characterizes the Italian manners. The sorrows of these troubled times do not touch lightly the mitred abbot of Monte Cassino, and we realized, as we looked on the abbot and the prior at his side, with how sublime a self-abnegation they were devoting themselves to the world, as well as to their order, in the cheerful courage with which they maintained themselves on their mountain-summit, stripped of all their possessions, yet satisfied to remain thus until the storm is passed, if at that time they can say, "We have kept Monte Cassino for God and for the Church and for the world, and that, too, without a single violation of principle." This was their declaration, and no grander anthem could come from the fullest choir that ever sang matins and lauds in the stalls of the old home of St. Benedict. We did not leave the right reverend abbot under the arches of his old sanctuary without a gift worthy of himself and the place; a delicate photograph of that picture of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, most beloved by the community at Monte Cassino, and on the same card some flowrets which had bloomed on their tomb, with his own autograph and benediction.

And now we have come to part of our visit which may se[em] many of our readers to give a so[me] climax to our story, for we stand [be]tween the twisted columns of S[i]cilian jasper with their garlands in white marble, and on th[e] [fr]es-

hold of the cloister of Monte Cassino. Had we stepped over that threshold and returned to the church for an instant only, our permission from the holy father, which would serve for our entrance only, would have been over. There was one solid pleasure in this visit to the cloister, however; it was not only a visit which had cost us trouble and pains, and most peculiar indulgence (as our whole visit might be said to have done) on the part of our Benedictine hosts, but it was made under their permission and protection. *Monte Cassino was still a cloister;* it had not been profaned by secular occupation, and thus allowed to gratify the mere curiosity of the tourist. It was, as we have said, still a cloister, and we were entering as privileged guests, into the oldest monastic home in Christian Europe, and to the home of good Benedictines, faithful and devoted sons of St. Benedict.

But what a contrast between the magnificence of the church and the severe grandeur of the monastery! Our first look as we pass in beside the prior, accompanied as he must be by two ecclesiastics of the monastery, is directed to a very ancient crucifix, not carved in wood nor sculptured in marble, but painted and then left on its plain background, yet of such benignity of expression that we can never forget the *willingness* of the sacrifice made by the Divine Victim. Immediately after leaving this chapel, we come to the chapter room, where all the important questions connected with the welfare of the community are discussed; and the grave decorations of this immense hall of consultation are suited to its end. Besides the twelve pictures which adorn its walls, including the picture of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, the ceiling gives three, and the very mention of their subjects, viz., Moses calling around him the old men of Israel to assist him in the government, the child Jesus disputing with the doctors in the temple, and St. Benedict giving his rule to his disciples, show that these pictures had a purpose beyond that of mere decoration. Side by side with this venerable room, we have the library, so justly celebrated, of Monte Cassino. This room, however, contains printed works only, which form a total of twenty thousand volumes, all arranged according to their subject-matter, and carefully catalogued. Above the compartments are busts of the fourteen great doctors of their order, beginning with St. Gregory the Great. The chief curiosities of this library are exposed under glass, protected from the rays of the sun by curtains of green silk. The *Rationalis divinorum codex officiorum*, by William Durand, in Gothic characters, a folio on parchment, was printed by John Faust, of Mayence, one of the three inventors of printing, and by the clerk, Peter Hernsscheym. It bears the date, 6 October, 1459. Another, the works of Lactance, printed at Subiaco, in the monastery of the Benedictines, by Conrad Shweynhem and Arnold Pannartzs, German printers, who first introduced their art into Italy. This is the second work printed in Italy, by which we see the zeal of our silent Benedictines to take advantage of modern science. This work was printed between the years 1463 and the 29th of October, 1465. The third in value, Expositions on the Books of the New Testament, by Nicholas Lyra, was printed at Rome, in 1472. In several of these printed books, the initial letters and other illustrations are by the hand, spaces having been left on the parchment by the printers for these decorations. We also see copies of the first wood-cuts, and a copy of the rule of St. Benedict, very beautifully illustrated. These wood-cuts are still regarded as models.

Opposite the library, we enter the

y of the monastery. The
s, the seminarians, and col-
meet here twice in the day,
and evening, to take their
n silence with a reader, as
: of St. Benedict prescribes.
ectory is splendid in every-
hich raises mind above mat-
:verything which carries the
of man beyond the present.
tibule is adorned with paint-
low which are fountains, with
f travertine, of truly artistic
ions and design. The lofty
lf bears on its side walls the
frescoes from which were
in mosaic, the twelve Apos-
the Vatican. On the wall
: the entrance is a magnifi-
rk of the Venetian school,
those pictures which, under
le representation, put such
efore the eyes of men. It
ts the multiplication of bread
Lord, and below it the mys-
pagation of the rule of St.
t under the symbol of bread.
top of the picture, to one
see Monte Cassino as it was
sixteenth century; on the
de, St. Benedict, receiving
rotto at Subiaco, his loaf of
let down by the hands of
mani, in a basket. The
f our Lord is one of great
; that of St. Benedict of
/ most persuasive and com-
g. Among the multitude of
represented is St. Igna-
ola, who was at one time a
tine novice. Near the front
:neeling figure of a Bene-
nun, of extraordinary lovelі-
:eiving bread from the hand
Benedict; while the Vene-
rm of perfection in color is
this picture of heroic pro-
, by a curtain of rich crim-
ıe top.

now we seem to be leaving
ıs everything but the severe
r of lives given wholly to
ıtering upon corridors pro-
one after another with their vaulted ceilings. There is something inexpressibly solemn in these corridors, on which open the cells of the religious. We can almost see the silent Benedictines of ages ago flitting through their dim length, to stand for a moment in the light of the window at the end or the one exactly in the centre, from which we have such views of the mountains around us and of the Liris winding through the plains at our feet; or, still more impressively, we can see them after the compline song, with its *Nunc dimittis*, each passing silently and meditatively into his own sacred and beloved cell.

Returning somewhat on our steps, we are shown through what was the Novitiate of Monte Cassino, until this feature of the venerable home of the Benedictines was suppressed by the Italian government in 1866. From the end of this corridor we have a view, not hitherto accessible to us, of Monte Cairo, with its summit often wreathed in clouds, and serving as a barometer to the experienced eyes of the old monks. From these grand off-looks we descend to the printing and lithograph rooms, where Monte Cassino does her great work of to-day by reproducing for those who can never visit her, the treasures of her scrolls, manuscripts, and illuminations, as well as original works based upon them. It is not alone in the past that the Benedictine Order is great; she has her own scholars, whom the world is ready to quote, and she has them at Monte Cassino, breathing in with the atmosphere of that sublime mountain-summit, those meditative corridors and rooms stored with the learning of the best centuries of Christendom, the very spirit of monastic erudition and of dispassionate investigation. She needs no one to preside over her treasures. They were either produced by her, or purchased by her at a price which showed that she knew their value. And now that the means and appli-

ances of modern times allow her to do so, she gives to the world, in the midst of her temporal poverty, fac-similes of works too precious for kingdoms to buy. It is thus that Monte Cassino rewards the oppressions of the day and of the generation. Let us hope that she may, indeed, "overcome evil with good."

But we are at the door, of all her doors, the most renowned; for we are awaiting the turning of the key which admits us to the *Archives of Monte Cassino!* What a profound order reigns through these august apartments, in whose noiselessly sliding retreats rest *forty thousand scrolls of parchment* and *four thousand manuscripts!* Remember, we have left all our printed books behind us. Here there has been no mechanical aid, but all has been written out, painted, adorned, by the hand of man.

Let us dwell a moment upon the antiquity of these treasures; for these archives, of which not only Monte Cassino but the whole world of letters is proud, had for a founder St. Benedict himself, and have, therefore, existed more than thirteen hundred years. Every day these archives are open to the visitor or the scholar, although never to be entered with a lamp or at night. The care of them is confided to a first and second *Archivist*, and to these are given two assistants. Three vast rooms are devoted to these treasures, and the closets and drawers are lined with cypress wood to insure the safety of the parchments.

The commentary of Origen on the Epistles of St. Paul, translated by Rufin, is upon parchment of almost transparent thinness, and of exceeding whiteness, presenting a specimen of the "*fair writing*" of a time anterior even to St. Benedict. The Four Gospels of the time of Pope Zachery (741–52), is a small quarto, but remarkable for the beauty of the Latin *script*, the initial letters, and, above all, the miniatures which adorn the two first pages of each Gospel. Besides this, we see the beautiful missal of the Abbot Didier, in Lombard characters, very carefully formed, and with numerous initial letters colored and gilded with great taste. The Divine Comedy of Dante is also to be found here, a manuscript with marginal notes and interlined, written very soon after the death of the great poet, whose fame has not been uncared for by Monte Cassino. It is on the margin of a precious commentary on the Scriptures that we see the closely written notes of St. Thomas Aquinos, the angelical doctor, whose early years were spent in the Scholastic of Monte Cassino, and who even began his religious novitiate among its cloisters. But see! here is the signature of Pope Alexander II, of his cardinal-deacon Hildebrand, and of the Benedictine monk Peter Darnian (the two last destined to shine as saints of the order), on the document, declaring the solemn consecration of the church, as commemorated by the painting over its entrance; and here, too, are the twelve seals of the twelve bishops present on that occasion, each seal wrapped, as it hangs from the parchment, in its silk covers, faded with the air, but not the sun, of centuries. There, too, is the signature of the Countess Matilda, who stood nobly forth as the defender of the rights of the Holy See in the person of Hildebrand as Pope Gregory VII; and oh! how many others who were worthy to be numbered among the friends of God, and of his servant St. Benedict, and of his order, are represented among these carefully preserved records. The world has thrown its shaft of calumny at those who have preserved for us all these perishable records; have preserved them in spite of Lombards, of Saracens, of earthquakes, and last, and cruellest of all, because France had such a debt of gratitude to Monte Cassino, even in spite of the *French.*

sun will not stand still, how-
:ven at Monte Cassino, and we
eave treasures still unexplored,
ssed at, and follow our guides,
now how to divide our limited
wisely. While passing from
or to corridor, from one story
ther, by solemn flights of stone
we catch glimpses, more than
)r twice, too, of fragments and
exquisite architecture belong-
the "old monastery" as it
:fore the earthquake of 1349.
of these pillars are of the
style and proportions as those
ch admired in the cloisters of
ul outside the wall, and of St.
Lateran, only enjoying a pri-
of date; showing that Monte
.o took his steps in advance.
of these delightful surprises
: permitted to lose; and when
me down the stairway to the
court, our steps are arrested
: one of those large oval win-
so picturesque from the out-
ınd through which we now see
onastery gardens and arcades,
the ever beautiful well, all
d in like a picture by the deep
sure. But our stairway leads,
we say it, to the threshold of
oistral inclosure of Monte Cas-

yfully as we might take it, it
serious thing, and a real pain
hrough our hearts at leaving,
: knew we were leaving for-
these truly "sacred precincts."
ven sat down on the stone
for an instant, as "Father
" laughingly assured us that
could not be forced from the
ure until a certain time be-
ınset." We did not cross that
ıold without giving a bead on
saries for each of our reverend
s, nor are we ashamed to own
ve knelt and reverently kissed
ıoly threshold of the dear old
stery of St. Benedict and St.
astica on the summit of Monte
ıo.

:re was still time before sunset to visit the Tower of St. Benedict, the veritable foundations of which, as they were in his time, and more than twenty feet thick, still exist. This room, once occupied by St. Benedict, has long been used for a chapel, and has been kept outside the cloister for the consolation of the traveller and the pilgrim. Its floor, of *opus Alexandrine*, is worn with the feet which have trodden it for centuries. Over the altar is a most touching picture of St. Benedict kneeling before the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son, and pointing to Monte Cassino, as if imploring their protection upon it. Many a time must the religious of Monte Cassino have looked on this picture to feel their hopes revive under dire calamities and threatening destruction, but never more than at present could they have needed such inspiration to sustain their courage. It was standing on this spot, where St. Benedict had so often stood, where, indeed, he is said to have died, with arms outspread and standing on his feet, and with the summer sun streaming in through the small opening in that impregnable wall, which served as a window for the chapel, that we were allowed to gather as a little party of listeners, around the prior, and sympathize with him and his community in their hopes and fears for Monte Cassino. The history of that tower was full of consolation; it seemed like a corner-stone for our hopes.

Above this genuine relic of the first age of the Benedictine sanctuary is the picture gallery. We had first begun to measure the excellence of its treasures when a cloud, a storm-cloud, suddenly threw a deep shadow over everything, and we realized that we could not find shelter too soon in our own apartments. We sped through the cavernous arch, through the avenue of acacias, and were only within our own gate, when a veritable thunder-storm was ready for us on Monte Cassino; what we could not have dared to *ask* for cer-

for the leisure they enjoy. The care of one hundred and forty students, many of them young boys, leaves but short leisure in the hands of the few who can now remain there. In addition to this, the many literary labors going on require consummate skill on the part of the artisans as well as learning on the part of their composers, which the fame of Monte Cassino, even among those who seem unconscious that such a fame does not come nor is preserved without labor, brings a great number of visitors to the monastery, who expect, and certainly receive, extraordinary attentions. We found, in fact, that we should be fully occupied if we followed the lead of the unsleeping prior. As soon as our dinner was over on the last day of our visit, Father Boniface was already waiting to accomplish two visits which had not been made; one to the organ, the other to the lower church. We had stipulated expressly, before coming to Monte Cassino, not only to see, but to hear the organ, which has hardly a rival in the world for the suavity and variety of its tones. Begun in 1656, it was finished only in 1696. Since then, many parts have been renewed, and it is still one of the many attractions of the mountain. Seating ourselves very near the entrance of the church, the sounds floated towards us and over us with a serenity only to be felt in that religious solitude above the very clouds. We did not ask what we should hear, but when it was over we said we had heard the story of Monte Cassino from its organ. Those wonderful stops, and reeds, and keys gave all the elevation of the spiritual life at Monte Cassino; all the grandeur of soul in its founder; all the brave tenderness of a Saint Scholastica; all the storms of the elements, even the trembling of the earthquakes by which it is still visited, and still more the storms from without of discordant human interests and the oppressions of the powerful. Yet, through all the pathos of that story, ran the sweetness of one flute-like stop, and *this* told how celestial was the hope which still cheers on the hardy religious of St. Benedict.

With this musical history in our ears, we descended to the lower church, literally hewn out of the solid rock. In this we find, perhaps, the most severely beautiful decorations of the entire basilica. Even the designs in the wood-carving of the chair, dating back to 1558, are equally perfect as those in the choir above, while following a more simple style of design. The cornice, in particular, has an almost Greek simplicity and perfection of forms. The picture of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica over the altar is the one preferred by the religious at Monte Cassino above all others. The other paintings, which are frescoes, are greatly damaged, as are also the stalls of the choir. The dampness of a subterranean chapel accounts for the first, the irreverent liberties taken by too many visitors for the second. The community had already in hand the complete restoration of this sanctuary, enriched by so many indulgences, where Tasso came to pray before going to Rome for the crown he received only in death, where so many weary souls have sought peace and found it, when the suppression of 1866 put an end, apparently, to all restorations. There is now, however, a hope that before the recurrence of the fourteenth centennial of the birth of St. Benedict, something may yet be accomplished towards its restoration. This centennial occurs in the year of our Lord 1880.

And now what did we take from Monte Cassino? A few flowerets that had bloomed on the tomb of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, a few harebells and sprigs of virgin's bower from the side of the mountain, a bit of African marble which held open a window on one

ng corridors, for one who, vin sister to the prior of sino, is a sister not only out in the Order of St. ınd who leads her troop in a convent of St. in the New World, to the spirit of her a few sketches, too, ountain outlines, of that rding the relics of St. ınd St. Scholastica, and l in its ever young age. hese, for they could be ouched; but how much ok with us in the graces o devout pilgrims, eter- an make known. With g of the abbot and prior, omise of a remembrance ır over the shrine we had sit, we turned away from ırt with its stately arcades ıs, passed again through ous arch, and mounted 's on the very spot where St. Benedict had greeted prince and peasant who climbed those steps, and began our descent. One of the last words we heard from Father Boniface was: "Do not forget *Rocca Janula;* stop under the cypress tree and sketch it from there." We did not forget, but stopped long enough to get an outline of its citadel and straggling towers, and when we reached the station at San Germano, we had time to sketch Monte Cassino itself, perched like an eagle's nest, as we have said, on the very pinnacle of the mountain. With untiring eyes, we watched the last gleam of those walls as we sped on our way to Rome, and we still recall, with a joy not to be told, the grand outlines of those mountain summits, with their purple mists and the amber of the floating plains below; while, in all its severe and isolated beauty, rises before our mind's eye Monte Cassino and the shrine of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica.

FERNANDO COLUMBUS.

rnando Columbus been some other person than r Columbus, his name and ld have descended to us all degree of prominence endation. But two cir- have hitherto operated y to the history of his fe being thus preserved. transcendent glory of his ch by its effulgence in no ıble degree obscured his it did also that of his mother, his brother, and

Second, the studied r obstinate prejudices of lique or school, which in e way until recently mo- he history of Christopher and his family, and represented them, not such as they really were, but rather such as they themselves desired them to have been, paring down or remaining totally silent about the points of their character that would have been most conducive to their true glory, and the glory of that Church of which they were devoted children.

I here present, chiefly from the French of Count De Lorgues, a sketch of the very interesting biography of Don Fernando, one of the sufferers from the injustice referred to; not so much as being, perhaps, the best refutation of it that could be adduced, as to show the excellent and edifying character of this scion of the Columbus family.

Indeed, if for no other reason, he

would deserve honorable mention here for the admirable religious, or semi-religious society or congregation he instituted in Seville, and the memory of which ought to be preserved for succeeding generations.

Don Fernando was the issue of the marriage of Christopher Columbus with his second wife, Donna Beatrice Enriquez. Some historians, who were possessed of more credulity than judgment or critical acumen, have pretended that his parents were not married at all, and that therefore he was illegitimate; but this charge has been proved by De Lorgues to be, beyond the shadow of a doubt, an unmitigated calumny, and therefore we will not at present occupy ourselves with it.

At the age of eight years Don Fernando passed from the noble but poor mansion of the Enriquezes to the royal court, where the material bounty of Isabella placed him as a favored page, or rather a fondling, in the retinue of her only son, the Prince Royal. At thirteen, suddenly transported to the then unknown waste latitudes of the Atlantic, in the last expedition of his father, he there came to face the most terrifying perils, and to suffer the most cruel hardships that ever were endured by a mariner. It was by sufferings, fearful and extraordinary, that he served his apprenticeship in the trials of life. These rugged trials evolved and brought into play the precious qualities of his character. Fernando displayed a firmness of mind and courage unusual for his age. He tended and consoled his sick father with the most tender and respectful affection, and was not ashamed to bear a hand in manual labors like the lowest of the sailors.

From his early youth Fernando did honor to his illustrious name. In many respects his elevation of sentiment, his maturity of understanding, his modesty, and his charming conversational abilities, reminded one of his father. His particular aptitude for geographical and nautical science, and his ability and sagacity for observation, showed in no less degree his illustrious paternity. Still, notwithstanding these external advantages, after the death of his father, he consecrated himself wholly to his Creator and to science, or rather, real knowledge. He gave himself up to God in the flower of his youth, and like a chaste lily on the altar of the sanctuary, the sweet odor of his virtues was exhaled far and wide.

Understanding well that the happiness of being a son to the holy discoverer of the New World excelled all other human glories, and that he would always remain emerged in the glare of its effulgence, he thought only of imitating the sublime virtues of a father whose genius nobody could even hope to equal.

His noble qualities of head and heart, his vast erudition, and especially his knowledge of cosmography, drew on him the attention and esteem of the court—an esteem mingled with envy in the bureaus of marine. But Fernando solicited no favor, no personal distinction from the sovereigns, and even from the Church he would have no honor but that of being permitted to wear her livery, without, it is said, any pretensions to the priesthood.

When his brother, Don Diego, sailed for Hispaniola, Fernando, with his uncles, Bartholomew and Diego, followed him. King Ferdinand, before his departure, had recommended to the young viceroy to accord to Don Fernando, in his government, all that would be advantageous to him. It is not seen that Fernando accepted any post in his brother's government, but the young viceroy provided generously for his wants. The sojourn of Fernando in Hispaniola was a little less than two years, for in 1512 we find him in Italy. After having visited the natal city of his father, then Cogoleta and its

rons, and traversed the Plaisan-
he gratified his piety in going
ome, where he arrived towards
close of that year. There his
for books and for *belles-lettres*
lucted him to all the libraries and
he public corners, which were
held in the Eternal City.

ernando recrossed anew the At-
c, visited several countries of
New World, and returned to
pe subsequent to the death of
uncle, the Adelantado. The
eror Charles the Fifth, appreci-
g his merit, wished to have him
ys by him. He induced him to
mpany him in his voyages to
, to Flanders, and to Germany.
s probable that this monarch fa-
d his tastes with a munificence
y royal, since with rather a lim-
l income he accomplished several
le projects.

His love for contemplating the
ks of God induced him to trav-
e the whole of Europe, and to
igate the Mediterranean as far as
a. In all probability he visited
holy places, which his pious
ier wished so ardently to free
n the sway of Islamism. After-
ds he landed in some countries of
ica, and returned to Europe, hav-
seen much of the world, and col-
ed many books and manuscripts.
The Emperor Charles chose him
president of a commission of
graphers and pilots, who were
rged with correcting the errors
ich rendered dangerous the em-
yment of the marine charts pre-
ed under the superintendence of
erigo Vespucci. Indeed, the
ebrated navigator, Sebastian Ca-
, regarded Don Fernando as the
t cosmographer of his time. It
known that he thought of him
ing his voyages of exploration;
l from the banks of the Rio de la
ta he besought the emperor not
put in execution certain articles
relation to pilots without the pre-
us approval of Don Fernando
lumbus.

He finally fixed his residence in Seville, where he was frequently called on new occasions of serving the crown and the interests of science. In the choice of this residence Fernando would seem to desire to revenge himself on Seville by a proceeding quite worthy of a son of his father; that father whom this slanderous city persecuted even beyond the tomb. He took his revenge in the following manner:

During his travels in Flanders he became intimate with some distinguished theologians and doctors of law. With these men of piety and erudition he concluded to form a free community, in which their mutual sympathies would hold the place of vows, and which would serve the Church at the same time that it would serve Spain in diffusing science and polite letters, and in giving to Seville, which until then had no celebrated school, a learned academy, a college for mathematics, and a richer library than was possessed by any other city in Spain. Here, indeed, was a noble Christian revenge, namely, rendering good for evil.

The strict principles of order and economy which he had learned from the example of his father, enabled Fernando to reserve funds to suffice for the enormous expenses of his projected institutions. The emperor authorized the establishment of his college for mathematics near the gate of Golo, in the place which is now occupied by the College of San Laureano. Don Fernando had now grouped around him several savants, the greater part of whom were ecclesiastics, not less eminent for their erudition than they were for their piety. The divine office, studies, and teaching occupied their time. Academical promenades, and discussions in walking in their shaded places, in the manner of the old peripatetics, were their only recreation. Desiring to bestow on Seville the advantages of pleasant shades and an abundant foliage, he caused five

thousand feet in length to be planted in trees, some disposed in straight lines and others according to other designs, in order to render study attractive, and to make even the very routes agreeable that led to the retreats or halls of his literary congregation.

His rank as son, as brother, and as uncle of the admiral of the Indies, and his high place in the favor of the emperor having constrained him to maintain a somewhat high degree of state, he was careful in choosing for the principal offices in his household men of piety and learning. We see that he had among his associates two Frenchmen who were doctors of law. One of these, who died amid all the affectionate care that could have been bestowed on him, was named Jean Antoine de Fonteret; the other, Désiré de Favahon. He had also as chief officers Vincent de Monte and Pedro de Arana, the latter a near relation of his on the maternal side. The principal conservator or keeper of his library was the bachelor Juan Perez, a namesake and probably a nephew of the Father Superior of La Rabida.

His annual expenditures, it seems, amounted to sixty-two ducats.

These circumstances show that Fernando could have attained high distinction in the world, in the church, or at court, if he had accepted the dignities which the emperor offered him. But in early life, considering the heritage of glory and sanctity that had been transmitted to him, he sought only to serve God in the first place, and afterwards his country in the most perfect and unexceptionable manner, and to secure to Spain a maritime superiority over and above that of any other nation.

Don Fernando devoted himself assiduously to letters. According to the inscription on his tomb, he composed a work in four books, the title of which is defaced on the monument, while the work itself is lost. This is much to be regretted, as the fragments of the inscription specify it to have contained, among a variety of other matters, historical, moral, and geographical notices of the countries he had visited, but especially of the New World, and of the voyages and discoveries of his father. Irving says this work is the corner-stone of the history of the American Continent.

He wrote also some other works which were never printed. Indeed, so regardless was he of celebrity, that he omitted publishing his writings, considering, no doubt, that he was sufficiently glorified by the illustriousness derived from his father. He did not even take care to have the short life of his father, which he left in manuscript, printed and published, although he had finished it five years before his death. Such was his humility in writing the life of this hero of the Gospel, of whom he justly glorifies himself of being a son, that he only once calls him his father. Even Alexander von Humboldt has remarked this very touching unobtrusiveness or humility.

The writers who suspect Fernando of having designedly created confusion in regard to the origin of his father, do not question his piety and complete renouncement of the world. If they had known the sincerity of his Christian self-denial, they would more naturally, from every consideration, have supposed that the Castilian pride of Don Luiz Columbus, a pure hidalgo, having from his mother royal blood in his veins, and being moreover a rather vain and somewhat dissipated character, had altered in the manner he wished divers passages of the manuscript of his uncle, before depositing it in the hands of the Genoese patrician, Fornari, in 1568; that is to say, thirty-four years after it was written, in order to leave thus in a vague incertitude the true country of Christopher Columbus, and consequently the origin of his own ancestors.

In withdrawing from the world, and from carnal affections, the powerful intellect with which he was endowed, in order to apply it chiefly to the study of science and the contemplation of the works of God in nature, Don Fernando had become master of almost all human sciences. He became a kind of living encyclopedia. By himself or by his colleagues he was in a way to become acquainted with and discuss *omni re scibile*, for he had with him linguists, doctors *in utroque*, astronomers, naturalists, physicists, geographers, theologians, and poets, versed in several sciences. The life he led of labor, of prayer, and of teaching, subjected to a cloistral regularity, diffusing instruction which was profitable to the hearts of youth in elevating them to God, had secret attractions and sweetness for him in his fatigues and apparently monotonous labors.

He founded, under the name of a Mathematical College, a true Imperial Academy of Sciences, to excite emulation in the study of the higher sciences. He wrote, as already mentioned, a work in four volumes, containing a summary account of his own voyages and those of his father. This work, which was his chief one, has in its turn shared the fate of his other writings. It has been lost; and even the very title of it, formerly preserved in the inscription on his tomb, has now become totally illegible. The indifference of Don Fernando about personal glory prevented him from publishing this account of his observations.

He had learned from his father the art of employing his time well; knew its inestimable value. His life was that of a man whom death cannot take by surprise, or who will not die empty-handed as regards good works. While he devoted himself to the diffusion of science for the love of Christ, he felt the first symptoms of his constitution being about to give way, and from the first foresaw the gravity and danger of his disease without being troubled at the consequences. Although he was only in his fifty-first year, and exteriorly possessed a vigor proportioned to his tall stature, still the signs of decrepitude had come upon him. Whoever complies not with the law of his organization or nature must bear the penalty of its infraction. The maturity of Don Fernando commenced at the ordinary age of youth. Since his thirteenth year his voyages, his fatigues, his watchings, his continual observations, the prolonged exercise of all his faculties, had impaired his organization. And suddenly, in the tranquillity of his peaceful occupations, he felt himself stricken in the very sources of life. With the courage of which he had given proof while yet a mere youth, as soon as he recognized his danger, he thanked God for having deigned to apprise him of his approaching end.

Fifty days before his demise he knew that, in the words of an old author, he "was about to die with all his science," and apprised the companions of his Christian solitude that he had but a short time to remain with them. He raised their courage, prepared them for the event, consoled them, and exclaimed with the Psalmist: *Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum domini ibimus* — I rejoiced in the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord. As in former times, a grand family repast solemnized espousals, Don Fernando would celebrate with a feast his espousal with death, or rather with eternal life. He had a banquet prepared of thirty-three dishes, to which he invited thirty-three poor persons, whom, as members of Jesus Christ, he served with his own hands. When from exhaustion his voice failed, his example still continued to edify his companions.

He forbid that any one should go into mourning at his death, consid-

ering that it was more proper to rejoice. He left his rich library to his nephew, Don Luiz Columbus, the admiral of the Indies, who retained it for five years, until it was transferred or transported to the convent of St. Paul, under certain conditions.

Fernando did not forget the poor, or the churches, or, particularly, the convent of the Franciscans of the Observance at Rome, to which he bequeathed for saying masses a larger sum than he did to all the other monasteries together, for like his father, he had a particular affection for the Seraphic order.

The son of Columbus having never failed in elevating his heart and his soul to God, was like his sainted father delivered from the terrors of the fearful moment of death. He desired so ardently to possess his Creator in eternal life, that he ordered that on the day of his obsequies a mass should be celebrated in honor of the holy angels, with white ornaments, to express his joy, and thank God for having given him permission to quit so soon the vile prison of this world.

When the fatal hour arrived death found him prepared. His intellectual faculties continued unclouded to the last. In his agony he raised up his hands, exclaiming aloud, "*Te Deum laudamus*," when forthwith his pure soul took its flight to heaven. This occurred on the 12th of July, 1539. His obsequies were celebrated with such pomp that it was afterwards impossible to surpass it in the funerals of princes, or even in that of the empress.

In contemplating the life so pure of Fernando Columbus, and the career of his brother Diego; in recalling their two uncles, Bartholomew and Diego, and seeing that each of these men, already great by himself, becomes still greater by his trials, and preserves a remarkable individuality, notwithstanding his proximity to the discoverer of the New World, presenting the example of the highest virtues, one experiences a feeling which is in no small degree edifying. Vainly, indeed, would we seek for the like elsewhere. History presents no other instance of such a patrimony of virtue, so faithfully preserved and so happily transmitted. Whoever reflects with attention will be no less struck with the privilege of moral superiority accorded to this family, than with the notably providential character of Christopher Columbus. Truly a heavenly benediction seems to have descended on the noble offspring of the Genoese woolcomber. The heroism of his race eclipses human virtues. His descendants present us, with wonderful sublimity, rare and constant instances of grandeur. Christopher Columbus, that glorious luminary, in disappearing from earth, leaves behind him, as luminous traces, the example of his brothers and the excellence of his sons. When we try to penetrate beyond appearances, to seize at its origin the cause of this sort of predestination, the difficulty vanishes. We see the source of these mysterious favors ascend to Mulcerito Street, in the city of Genoa, as a recompense, in the persons of his children, of a just man, who served God with his whole heart. In contemplating the tableau of this truly Christian family, it becomes almost impossible not to feel moved as at the aspect of undoubted sanctity, and not to recognize in these marvels of grace the accomplishment of the words of Holy Writ, declaring the beatitude of the righteous: *Generatio rutorum, benedicetur.*

New Haven, Ky., Sept. 1876.

THE POISONED CHALICE.

A LEGEND OF SAINT LOUIS BERTRAND, APOSTLE OF PANAMA.

I HEARD, from ancient pages, rife
With holy legends, rich and quaint,
This story, from a hero life,
That knew nor guile, nor worldly taint.
A hero? aye! as brave and grand
As e'er this world of combat trod.
A wonder in a wondrous band,
A star amid the knights of God!
And yet—no clanging mail he wore—
No haughty plume adorned his crest,
That dauntless arm no buckler bore,
No lance victorious laid in rest.
A woollen robe of purest white,
A simple cross in steadfast hand,
This was his armor for the fight,
His magic shield, his mighty brand.
He conquered? aye! yet not by blood,
From gaping wound of prostate foe;
No crimson sea, no fatal flood
Swept o'er his path in ceaseless flow.
His strife was won by holy art,
By potent prayer his triumph gained;
His battle-field the savage heart,
In Pagan bondage foully chained.
He marched, undaunted, o'er the wild,
Through tropic rain, and torrid heat,
To bless the forest's roving child
With tidings of salvation sweet.
Ah! wildly wailed the demon foe
His dark defeat, his utter loss,
And planned to crush, with fiendish blow,
The conquering Soldier of the Cross.
He filled with hate a human soul,
He wove his wiles with malice fraught;
And by that Tempter's dread control,
A matchless sacrilege was wrought.
Within the Sacramental Cup
Was poured, one morn, a poisoned draught,
That e'en in Life, there offered up,
Death, agonizing, might be quaffed!
But when the Saint's anointed hand
Made there the consecrating sign,
When, at his servant's blest command,
To Earth descended Love Divine,
Afar the baffled demon fled,
For swiftly, from that mystic Flood,
A writhing serpent darkly sped,
And left unharmed the Sacred Blood.
O blessed Louis! bid us learn
Sweet lesson from thy legend fair,
That from our life-cup we may spurn
The venom death and demon snare.

and sympathy—and when those fair, pink clouds fade and vanish from above the sea, they rise and go into the cottage together.

CHAPTER II.

"FOR HER DEAR SAKE."

THAT first vacation of David's has passed like a dream to his mother, and now that the last day has arrived, she feels as if only a week had sped, though she has so regretfully and hungrily counted (each morning and each night) both the days that have been spent and those that are to come.

Another long absence follows; another bright home-coming (in the frosty Christmas darkness now); another absence; and so on, and on, and on, until David comes home from school for the last time of all.

He meets his mother just within the porch where the flowers bloom that summer as they have bloomed through every summer of his life, and he has no cloud upon his face. But, later on, his mother's anxious question is answered a little sadly.

"Yes, mother; I heard from the lawyer yesterday. Grandfather's will does not mention either of us. He has given me all the help he meant to give. Well, he has been very good, and now I am ready to make my own start in the world. But I must go at once. One delicious day with you here, then for London! Don't look so sad, my mother; this shall not be a long separation; not even so long as the old school terms, for I will soon come back to fetch you."

So after this one day he goes laughing over his scanty purse, because his hands are strong, he says, and his fortune, hope and courage. But when he looks back, it is only through a mist of tears that he can see the little cottage where he leaves his mother in her loneliness.

After David's departure the days pass for Mrs. Sullivan just as the old school-days have done, except that now she has a daily excitement in his letters. Never can she settle to anything until the postman has come up the garden path, and given into her trembling hand the letter David never fails to send; the letter (full of love and bravery and hope) which does his mother's heart such good.

At last one letter comes in which he tells her he has found employment in an accountant's office; employment which is very easy to him, and which he likes, though the salary he is to receive is much smaller than he had anticipated when he so hopefully began his search.

"But I will work so well," he writes, "that the firm will raise my salary soon, and *then* I will come for you. Ah! mother, I can indeed work hard and long and steadily for that good end."

So, in the cottage, Mary works hard too, confident in the realization of his plan, and living with him, through her long day-dreams, in a London which exists in her imagination only—a wide, calm city, where all the young men have David's face and David's nature, and guide skilfully the machinery of the world.

But the time goes on, and David only earns what he has earned at first. "And so," he writes, a little sadly now, "the home with you is still out of my reach, for poverty *here*, mother, would be to you a hundred times worse than poverty at home."

When he has been absent for a year he comes home to spend his birthday with his mother; a summer day which they have spent together for all the eighteen years of David's life. Then he goes back to his work, still hopeful of the rise which his earnest and untiring servitude is to win.

Six months pass, and then, one Sunday night, David walks unexpectedly into the cottage kitchen, where his mother sits beside the fire, softly singing to herself a hymn

she has heard in church that
When she starts up—her face,
moment of surprise, white as
-David sees how little able
o bear any shock where he is
ned. But her delight, one
afterward, makes up for all,
it Sunday night is one which
ill love to remember.
n you not stay one day?" the
pleads. "Must you really
k to-morrow, Davy?"
-day, you mean mother.
we have chatted till after
ht already. Never mind,
ve four whole hours more,
to the new railway. Don't
bed, mother; I cannot spare
that time."
has never thought of leaving
o beside the cheerful fire they
talk; first of the lives which
ave separately led, and then
life which they are presently
together—for David has come
on purpose to bring joyful
. The long-talked of home
ready soon, for he is earning
salary now, and all the old
plans are to be carried out.
it, Davy," Mrs. Sullivan says,
he rises at last to prepare the
reakfast, "how *very* hard you
e working, only to be spared
e day, after a whole twelve
s of service!"
could have had one holiday
n," he answers, "but I would
ke it. It was wiser not, mo-
s this is an expensive journey,
ow that we have the railway."
id you have been sending *me*
ioney, David."
it I am earning so much now,"
ung man says, with a bright
nent in his eyes.
id are you happy, David?"
ry happy, mother—thinking
oon everything will be as I
d it long ago."
it for yourself alone, are you
dear!" she asks wistfully.
Oh yes, mother, quite happy."
ther good-by—"But the last,"

David says, as again and again he kisses his mother's shaking lips.

Chapter III.

"Ah, poor humanity!"

David had said that he would spend his birthday at home—that June day which has always been the one holiday of the year to the widowed mother—but on the morning before arrives a letter which tells her that he is obliged to delay his coming. London is very full, he says, and he is very busy; so he cannot get that day's holiday.

In every line of this letter the mother can read his disappointment, as well as the sorrow it gives him to disappoint her; and tears come and blot out the loving words, as well as the proud descriptions of the home which is all ready for her now, out in one of the pleasant northern suburbs. They blot out even that simple request at the end—"Think of me more than ever to-morrow, mother, and pray for me just at nightfall; at that very hour when we have been used to sit together in the porch on other happy birthday nights."

There is the present of money which most letters bring her now, and it is while she holds this money in her hand that she forms a sudden resolution, which comes to her at that moment as so natural a one that she wonders where it has been hidden before.

She is on her way from the village post-office when the plan suggests itself, and when she reaches home (her steps quick in the new excitement) she sits down in her old seat in the porch, and makes it all clear to herself. David is working very hard, and is to be busy on his birthday. How can she better use his gift to her than by giving him a pleasure he cannot expect, and so prevent his being solitary on that day which they have never yet spent apart? As he cannot come to her, she will go to him. And [illegible]

face will brighten when he sees his mother come in! How he will start up with outstretched arms to clasp her! That moment will repay her for any trouble she may have in reaching him.

When once the resolution is formed it holds her tenaciously, and she begins her preparations at once, glad and excited as a child. She packs her basket, putting in a chicken and butter and eggs and cream, because David has said that he never enjoys these things in London as he does at home; and she smiles as she ties a dainty white cloth over them all; for she is picturing her boy's delight when he shall unpack these luxuries which she has brought him from his own village. All that night she lies awake, yet rises brisk and active, almost wondering if she can really be the Mary Sullivan who has never entered a railway carriage in her life—she, a traveller, starting alone to a far-off city, of which she knows nothing.

It is a long journey, but the anticipation of David's delight at seeing her shortens and beautifies the way, so that she starts with surprise when a fellow-passenger tells her she is at Paddington. Timidly she stands back from the crowd, holding her basket tight upon her arm, and watching the passers-by with wistful, patient eyes. What a great place this station is, and every one so busy and engrossed!

"If you please, I want to reach Farringdon Street. Would you kindly tell me what to do?"—she has at last accosted a porter, as he passes with a hamper on his shoulder.

"Cross to Metropolitan."

Cross to Metropolitan! The words are foreign words to her. What can they mean? is there a river, then, between her and David?

Another porter, coming slowly up as the crowd disperses, sees the puzzled look upon the woman's face, and how she shrinks apart in her neat country dress, and holds her basket with such care and pride.

"Where do you want to go?" he inquires kindly.

"To Farringdon Street. I am cross something, but I could not u derstand. I'm sorry to be so tr blesome."

"You'd far better have a cab the man says, in a tone of involu tary kindliness. "Do you mi the expense?"

"I have six shillings in change she answers, looking gratefully in his face. "Will that do?"

"Half of it."

He takes her to one of the waiti cabs and makes a bargain with t man in her presence; then he clos the door upon her and smiles as s drives away.

And this is London—this line streets, and crowd of people, a deafening sound of wheels! Po Davy! How he must long for t quiet, shady lanes and the fre breeze coming inland from the sea

The cab stops, and Mary Sulliva stands with beating heart at the do of a tall, narrow house in Farrin don Street and rings the bell faintl She waits what she thinks a lon long time before a young woma appears in answer to her modest sum mons.

"Will you tell me, if you please, in which room I shall find my son?"

"What's your son's name?" the girl asks, with a long stare.

"David Sullivan."

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan," she says, a little more pleasantly. "He's out. Would you like to step into the passage and rest?"

"Thank you," David's mother says gently, as she meets this unlooked-for blow, "I would much rather go to him."

"I don't know where he is though. He's nearly always out. He's at an office all day. Then he's foreve going out into the country som where north, where he's got a hou he's been furnishing. I don't kn where else he goes, but he's alw away at night."

"He will be at—that house you speak of, I suppose?" questions Mary, her voice trembling in its eagerness as her thoughts dwell on this home which David has been preparing for her. "I wish you could tell me where it is."

"But I don't know," the girl answers, more shortly, "and I should think you'd better stay here till he comes back."

"I would rather go to him. Do you think any one in the house could kindly tell me where he is?"

A younger foreigner is coming down the stairs as Mary speaks, and she looks shyly and wistfully at him. So the girl asks the question:

"Does he happen to know where Mr. Sullivan is?"

"Monsieur Sulli—Sullivan?" the young man questions, laughing a little as he glances into the face of the country-bred, yet delicate-looking woman, who stands holding her basket so closely to her side. Yes, I know; why?"

"I am his mother," Mary says, her voice bright with pride.

"Had you not better wait here until he comes?"

"I would far rather go to him, if you would help me."

"You are quite sure?" he asks again, with the laughing glance.

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then I will direct you, for I am going that way myself. You had better, at any rate, leave your basket here."

So she gives it to the young woman, with a shy request that it may be taken care of, then follows her guide out into the street. It seems to Mary that they have walked for miles down noisy and bewildering streets, when they turn and enter a wide and open doorway. With a sign to his companion to follow, the stranger walks on along a carpeted passage, only pausing a moment to speak to a man who is standing there, just as if he might be waiting for them. Mary follows her guide on and on, wondering how this lighted way could lead to any home which David has chosen for her.

Yet all the while her heart is fluttering joyfully, because the meeting *must* be now so near. Once more the stranger stops to speak to some one who stands at an inner door, then he leads her through it, on amid a crowd of seated figures.

"If you sit here," he says, with a smile, pointing down to a vacant seat which they have reached, "you will soon see your son. Watch the wide entrance opposite you there, and you will see him in a few minutes."

Mary thanks him with simple earnestness, then takes the seat and waits; her eyes fixed, with a smile of expectation in them upon the opening opposite.

What a gay, grand place this is, with lights like suns and stars upon the ceiling, so far up, so very, very far up! Why, the church at home is not nearly so high as this room. But why is it lighted yet? The June sunshine is lying brightly now upon the sea at home, and it must be light as day in the cottage rooms. What thousand of faces are gathered here—all looking one way too, all looking at that door which she had been bidden to watch. Are they waiting for David, too.

Suddenly a band begins to play; and—puzzled more and more Mary turns her eyes from the spot she is watching so intently. David has never told her about this music, and these lights, and this great lofty room, and the watching crowd. What does it mean? And why is Davy coming here?

A prompt, tumultuous sound of clapping in the crowd, and Mary turns her puzzled eyes back again to the doorway she had been bidden to watch. No one is there, save the few idle figures which have stood there all the time. But now, in the cleared space in the centre of the building, a man (who must have

passed through while she was gazing at the band, and whose face is turned from her) is climbing a single rope suspended from the roof.

Wonderingly, Mary watches the light and active figure—tightly clad in white and crimson—springing upward with the speed and the agility of a squirrel. Why should he do this daring, foolish thing? Is a man's life so valueless that he should risk it thus to provoke a moment's passing wonder? Is death so trivial a thing that he should brave it recklessly thus, to win a moment's applause? Ah, to think of *this* man's life, and then of Davy's!

Another minute, and the man she watches springs to a double rope which hangs from a lofty ceiling, and, sitting there at ease, looks down upon the crowd. Then Mary's eyes look full into his face.

* * * * * *

It is a special performance at the circus on this June night, being the farewell of the famous gymnast Monsieur Sulli, who, after his brief and brilliant career, is retiring from the profession in which he shines without a rival, intending to settle down—so it is rumored, ironically and discontentedly—to office work with an accountant, and to live in a small house out in a north suburb, with an old mother from the country. So ridiculous, in the very zenith of his fame.

On this farewell night he is to perform (for the last time) his greatest feat—a feat which no one but himself has ever attempted. From the flying trapeze where he now stands, swinging himself carelessly to and fro, he will spring to a stationary one forty feet distant; and, passing *through* this, will catch it by one foot only, and hang suspended *so*, one hundred feet above the arena.

A dangerous exploit, of course; but performed with wondrous nerve and skill. Surely it will be a pity, if, having made his reputation, Monsieur Sulli shall still persist in his determination to retire from the ring.

A grand success! The shout of applause, which shakes the great building from floor to ceiling, testifies to this beyond a question. Decidedly a grand success! Though in one seat among the crowd a solitary woman, who is a stranger there, sits, white, and still, and *dead*.

TO AUBREY DE VERE.

(SONNET.)

As one who, breathing on a lower ledge,
Hears the clear voice of some tried mountaineer,
"Toil upwards through the lower fogs! For here
The air is pure, and all Earth's azure edge
With Heaven is mingling!" Even so, De Vere,
Thy words to me! Of thy *Patriciad*
All Eire, and other lands, will yet be glad,
And with the Saint his Poet to revere.
When Time has winnowed with his heavy wing
The grain so mixed with chaff and poison-weed,
Men will perceive and prize the precious seed,
Which they—too often weeping as they fling
Their pearls near swine—cast as a holy deed,
Who for base ends would never dare to sing.

RELIGION OF ROME AT THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

the commonplaces of
l indeed of all who do
e the true character of
of Christ, is the oft-re-
tion that he introduced
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imply gathered into one
enets of pre-existing sys-
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lence had, on the prin-
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of Christianity, while
al scholars recognize in
ion of Vishnu a perfect
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Antoninus Pius is put
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ristian system was but
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ristianity.

These attempts to undermine the teaching of Christ, or at least to rob it of its supernatural character, are the more dangerous because they are but the perversion of an undoubted truth. It is quite undeniable that the precious germs of Christian doctrine were to be found scattered here and there, at least in an imperfect and undeveloped form, throughout the Jewish and heathen world. This we willingly concede to our opponents; we allow that the Oriental and Greek myths, the writings of Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, and Aristotle, the heathen religions of Brahmins, Greeks, and Romans, contained, each and all, anticipations of what is regarded as a part of the Christian revelation. We admit—nay more, we vigorously assert —that the Jewish religion was in all its details a type and shadow of the more perfect religion, which was destined at the same time to complete and abolish it. But yet the point on which we join issue is no less an essential one. For while our adversaries maintain a continual progress in the religion and morality of the world, wherever circumstances were such as to foster progress, while they apply their law of development to the moral as well as the physical world, we, on the contrary, deny altogether this law of a gradual advance towards perfection, and assert that the tendency is to fall back and not to go forward, to become less perfect and not more perfect, weaker and not stronger, to decay and corrupt, and not to bud forth with a healthy and vigorous life. For we account for these anticipations of Christianity on a theory quite different from theirs. We assert a primitive revelation made by God to man, containing, at least in an implicit

and undeveloped form, the doctrines of the religion of our Lord, with its perfect morality, and the essential beauty of its divine teaching. We further assert that this primitive revelation was handed down by tradition through the long line of patriarchs; that for many hundred years after it was first given it was preserved with jealous care and passed on from father to son as a sacred deposit; but that as time went on and vice multiplied on the earth, the divine tradition came to be more and more carelessly handled and mixed with human traditions and with the corrupt inventions of a corrupted age; and thus it became gradually obscured, until at last it almost disappeared, or at all events the divine element was scarcely recognizable, overlaid as it was with fable and legend, sometimes childish, sometimes impure, and always tending to substitute superstition for religion, external observance for the inner worship of the heart. For in the ancient world the theory of religious progress is utterly untenable—unless indeed we maintain with the Positivist school, that the intermediate stages of development often exhibit a far worse aspect than those which preceded them, and are valuable merely as a necessary introduction of the higher and more perfect stage which is to follow, and that an imaginary and ideal future is to condone the miseries of the present. For in Paganism, from first to last, there is no general amelioration of the spiritual condition of mankind; but, on the other hand, a continually retrograde movement. The external, material civilization of Greece, Rome, Assyria, the still more wonderful intellectual perfection of the ages of Pericles and Cæsar, not only were compatible with a hideous and an ever-advancing moral corruption, but actually paved the way for it by the utter forgetfulness of God in any shape or form, the eager striving after new forms of sensual pleasure, the skepticism, the intellectual pride, the self-sufficient complacency, which is the certain outcome of civilization without God. And thus, although here and there the "fragments of Paradise," the relics of a better and happier age, forced their way upwards through the superincumbent mass of human corruption; though the law of hereditary reversion, true in the moral as in the material sphere, raised up a poet or a sage filled with the instincts of his simpler and more religious forefathers; though intellectual progress produced from time to time a philosopher, who like Aristotle and Plato, leaves men doubtful whether he were inspired or no, yet poet, sage, philosopher, had no power to stem the current of decay or to preach an effective crusade against the vices of his day. What did Socrates do towards the reformation of Athens? or Cato to stay the moral degradation of Rome? They forfeited their lives, each in his own way, in the cause of truth and of justice; but their self-martyrdom earned for them no subsequent victory, and they left behind them no disciples who could carry on the work they had so bravely but fruitlessly begun.

But we must confine ourselves at present to Rome, and to the religion of Rome. If the theory we have stated above be correct, we shall find a more sincere religious spirit in Rome's early days than in the time of the later republic and the first emperors. At the same time there was a certain ebb and flow which it is interesting to observe, and in the time of Augustus a religious reformation was attempted which seems at first to contradict the law of decay. Christianity on its appearance in Rome had to encounter, not the universal skepticism and indifference which fell upon Athens in her later days, but a very active and general attachment to the ancient religion. The population of Rome was on the whole a religious population; and if

their religious beliefs were compatible with an utterly corrupt morality, and in the more cultivated minds were only the external veil of a practical skepticism, yet it is none the less true that in the time of the early emperors, religion retained a firm hold on the minds of the people, and in its character of a political institution was more vigorous than it had been under the later republic.

The religion of a nation is always to a great extent the outcome of national character; and national character is an inheritance from a nation's forefathers, with such modifications as climate, soil, and other external influences have gradually brought about. Let us apply this principle to the religion of Rome. In the Roman population (and we include in this not only the inhabitants of the city itself, but of all the country around it which at an early period fell under its sway) there were three leading elements — the Sabine, the Etruscan, and the Latin. The type of character belonging to the Sabines had all the simplicity of primitive times; they were simple, honest, straightforward, naturally just and virtuous. The Etruscans were very different, they were gloomy and superstitious, given to occult ...tes and to the hideous practice of ...man sacrifice. And lastly the ...tins, sprung from common ances... with the Greeks, corresponded ...y closely to the Greeks in charac..., and form the tie which binds ...ether the nationalities of Greece ... Rome. Hence the Roman re...n contains three different ele...ts, corresponding to the leading ...ents in the population. It de... from the Sabines a strong, ..., vigorous sense of duty, a high ...ple and sense of honor; and it ... is mixture of self-respect and ...ce to the gods which consti...he main strength of the Ro...aracter. The Etruscan influ...s perhaps more external than ...; it imposed on the worship of the city a minute observance ritual, an exact compliance w every detail and every rubric p scribed by tradition or by the writt records of the Pontifices. Its te dency was to impress on the Roma mind a strong conviction of th mysterious and awful nature of re ligion; it removed the gods very fa off, and was the very reverse of anthropomorphic, investing its deities with the prestige attaching to occult powers rather than to living persons. But here it was modified and kept in check by the Latin element, which shared to some extent the realistic character of the religion of the Greeks, clothing the gods with a sort of human personality, and so preventing them from fading away into mere empty abstractions, which would never have had any permanent hold on the practical Roman mind.

Out of these three elements there grew up a religion admirably suited to the genius of the Roman people, and one too which, in spite of all its defects, paved the way for the introduction of Christianity, and educated Rome for its future *rôle* as the metropolis of the Christian world. For the religion of ancient Rome familiarized the whole of the Roman Empire with certain ideas and habits of thought which the Church of Christ was able to turn to her own advantage, just as she turned the Pantheon into a temple of the true God. And whatever changes took place during the seven centuries and a half which preceded the Christian era, yet they did not blot out or even obscure the distinctive and permanent features which were ingrained on the religious mind of Rome, even though the temples were at one time well-nigh deserted, and the corrupting influence of Greek civilization had eaten out the heart of the old Roman morality.

When we compare together the divinities of Greece and Rome, we notice that they seem to have been

created by an almost opposite process. The gods of Greece were magnified men: the earliest legends and primitive traditions represented them as full of human failings and human vices. The democratic spirit imbedded in the Greek mind led them to choose their gods from among themselves, and to transfer them in their concrete form to Olympus. The philosophers of the classical age of Greece inveigh with just indignation against the immoralities of the Court of Heaven, and would eliminate from the ideal Republic all the coarse stories and sensuous myths which Homer and Hesoid had handed down. It was impossible that such gods as Kronos, the devourer of his own children, or Ares the adulterer, or Hermes the thief, should maintain their ground against the skeptical spirit of the age of Pericles; and so the religion of Greece gradually gave place to a complete skepticism.

But the Roman gods were created by a very different process. The Romans followed the normal path by which man arrives at a knowledge of God. From the physical world around them, from the things which are seen, they mounted up to the invisible. Their gods were abstractions from the things of sense, invested with the personality of which every living man is conscious in himself. They saw God in everything, and though their conceptions were imperfect and mixed with manifold error, yet they were not so very far astray. For the religion of Rome, though on the surface a polytheism, contained within itself a central idea of one Supreme Being. St. Augustine somewhere remarks that every god in Rome was merely Jupiter Optimus Maximus under another form, and the remark is a most just one. The very name for the Roman deities, *numina*, manifestations of God, proves its truth. The wonderful facility which the Roman religion possessed of indefinitely multiplying the number of its gods, is an evidence of an half-unconscious belief in one Supreme Being, showing himself under various forms. When the Roman sacrificed to Salus, Janus, Vertumnus, he was but sacrificing to the same god as guardian of his personal safety, and as the patron of the opening and the changing year. When we find a hundred different places, each with its own Jupiter, it is not that the Roman believed a fresh god to have sprung into existence for each, but that the same Jupiter made each and all in a special sense his home. When every little event of human life claims a deity of its own, it is not that the Roman invested each with a distinct personality of its own, but that each represented to him some particular aspect under which an all-pervading Providence manifested itself. Vaticanus and Fabulinus, the gods of an infant's first cry and earliest spoken word; Iterduca and Domiduca, who led him out from his home and brought him safely back, had not in the mind of an educated Roman any individual existence of their own. Pavor, Fames, and Robiga, were not so much malicious sprites as manifestations of the wrath of an offended God.

From this vague, abstract, uncertain character which clung to all the lesser deities of Rome, there arose another most important feature in Roman religion—its wonderful versatility. It was essentially a tolerant religion. When it came into contact with foreign creeds, it not only made no attempt to weaken or destroy them, but welcomed them into its friendly bosom and made overtures of union and alliance. The policy of Rome in dealing with the religion of conquered tribes and nations, exhibited the same wise forbearance that she showed towards their political institutions. Instead of treating their deities with contempt, or enforcing on them the forms of Roman worship, she recog-

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A sort of floating belief in
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any other name, was the sum
)stance of its rule [redacted]ful attention to the appointed ritual,

All else was free to be accepted or left alone, as long as outward reverence and decorum was observed. This liberalism is necessarily inherent in every religion which, like the religion of Rome, is one of compromise and mutual concession. There are conflicting elements to be reconciled, and the reconciliation can only be effected by eliminating what is specially distinctive in each. . . . . So it was with the religion of Rome. The conflicting creeds which it welcomed to its bosom gradually drained it of its early vitality, and destroyed its hold over the minds of men.

But even in its first beginnings it was essentially a religion of outward observance and elaborate ritual, of sacrifices and ceremonies, and clung to the letter of the law, caring little about the spirit. Every minute detail prescribed in the formularies of the Pontifices was enforced with the most rigorous precision; the least deviation in form in any request offered to the gods rendered it null and void. It was the duty of the Pontifices to watch each act of solemn worship with scrupulous care, and to guard against the smallest transgression of the appointed ritual. There were certain set phrases to be employed, and the Roman was assisted in prayer by a priest, who dictated to him the words to be used, and instructed him in the attitude which was indispensable, if his prayer were to be heard. Sometimes, if the occasion were one of exceptional solemnity, two priests stood by his side: one repeating the words, the other following in the book of ritual to see that nothing was changed, omitted, or mispronounced. All important public undertakings had to be sanctioned by a solemn act of religious observance. Before the Consul proceeded to his province, before war could be commenced, or battle joined, the augurs marked out their "templum," and from that sacred spot watched, with most care-

for the auspices which were to guide the representatives of the State in their political or military action. The prohibition of servile work on holydays was almost as scrupulously and exactly defined as that which related to the Jewish Sabbath, except that the Roman law was far more pliable when it came to practice. No religious scruple, says Virgil, need hinder the farmer on festal-days from making a hedge to prevent his sheep from going astray, or for twisting snares for bird or beast, or from washing his flock in the healthful stream. Every public and private act at Rome was curiously intermingled with a superstitious undefined dread of the invisible. A Roman saw in every portent of nature a sign of the wrath of some offended deity, he knew not whom; and the whole city joined in an elaborate *supplicatio*, or triduum of intercession, to avert the impending misfortunes which were from time to time announced by the report of a shower of stones from heaven in place of rain, or of a human voice heard from the mouth of an ox, or of a clap of thunder re-echoing through a cloudless sky. In his private undertakings the same spirit of dread haunted him. If he met with some inauspicious omen as he crossed the threshold of his house, he turned back from his intended journey. The public games were instantly stopped if a charioteer happened to drop his reins. The general who was on the point of attacking the enemy, did not venture to go forward if the pullarius, or keeper of the sacred chickens, reported unfavorably of their eagerness in devouring the food set before them. Such minute and detailed regulations must have been sometimes exceedingly galling to the practical common sense of the Roman, and in point of fact he found means of evading them which do more credit to his ingenuity than to the sincerity of his religious spirit. If he wished to avoid the consequences of encountering some bird of evil omen, he drew close the curtains of his litter, and so shut out the dreaded sight. The general was quite content if the official report of the pullarius was favorable, even though he knew that it was false. If the ritual ordered the sacrifice of some animal that was rare or difficult to obtain, a little waxen image of it was made and offered, and this was regarded as completely satisfying the obligation. Thus the Roman gods were as facile as they were vague and abstract; and as long as the form was observed, were supposed to care but little about its reality.

It is unnecessary to point out that such a religion could not be permanent: ritual cannot hold its own unless it be the outward expression of some earnest inward conviction. External observances are sure ere long to fall into disuse when there is no longer any sincere belief in the existence of the unseen beings whom they are intended to propitiate: they become a mere mockery and mummery, and only discredit the religion of which they form a part.

This was the case in Rome: the unreality of Roman worship made it an easy prey to skepticism. But at the same time the elaborate ritual of the religion of ancient Rome did good service to Christianity. For in the Catholic Church there was the same minute ceremonial, the same careful cultivation of external forms which had in the course of centuries made itself a part of the Roman nature—only with this difference, that in the exploded superstitions of the past the ritual had been arbitrary and unmeaning, dependent on the traditions of the Pontifices and unconnected with any act of interior homage; whereas in Christianity every little rubric, every gesture, every motion had its own distinct meaning, and was a symbol of some underlying truth. Thus the Catholic Church was able to take up into itself and turn to good account

the love of forms and ceremonies which was handed down to it from the religion it supplanted; and Rome, as the centre of the Christian world, was admirably qualified to define all the rites of Christian worship, in virtue of the long training of the Italian mind to this elaborate cultivation of religious ritual.

Another peculiarity of the religion of ancient Rome must not be omitted. It was essentially a political religion. Church and State was the motto of every Roman politician. Not that there was any sort of equality between the two; the Church was subservient to the State with a subserviency which would have satisfied the veriest Erastian. The Romans cared nothing for the gods as such; it was because they were the gods of his family, of his clan, of his country that they claimed his allegiance. A stranger god took its place in the Pantheon only when it became one of the gods of Rome, and if the Greek deities held their own national character, and were not assimilated to the Roman type, this was owing partly to the decay of the ancient worship, partly to a prevalent opinion that the glory and honor of the State would be advanced by the introduction of the Greek civilization. From the foundation of Rome to the time of the Emperors, it was the Roman State which was the true object of national worship. No deity was really so dear to them as one whom they aptly personified as "Salus Populi Romani." To die for one's country was the highest, noblest act of virtue. It was because they spread far and wide the honor and glory of Rome that Julius and Augustus had a right to take their place among the immortal gods. When the politicians of the later Republic lamented over the decay of religion, it was not from any personal attachment to the deities whose worship they sought to revive; on the contrary, many of them were complete skeptics at heart. It was because they foresaw the evil consequences to their country resulting from her abandonment of her ancient worship. They knew that the religion of Rome, in spite of its vagueness and hollowness, represented the best traditions of the past, and had a real, practical influence for good on the public morality. They knew that it fostered a spirit of reverence and submission to authority, and checked the spirit of disloyalty and independence which was growing up around them. They dreaded the coming flood of the democratic spirit, and the best means at hand to check it was a revival of a religion essentially aristocratic and conservative, hating the critical spirit and depending for its very existence on an unreasoning acceptance of traditional observances. The same conviction ruled the policy of the Roman Emperors. The religious revival under Augustus was partly the result and partly the cause of the glories of the Augustan age.

Thus the religion of Rome was the useful servant of the State in promoting the moral and material welfare of its citizens by the rigorous code of outward observance that it enforced. External religion though it was, it had undoubtedly a most beneficial influence on morality, and its decay was coincident with the moral decay of Rome. For it was so interlaced with every little detail of life; it kept so constantly before the mind an ever-present Deity, that the moral acts of men were necessarily subject to its sanction, and he who transgressed the rational law fell under its ban. It had none of the impurities of Greek legend in its traditions, and when the Greek philosophers first came into contact with it, they were full of admiration at its simple and lofty morality, its spirit of sincere reverence, and the influence for good which it exercised over the lives of men. Even the Fathers of the Church speak of the high excellencies of the religion of Numa. Vesta was the patroness

of chastity; Jupiter himself was the guardian of the sanctity of promises and oaths; the Lares and Penates were the representatives of the domestic virtues for which the Roman hearth was in early times specially remarkable. The worship of the Dii Manes was a practical expression of the Roman belief in the immortality of the soul, and such a belief, even though indefinite and only half realized, has always a good effect. In fine, the religion of Rome recognized the two essential principles of the natural law, the existence of God, and of a God who punishes the wrongdoer and rewards the just. It recognized and even exaggerated the duty of children to their parents, of inferiors to their superiors, of citizens to the State. It made much of the sanctity of marriage, was an enemy to luxury in any shape, and exacted the most rigorous good faith and the most exact fulfilment of every civil and religious engagement, and above all it taught the grand truth that every action is under the supervision of the Deity, that every man is watched over by some influence from heaven, that every house and street and city is in some sense consecrated to God. At the same time it was not a Pantheism, for Jupiter at least had a distinct personality of his own, and if the other gods were but the representatives of abstract ideas, and of the forces of nature, yet they only became gods in so far as they were recognized as invested with a sort of personality, and as having an individual and separate existence in the realm of spirits.

One other point must be noticed before concluding our rapid sketch. For the first two hundred years after the foundation of Rome, no statue or material representation of any of the gods was to be found within the city. The place of worship was marked by a lance stuck in the ground, or by a rough made stone, which was a symbol and not an image of the deity. Even in later times, when foreign in introduced lower and mc ideas of God, the Roman generally speaking, were anything that can fairl idolatry. When the Rc his head before the statue it was not the marble ma adored, but the ever-pre The fetish notion which attraction for the Jews, they had been long set Land of Promise, had n the more advanced civ Rome. False gods mac one by one into the ten city, and ousted the pu of Rome's early days, bu until the degrading cor Eastern superstition had morality as well as the their conqueror that idc proper sense can be cha inhabitants of Rome.

But was the religion c Empire the same as th primitive times? How primitive tradition held Did Christianity encoun religion of Numa, or had duced a more debased t have already said that tl public witnessed a very decline in the influence of their ancestors. We particularize a little more change which had taken principal causes in the cay were three in numb vance of democracy, the Greece, and the civil war as the patricians were at tain their political supre had a complete and ex nopoly in matters of relig accepted as a law of nati patricians were the sacer When the kings were ex Rome it was regarded as ble with the dignity o priest of Jupiter, that should be held by an elec trate—although the con at first confined to the p

and a separate officer was appointed, who held the priesthood for life. When the plebeians, growing stronger year by year, clamored for a share in the consulship, one of the main arguments brought against the change was the impossibility of a plebeian taking the auspices. Nor was this only a selfish plea by which the patricians sought to maintain their power. Events justified their fear of plebeian ascendency. For while it was the interest of the patricians to be faithful to every detail of the ancient religion, while the instinct of self-preservation strengthened their dread of any change in solemn rite and national tradition, the plebeians, on the other hand, had little of the old feeling of reverence and all the reforming spirit which characterizes those who have fought their way from a state of dependence and subjection to authority and influence. As long as the Pontifices filled up the vacancies in their numbers with those whom they themselves nominated, so long was it possible to maintain the conservative and religious traditions of their office. But as soon as the people acquired the right of electing the new priests at the comitia, and often chose men of inferior character, mere party candidates or popular favorites, from that moment their prestige declined, the ancient rites were neglected and religion fell into discredit. The work of decay thus brought about was a very rapid one; the vague and uncertain character of the gods of Rome, the want of a rational basis for the ceremonies and observances prescribed in the sacred books, deprived religion of all power to hold its own against the flood of advancing and aggressive skepticism.

But the process would have been far slower if it had not been for the corroding influence of Greek philosophy and the corruptions which were introduced by Greek civilization and Greek conceptions of the Deity. The taste for Greek art, Greek poetry, the Greek theatre, invaded all classes, patricians and plebeians alike; and the more vivid deities of the Greek Olympus, mere magnified men, with human caprices, human lusts, and human frailties, soon became popular at Rome, and, assuming the names of the ancient gods of the city, stepped into their place, without losing anything of their own depravity and vice. The Senate, from time to time, made attempts to drive back the dangerous invaders, but all in vain. The simple creed of the past did not satisfy the morbid cravings which had sprung up in the populace of Rome, and while the new worship attracted the masses, it drove the more thoughtful minds into unbelief and indifferentism. Cicero, for instance, in spite of his accurate knowledge of the natural law and his lofty conceptions respecting God, was, at the same time, a complete skeptic in practice. In his letters, which afford a most faithful picture of his inner life, God has no place whatever. For the current popular theology he has the most supreme contempt, and employs it in his speeches merely as a rhetorical artifice to move his hearers. At the same time, Cicero, like all the leading politicians of the later Republic, was anxious to maintain all the ancient rites and ceremonies of religion, the sacrifices and the auspices, the solemn processions and formal supplications to the gods; but it was merely for political purposes and from an instinct of conservatism, and not because he believed in their reality or efficacy. He knew that the religious and political institutions of his country were bound together by the closest tie, and the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors would help forward the process of disintegration under which the ancient constitution of Rome was rapidly crumbling into pieces. Already the civil wars had wrought sad havoc in all that had formed the glory and the pride of the Rome of

former days. Selfish ambition had taken the place of devoted patriotism; party views had blinded the eyes of the populace to the interests of their country. In the struggle between Sylla and Marius, there was no principle at stake, but men witnessed the disgraceful spectacle of the city divided against herself in order to glut the lust for power and criminal desire for ascendency of the two rival leaders. No wonder that, under such circumstances, the last spark of their ancestral faith seemed to be quenched in the minds of the Romans, leaving behind it nothing but empty forms and observances which were utterly unmeaning.

Such was the state of things when Julius Cæsar became master of the city. If death had not cut short his work of reconstruction, there is every reason to think that he would have established his power on the basis of religion. Skeptic though he was, he had accepted the office of supreme pontiff, and encouraged by example and enactment the ancient ceremonies. His eagle eye could not fail to see how important, how necessary an instrument for consolidating the empire was the prestige of a religion which had always been linked with the politics of Rome. But the work which he scarcely began Augustus carried out with fair-sighted wisdom and complete success, and we must now say a few words on the reforms which he instituted, and of the influence of his religious policy in preparing the way for the Christianity that was so close at hand.

The young Octavius seems from the first to have determined on giving to religion a very prominent place in his administrative policy. The very name he took, Augustus, was borrowed from the language of the priests, and though at heart an unbeliever in the deities of Olympus, he was most scrupulously attentive to his religious duties, and in his character of Pontifex Maximus, never failed to take part in the ceremonies of the various priestly colleges. Having thus set the fashion by his example, he turned his attention to religious legislation, and to the difficult task of restoring life and vigor to the fast waning beliefs in the ancient deities. He ordered that the temples which had fallen into decay should be repaired, spending large sums out of the Imperial Treasury in their adornment. He filled up the colleges of the priests, gave them fresh privileges, nominated to offices which had fallen into abeyance, such as that of the Flamen Dialis and Rex Sacrificulus, and reorganized the corporation of the Arval Brothers.* He also sought to reanimate the religious spirit by introducing a number of new devotions, such as that of Mars the Avenger, and of Palatine Apollo. Above all, he revived the secular games in honor of Apollo, raising them to the position of the great religious festival of the year, and surrounding them with all the importance that solemn pomp and lavish magnificence and the songs of Rome's best poets were able to impart to them. They were to usher in a golden age for Rome, an age of peace and plenty at home, of victory and universal power wherever Roman armies and Roman eagles had found their way. Thus the restoration of religion was to be the harbinger of political dominion, and Augustus sought to impress upon the Roman mind that the two ideas were inseparable. At the same time he wisely recognized the importance of public morality alike to religion and to political success; and his severe enactments against luxury and immodesty, as well as his marriage laws, fostered the persuasion of the citizens that under their heaven-sent emperor the good old days were to return, and the miseries of the later republic were to be obliterated in

* Cf. M. Gaston Boissier, La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins, in which the reader will find an interesting and detailed account of the state of religion at Rome under the earlier emperors.

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We must not close without a word on the introduction of a usage which plays rather a prominent part in the Roman religion of the early empire. The apotheosis of the emperors is sometimes represented as a hideous act of blasphemy against Almighty God. It was nothing of the sort. It was simply a public recognition of what was already an implicit article of faith to every Roman citizen. The souls of the departed were already the objects of a sort of *cultus* under the name of the Dii Manes, and apotheosis meant nothing more than the expression of a belief that the deceased emperor was enjoying an existence freed from the imperfections of earth; and of a conviction that there was something superhuman, something ideal about his public character and his public virtues. Rome had already divinized her founder, and the Dii Indigetes were the ancient kings of Latium. In a religion where there is no impossible barrier, no infinite distance between man and God, the apotheosis of distinguished men is a natural outcome of a belief in the immortality of the soul. Julius Cæsar had dazzled the Roman people by his brilliant military achievements and political service; his tragic death surrounded him with a fresh halo of romance. It was impossible for the enthusiastic populace to believe that he was cut off forever from all communion with the city which idolized him, and that he was laid in the cold shades of the nether world. The only alternative was to give him a place among the deities of Olympus. Augustus, though he wisely refused to allow any sort of divine honors to be paid him at Rome during his lifetime, managed to surround himself with a sort of sacred character, and rather encouraged than discountenanced a *cultus* which sprung up in some of the provinces, and in which he was adored rather as the

impersonation of the "genius" of the empire than as a personal ruler. The vices of some of the succeeding emperors certainly made them strange inhabitants even of a pagan heaven, but their apotheosis becomes less ridiculous if we regard it as a tribute to their official rather than to their personal character. It was recognition of the fact that all authority comes from God, and that there is something sacred about him who is invested with it. As such, as a civil ceremony, and an act of public honor to the supreme head of the State, it lingered on even in Christian times. Nor can we doubt that it played its part in preparing the way for the doctrines of Christianity. It was a sort of foreshadowing, however obscure, confused, and imperfect, of the teaching of the Catholic Church on two points of no small importance. On the one hand it familiarized the minds of men with the competence of a human authority speaking under the inspiration of God to declare that those who have lived lives of heroic virtue are exalted to a place in heaven, to see God face to face. On the other hand, it laid the foundation of a deep reverence for the head of Church and State, whatever might be his individual character and his personal imperfection. In a word, it paved the way for the canonization of the saints and for the infallibility of the supreme pontiff.

We are now able to distinguish what is true from what is assertion that Christianity no new ideas into the wc perfectly true that by the of Almighty God, the which gathered round tl Peter were such as to minds of men to a tempei the reception of the dc Christ. The underlying ism of the religion of elaborate ritual, its all charity, its high morality cal relations with the Sta a means of preparation fi which was to come. Its dence served to clear the g to convince the thinking its incompetence to be against skepticism and mc tion. Its revival under introduced new elemer were not without their i facilitating the introducti tianity. So far we agre adversaries. But to asse human power of selectior ral survival of the fittest, enabled the despised and doctrine of the Nazarene late all the best features of and having assimilated th deadly war against the reli gave them birth, and fin quish and destroy it, is moral impossibility, cont universal experience of m to all principles which govern the ordinary cours affairs.

PADRE STANISLAS MATTEI.

AN introduction is necessary in the outset. Who ever heard of Father Mattei? Was he a saint, a great preacher, or a great missioner; in short, a great priest? I believe he is in heaven, hence I infer that he was a saint, albeit the Church has not authorized me formally to entertain such a belief. He was indeed a good priest, and until the Revolution drove him from his beloved cloister he was a good monk too. My purpose, however, for the nonce, is not to speak of Padre Mattei in his sacerdotal or monastic character, though he honored either sufficiently well to make a memoir of him in that respect very interesting. But the good father was a great musician; great enough to be the master of no less celebrities than Gioacchino Rossini and Guetano Donizetti. It is generally the rule in this age, that musical celebrity is confined to two lasses of composers. First, to ose great masters who startled the rld by grand, classical, operatic ductions. Their number is very ignificant, compared with the nurous and varied array of second-ss composers, who have a knack—annot call it genius—of writing lt music, the character of which not better be described, than by qualifying adjective given it by public—popular. Between these extremes there is a host of muns of greater or less celebrity. To reat majority of these, the oblivo which their names and works oon consigned, is not undue. say the same *en passant* of the lity of popular composers. fame is meteoric. But there her class of musicians who are nown to the few, and yet for rofound knowledge of the the disinterested zeal with which they devote themselves to its cultivation, they deserve a high, not to say the highest, place on the Parnassus of music. Surely the name of Albert, the Great, is not insignificant in scholastic annals. And what was the loveliest flower in his crown of glory? The having been the master of a Thomas of Aquain. Father Mattei stands before the musical world like an Albert. As Albert directed the studies of the "ox whose roar made heretics tremble" the world over, so did Father Mattei give form and matchless unity to the then wild inspirations of the young Pesarese, and afterwards, of the gentle Bergamaschite, and to-day his spirjt lives alike in the soul-moving strains of William Tell, and the tender cadences of Lucia di Lammermoor. Father Stanislas Mattei was the son of a blacksmith, and was born in Bologna on the 10th of February, 1750. His father, though an artisan, was a true Bolognese; that is to say, the love of learning which is traditional in the city of Bologna, was warm and active within him, and instead of introducing the boy to the anvil, he presented him to the teacher of one of the many elementary schools of the city. It was no unusual thing in those days for little boys to drop into a church and say a prayer, going to and returning from school. But the parents of young Mattei soon perceived that he prayed very long in the evening, and besides that he had an exclusive predilection for the Church of San Francesco, of the Minor Conventualists. His mother repaired to the Church one evening, her imagination alive with visions of a little saint, wrapt in silent prayer before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. She found the boy, not on his knees, but stand-

ing bolt upright in an ecstacy of delight and admiration before the tribune, in which the venerable Father Martini was beating time for the music of vespers. Had any one predicted to her there and then, that young Stanislas would one day stand in the same tribune, and direct the music with still greater *éclat* than even the illustrious Martini, she would have requested that individual in choice Bolognese to remember, that his facetiousness was malapropos in the house of God. The convent of San Francesco, with the adjoining church, was regarded, and justly, too, by the lovers of music, as a grand conservatory. Not to mention the fact, that on the feasts grand vespers were rendered with a full orchestra, and sometimes as many as four choirs, there were vespers in music every day in the week. The ferial music was strictly classical, and always distributed into four *real* parts. Father Martini had for many years been the glory of Bologna, and at the time of which I write, was just in a mellow old age. He was not long in noticing the assiduous presence of young Mattei, and his evident pleasure in listening to the music. He lost no time in speaking to the boy, and discovering decided musical tendencies, he at once admitted him to the musical instructions which he gave daily in the adjoining convent. Young Mattei became so attached to his benevolent master that he could hardly live away from him, and was always sorry when the *Ave Maria* bell rang, as it was an announcement to externs to withdraw from the convent. He had never for a moment given a thought to the possibility of his entering the order. But when the good father alluded to the subject one day, he eagerly jumped at the idea, and soon after, through the kind offices of his benefactor, he entered the novitiate. Being thus placed under the immediate protection of Father Martini, and moved by his example to a tender and childlike piety, he put on the habit of the Conventual Friars, and at the age of sixteen pronounced his vows. Together with studying philosophy and theology he applied himself particularly to the study of musical composition, in which his progress was so rapid that he was soon appointed as organist of the convent, and was even selected by his aged master to assist him in giving lessons in music, and to direct the choir in church, whenever he was unable to attend himself. As soon as he arrived at the age required by the canons he was ordained priest. After his ordination he applied himself to the discharge of his new obligations with scrupulous exactness, and passed whole days in the confessional, whither his modesty, piety, and ascetic learning attracted many penitents. The first who placed himself under the spiritual direction of the young priest was his beloved master, Father Martini. From that time until the death of the old man they were not only friends but brothers. In his last illness he was attended by his own pupil, and from him received the last sacraments of the Church.

Father Martini died on the 3d of August, 1784. He left a valuable collection of unedited manuscripts, which he intrusted to the keeping of his faithful pupil, who had studied with him and lived in constant companionship with him for eighteen years. In a letter to a friend, to whom he announces the death of his master, Father Mattei writes: "He was my confessor and I his for the last ten years, and I've been constantly edified by his truly Christian and religious life. God grant that I may profit by it! Imagine my sorrow for the loss of a master, who was both father and friend to me. I lived with him for eighteen years, and was alone with him when he died. But I trust he is in heaven, and that I have not lost him." This brief extract gives us an edifying pic-

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his subject, a similar production of the great Basili himself, who was then at Rome. The French invasion, in 1798, interrupted the peaceful studies of the good father. The convents were suppressed, the monks expelled, and many of the churches closed. The Church of San Francesco which for nearly two centuries had re-echoed with the music of sacred canticles, was converted, or rather perverted, into a custom-house. Mattei submitted with resignation to his misfortune, and entered the world in the capacity of a secular priest. Though the political events of the time caused him great grief, yet he never spoke of it, but set to work immediately to obtain an honorable and independent existence from his art. In this he proved himself a true artist, adopting a policy which should be a rule for all artists in times of social and political revolutions. I do not profess to intimate that the artist should remain callously indifferent to the momentous events going on around him. He should heartily deplore past evils, hope for the future, but in the meantime dedicate himself to his art, without prostituting a noble profession in making it the expression of political sentiment, and without indulging in puerile rodomontades. His first care, on leaving the convent, was to provide for his aged mother. He took her to live with himself, and had the consolation of supporting her, and making happy the last days of her life. He opened a school of composition, and in a short time counted not less than one hundred and fifty pupils, many of whom reflected honor upon him in Italy, while a few others became world-wide celebrities. He soon became known outside of Italy, and was consulted on questions of art by professors of different countries. Until the French invasion, he had been the President of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna, founded by the noble family of Carati.

This was one of the very few institutions which withstood the Revolution. Yet it succumbed in a few particulars to the revolutionary pressure, and a modification was made which excluded monks from an active membership. Thus Mattei was was placed on the list of honorable members.

In 1799, the municipality of Bologna founded the Musical Lyceum of that city, and when the question of appointing a professor of composition was brought up, the Philharmonic Society revoked the modification of a year before, and Mattei was appointed master of composition. About the same time he was offered the direction of music in the Cathedrals of Padua and Lucca, and, in particular, was earnestly pressed to accept that of the Basilica of Loreto, after St. Peter's, and St. John Lateran's in Rome, the first position in Italy. He refused them all, on account of his mother, who was fast approaching the tomb; but readily took the direction of the music in the Patriarchal Basilica of his own city, for which he composed an immensity of music of every description. The majority of his pieces are of the grandest *dimension*, written for eight voices, with grand orchestra. In all his compositions there is a quality which dominates over all others, and the influence of which is such that it destroys, or rather absorbs, the greater part of the imperfections—(these were remarkable in the solos, in which he appears like a giant bound hand and foot). I allude to the admirable richness of his harmony, full of vigor and clearness, brilliant with natural colors and surprising effects, which were obtained without obtrusive efforts, or remarkable deviations from the broad, open road through which he marched rather than walked. The music of Mattei, majestically proud, always proceeds with princely carriage, with a numerous cortege of harmonious effects which increase that splendor which seems almost inseparable from its nature. It is a queen, who stoops not to anything vulgar or puerile, and never shows herself but within the ample and magnificent halls of a royal palace. Her movements are always free and graceful, because she is conscious of her dignity. Her very *scherzi* partake of the serious, participate in the decorum and majesty of royalty—every act inspires respect and admiration. From what has been said, it may be readily conceived that, among the compositions of Mattei, the choral and concerted pieces are the most imposing, precisely because in these he could the more liberally dispose of all the wealth of science, all the magnificence of a sumptuous harmony. His choruses *a pieno* are of the grandest effect, and this is admirably enhanced by the orchestral accompaniment, which abounds in freshness and originality. No composer has been able to give to his fugues greater vivacity, and, at the same time, greater elegance than Mattei. He possessed in an eminent degree the art of managing harmonic material; he disposes of it in his introductions without effort, and always under the most advantageous and satisfactory aspect. I have the authority of M. Lafage, formerly professor of the history of music in the Athenæum of Paris, for stating that Padre Mattei was the first to introduce in the orchestra the frequent imitation of a brief cadence of a melody, which is generally produced by different instruments an octave above the singer, and of which Rossini afterwards made such a happy use in those masterpieces which principally form the wealth of modern repertories. It was also Mattei, who, in his ecclesiastical music, gave greater movement—in this Rossini imitated him to, aye, beyond perfection—to the bass instruments which before his day, always proceeded with the choral bass. Mattei, even at that comparatively remote date,

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the Lyceum, he hurried home to take notes of the passages and effects which impressed him most. That he loved to enjoy himself, I do not deny. But it is also true that if the man of genius loses a day he gains a night. Labor and genius go hand-in-hand, and though Rossini was possessed with a penetration and tact which never deceived him, though he had a wonderful memory, and a prodigious facility in the mental analysis of the forms and effects of music, yet all these gifts would have produced little impression on the world, were it not for the study, the prolonged study, which brought them into action. And to speak of Donizetti, the elegant, the tender, the pathetic Donizetti, whose beautiful melodies are the delight of the opera to-day, do you think that that facility of composition which gives a natural air to all his works, which hides so effectively his frequent weakness of invention, came to him by inspiration, and without study? If Rossini labored, Donizetti toiled.

When Donizetti had passed several years in Bergamo under the direction of the celebrated Mayr, the latter advised him to study for some time under Father Mattei before giving his compositions to the world. So Donizetti went to Bologna. Father Mattei was pretty far advanced in years at that time, consequently was ill disposed to change his habits, as giving private instructions would necessitate. To find him, therefore, the future author of Lucia was obliged to repair to the church every evening towards the *Ave Maria*, where the old man was in the habit of hearing confessions. Donizetti waited patiently until the last penitent was dismissed, and then accompanied his master—no, not home, but to the church of St. Petronius, where Mattei said his beads, and to the credit of Donizetti be it said, that he took his turn at the *aves* like a good friar. After beads they moved towards Santa Caterina di Porta Saragozza, where

Mattei lived. But even after their arrival, the old man did not correct the music of the young composer, but sat down unconcernedly to his supper, while Donizetti made himself agreeable to the mother of the master, a deaf old lady verging on the last decade of a century. This doing the agreeable consisted in playing a game of cards, called here *tre sette*. Talk of playing whist with old folks! It is amusement compared with *tre sette*. Add a deaf old lady for your opponent,—mercy! Donizetti was a hero. When Mattei had eaten his salad, and fed the cat, and when the old lady had dropped off to sleep, then the old man would turn to the young watcher with a sweet, paternal smile, which more than repaid him for the annoyance of waiting, and say, "*Ebben figlioletto, che hai di bello?*—Well, little son, what hast thou beautiful?" So the "little son" would draw forth his papers, and spread them on the table with a trembling hand, fearing lest that correcting pen would be drawn through some of his darling passages. They required no instrument to know the effect of the written notes before them. Each was an orchestra in himself, and as the eyes of the venerable master passed up and down every individual bar, through a labyrinth of instrumental and vocal parts, his face would brighten at the unity. And when he discovered an error, he would merely cross it out, substitute the correction—the corrections were beautiful suggestions—turn to his pupil, and say, "This does not go well—hast thou understood?" Such was the novitiate through which Donizetti passed on his way to fame. Reader, I think you will pardon this partial digression. Mattei occupied the position of professor of composition in the Lyceum until a few months before his death. After the death of his mother, he lived in the house of the parish priest of Santa Caterina. Only the year before his death, he published his *partimenti*, the *vade mecum* of every student of music. The *partimenti*, or numbered *bassi*, of Durante, Fenaroli, Leo, and Vallotti, had become insufficient after the old ecclesiastical style had been abandoned, and harmony enriched by modern study, Mattei's thorough bass made up for the deficiency, and gave, besides, a new impulse to the study of music in Italy. It is a pity that the impulse was so soon allowed to perish. In these *partimenti* there is a great energy of conception, and the concatenation of chords is always happy, natural, and sometimes most surprising. The resolution of his cadences especially is wonderfully rich in surprises. Indeed, these *bassi*, though constituting the foundation of innumerable melodic parts, are in themselves beautiful specimens of robust and elegant melody.

Father Mattei's last illness lasted fifty days. During that time he gave his attention exclusively to the things of the next world. From time to time, however, one of his old pupils would call to get a word of advice, and though the sufferings of the old man were intense, still he would correct the manuscript with a trembling hand. To the last hour of his life, he was warmly interested in his pupils, and even spoke kindly of some who had been very ungrateful to him. He died on the 12th of May, 1825, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The authorities of the city of Bologna decided to honor his remains by a solemn religious and civic funeral, at the expense of the municipality.

The Musical Lyceum of Bologna, as it exists now, hardly deserves the name. The Italian Revolution is to be thanked for it. A few violinists are seen lounging around the doors. Nothing is left but its ancient glory, the library, the pictures of its great lights, of which the first was that humble monk, habited in the gown of St. Francis, whose picture is placed between those of Rossini and Donizetti.

THE ERL KING'S KISS.

A THURINGIAN LEGEND.

THIS is the story as it was told to me years ago in an old German town. Alas, that in my clumsy hand it must lose much of its subtle beauty and meaning! Sadder still, that the sweet girlish voice that told it, is stilled forever; that the manner of the telling, naive yet reverent, and prettily exact, remains but as a fading dream in the memory of one who listened long ago. Nothing is left but the legend itself to connect me with that happy past, and this I give in my own poor language, fortunate if I can recall but a shade of the delicate beauty that once adorned it.

"Elsie, my child, twilight is no time for maidens to be roaming. Go where thou wilt when the sun shines; but when the dew is falling, and the light fades from the castle's walls, then, my daughter, hasten homeward, and if thou art wise, do not linger by the road."

"Nay, mother, twilight is to me more beautiful than dawn, and night than day. What harm can come to me from wandering after the dews have fallen. There are no robbers here, and if there were, what could they find on me a poor village girl?"

"Hush, hush, child! it is not robbers nor any mortal power that I fear for thee. Often have I heard that with the first sun rays the angels of God come down to earth, and watch over his children; but with the setting sun they go back to heaven, and then evil spirits wander abroad in search of souls."

So spoke the ancient mother ignorant in all save spirit-love, yet wise with the simple wisdom of virtuous old age; and the daughter listened eagerly but not fearfully, with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes.

"Tell me, mother," she said, "have you ever seen these dreadful shapes, or heard them, or know you what favorite spots they haunt?"

"God forbid that I should see them or hear them, and dreadful shapes they have none. They say the Erl king is beautiful as a fallen angel, but woe to the maiden who looks upon that beauty."

"But if she be good and pious, what harm can he do her?"

"You speak wisely, child. If she be good and pious, no harm can befall her. God watches over his own; and 'tis only they who through wilfulness or curiosity or pride, risk a meeting with evil spirits, that fall into their clutches. So, Elsie, my daughter, although evening be more beautiful than day, yet it is unsafe for thee to roam abroad. Her home is the only safe place for a Christian maiden after dusk, her rosary her best companion."

Even as she spoke, the girl's eyes wandered wistfully through the little window into the gathering darkness. Her mother's last warning had fallen unheeded. The words, "The Erl king is beautiful as a fallen angel," still rang in her ears. She half doubted, half believed, and the desire seized her to discover for herself the truth of these strange stories, to look, if possible, upon that unholy beauty. Oh, Elsie, a prayer now for strength against temptation would help thee much! But she did not stop to think or pray. Her mother had left the room, and, obeying the wilful impulse, she stepped quickly out of the door. The soft night-breezes kissed her face and hair, and

whispered among the tree-tops, as though gently beseeching her to turn back. An owl flew by, croaking hoarsely, as though warning her to turn back.

"What have I to fear?" thought she, pausing for an instant. "I have often wandered through the wood far later than this, and no harm has befallen me. I am disobeying my mother, but that too has often happened before. I am seeking—" but she would not say to herself what she sought. The inspiration to return she cast aside, and walked rapidly on.

By degrees her natural fearlessness of disposition returned. The pallid moon was slowly struggling upward, and her feeble rays glimmered through the heavy trees. A strange buoyancy filled Elsie's heart.

Fatigued at length she stood by a little well, and looked upon the sleeping scene around her. Would he come? Her heart beat wildly at the thought, and she shrank back with sudden fear. Should she return home, having seen nothing? No, she would go on. She dared, nay, she hoped to meet him. A sigh made her turn quickly. There, where the moonbeams fell wildly, stood a figure, tall, dark, commanding. The black eyes glowed with an evil light, the haughty lips smiled a wicked smile. It was, indeed, the beauty of a fallen angel.

Elsie's first impulse was to fly. She felt herself for an instant free to do so, and the thought passed like lightning through her brain: "Only those who through wilfulness or curiosity or pride, risk a meeting with evil spirits, fall into their clutches." She turned, but, before making a step, she stole another glance at the Erl king. Motionless he stood and smiled, and casting aside another and a last inspiration, she thought: "I will not go," and again she looked. The smile deepened into one of triumph, and the Erl king strode forward, rapidly yet noiselessly. Another instant, and his arm was about her, and a burning kiss imprinted on her cheek; another, and trembling from head to foot, she was alone under the cold moonlight. Alone, but feeling still that hot kiss, with her brain whirling madly, and a thousand horrible thoughts surging wildly through her mind. Then she turned and fled, stopping not until she had reached her mother's door.

Fearfully she crept to her own room. The moonbeams, now grown stronger and clearer, lit up every corner, and fell brightly on a little statue of the Virgin. Kneeling before it, Elsie strove to pray. In vain! She could not utter the sacred words, with her cheeks still tingling from her fearful kiss. Worn out, she threw herself upon the bed, and slept. For the first time her guardian angel watching by her bed turned from the sleeper; and with averted head and troubled face, as one shut in with something noxious, offered up his pure spirit in beseeching prayer to God.

The gray light of dawn awakened the sleeper, and for a moment she struggled with returning consciousness. Then what a sickening sense of evil done crept over her. Would she could have slept forever. A dull pain in her cheek brought the remembrance of the previous night with horrible distinctness before her mind. With an indefinable fear that stopped her quick breathing, and sent the blood rushing cold to the heart, Elsie sprang from the bed, and gazed in her little glass. There, there it was! the red mark on the pale face—the impress of the Erl king's kiss. It seemed to burn to the very bone, as though his lips were even now pressed to the spot. It could be no fancy. She saw it, felt it, and beyond all sight or feeling, was the intense consciousness that it was there.

The dull morning light grew rosier, and the mother coming up to waken her sleeping daughter, found Elsie

crouched trembling on the floor, with her face buried in her hands, as though to hide it forever from the eyes of man.

Months dragged slowly by, and still Elsie and her mother lived in the solitary little cottage; the latter seen only when compelled to go to the village for the necessaries of life, and the girl, once the pride of all, now never beheld. People told strange stories about her; stories born of the mysterious solitude in which she lived. The more practical said she had gone mad, and some had even heard how the moonbeams streaming upon her when asleep had wrought this fearful change. Others whispered darkly of evil influences at work, and all agreed in shunning the lonely pair.

The mother would fain have gone away. Her neighbors' averted looks fell coldly on her heart, adding their weight to the weary sense of an unknown evil that weighed her down. But Elsie would not go. The strange brand upon her check was not the only change that had been wrought upon the girl. True she spun and attended to her plain home duties as before, but day by day she felt the alteration in herself, and knew that the influence thrown over her that night was gaining ground. The spell that bound her grew ever stronger, as the nature of the girl became gradually amalgamated with that of the Erl king.

She could not even define her feelings towards him. As night drew nigh came the intense desire to see him once again, and she dwelt upon his evil beauty till she maddened with this longing. It was not love, but a fascination stronger than love, that drew her every evening to wander until late, seeking one more glance at the vision that had ruined her. At such times the dull pain in her cheek would burn with renewed fierceness, sending thrills of agony alike through body and soul. Again she would recoil in disgust from the thoughts that had before frenzied her, and the excitement vanished, dull despair eat into her very heart.

But in all these weary days and weeks and months, never one prayer passed her lips. Since the first effort on that night, she had not even tried to pray. She never raised her eyes to the little statue of the Virgin, and if by chance they fell there, withdrew them quickly, wishing dully that the image were away. Yet she dared not touch it, and the wild flowers that had been placed before it on the last day of her innocence were never removed, but left to wither and dry up and fall away.

The poor mother, only half aware of her daughter's condition, would have tried the only remedy she knew of—a visit to some holy shrine, or at least the blessing of a priest of God; but Elsie would have neither, and it was vain to thwart her now. So while she wandered far into the darkness, the mother poured out her troubled heart in prayer, and again and again offered up her own life for her daughter's soul.

Once at noon Elsie went to the well, the scene of her miserable interview. She never looked at herself now either in her glass or in water, for her branded face had become hateful to her; but on that day moved by a new impulse, she bent over and gazed earnestly at her reflection in the clear water. The longer she looked the more strange the image grew to her. It was not only that the ripe flush of health had given place to a deadly pallor, broken only by that faint cursed sign, and that the buoyant elasticity of youth was gone forever from the slight figure. No, the change that struck her so lay deeper still. Some lurking light in the dark eye, some half-perceptible expression of the delicate lips; these riveted her gaze, and sent her mind wandering off in a scarcely acknowledged search for similar lineaments. Nothing is more evanescent than the human expression. Now, Elsie

thought that she had grasped the likeness she sought for; now, all was blank, until at length fatigued, she drew away.

But again came the longing to look, and see what was this vague resemblance that tormented her. Once more she bent over the water, and this time like a flash it came to her. It was the Erl king who looked at her from her own eyes. The light lingering in their depths was the same unholy gleam that shone in his, the expression round the mouth was a half-development of his haughty smile. Even as her mind was being slowly but surely distorted to his mould, so were her very features likening themselves to his.

As the sickening consciousness forced itself upon her, Elsie shuddered and turned away, murmuring, with dry lips, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Twelve cruel months dragged slowly by, and the anniversary of that summer night had come. A fierce hope that was strangely akin to despair, throbbed in Elsie's bosom. Perhaps it was on that one night of the year, that the Erl king wandered on earth. Surely she would see him, and, thought the girl's desperate soul, "he shall either cure me or take me."

Night drew near; not the soft moonlit eve of twelve months ago, but stormy, with flashing lightning, and a wind that sobbed and moaned as if mourning over lost innocence. Heedless of all, Elsie went forth with fast-beating heart into the rain and darkness. She would have hastened towards the well, but, blinded by the storm, lost her way, and wandered further and further through the forest, until at length worn out and half fainting she stopped. Flash after flash of lightning lit up the scene, but she knew not where she was. What mattered it! The Erl king could find her here as well as elsewhere, and her heart said come.

A peal of thunder shook the trees, and as it died away in hoarse rumbling, Elsie felt that he was there. A dark figure standing at a little distance was all she could at first discern, but in an instant the forked lightning played around it, and Elsie saw and recognized.

There he stood with the beauty of a fallen angel, and on his lips played a smile, half pitying half triumphant. Above his brow was a stone which seemed to have caught and retained a portion of the lightning's gleam, for it shone in the dark with a strange brilliancy, and lit up his dread features.

As the girl gazed, an overwhelming fascination seized her; her brain whirled madly, and the mark his kiss had made glowed like a living coal. The gleaming light in the Erl king's eye softened; he pointed to that burning sign, and stretched out his arms to her. A throb of fierce, unholy joy thrilled Elsie's heart; he claimed her as his own; was she not his?

With an inarticulate cry she sprang forward, but lo! the heavens were lit up with fast-succeeding flashes of lightning, and right before her stood a rude crucifix. Her unskilful hands had long ago fashioned the rough cross, and the life-size image of the dying Saviour. But now it was wondrously changed. The eyes, fast glazing with the death agony, were fixed upon Elsie, with a look of tender pity and beseeching love. The pale lips, trembling sorrowfully, seemed to say: "Do I die in vain?" For an instant Elsie paused; conflicting passions seemed to tear asunder her slight frame. She struggled fiercely to throw off the evil spell that bound her; then with a piercing rapturous cry, cast herself at the feet of her Saviour.

A veil of darkness again fell upon the earth, and the Erl king had vanished!

Bending down from the Tree of Death, the Christ laid a blood-stained finger upon Elsie's cheek. The pain vanished, and with it the evil im-

, the strife, the misery and sin
ad filled her soul. All had
ınd with a mighty swell of
ıde and love, the long-suffering
broke at last.
ıe passing peasants found her
:xt morning still clinging to
oss, while on the worn face,
now beautiful in death, there played
a happy smile. Gently they carried
her to her mother, who, seeing that
the evil mark had fled, knew that her
prayers at last were answered.

"I thank thee, O loving Jesus," she murmured; "but how long before I, too, may come?"

SELF-ESTIMATES.

very study the variety of senses
ch people use words introduces
difficulty into the process of
.ting the value of that part of
knowledge which is obtained
ınd-hand, and of reducing this,
ıe other part which is derived
direct observation, into any
on terms by means of which they
e combined into a consistent
. But in the study of human na-
ıere is an additional difficulty,
; from the fact that each person
in a special, and what may be
an inverted, relation to one
f the common field of observa-
and to that very part of it,
ver, in which he has special
tunities for acquiring and (if
posed) for communicating in-
tion,—namely, to himself. In
ıting the value of his evidence
s part of the general subject,
ore, we are driven to make
a different calculation respect-
e probable relation of his words
facts from that which we should
to his evidence respecting any
part of it. And this calcula-
ıust be made afresh for every
dual case, since each person's
timate will bear an individual
ın to his character.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the degree in which
e attempt to form any kind of
:rate self-estimate varies in-
tely. For practical purposes
body finds it necessary to make some self-regarding assumptions, but those made by different people differ indefinitely, not only in their accuracy, but in their extent and scope, as well as in the degrees of consciousness and vigor with which they are held. Scarcely anybody would be able, even if any one were likely to be willing, to give a categorical and exhaustive statement of his own qualities and powers, of his intellectual, moral, and social position, and of whatever else goes to make up a complete estimate of a human being in all the relations of life.

On the other hand, no rational being would be wholly unable to answer any such questions concerning himself. Between these two extremes there is room for every variety of self-knowledge, both in kind and degree. There are an infinite number of scales according to which people may be ranged, and life would not be long enough for the task of ascertaining one's own position on all of them, even if a man gave it his undivided attention. Some people have a decided opinion as to their own position as members of society, or as moral agents, who would be quite at a loss where to place themselves on the scale of (say) rational beings, critics, or subjects of criticism. Others have well-defined views of their merits or demerits as compared with particular individuals, while their place in society at large may appear to them compara-

tively hazy. Some people's opinion of themselves rises and falls like the mercury in a barometer, according to the moral atmosphere in which they find themselves, while others find in their own self-knowledge (real or supposed) a fixed point by which to measure the fluctuations of popular opinion, like highwater mark on the seashore. Again, the most consciously entertained self-estimates are by no means always the most vigorous. Some people, after much reflection, attain to a faltering notion regarding themselves which they are ready to abandon at the first breath of disbelief or contradiction from without, or to a cautiously qualified opinion which they allow themselves to entertain only under correction, and till further notice. On the other hand, there are those who cling with the utmost tenacity to pretensions which they have probably never dreamt of putting into words, and which they would emphatically, and without the slightest conscious insincerity, deny. Such persons will sometimes act as if all the blood of all the Howards ran in their veins, and as if, moreover, patricians and plebeians were barely fellow-mortals; while yet they will speak of themselves as Radicals; and would be sincerely astonished at any imputation of pride of birth. Others, while repudiating the name of critic, will lay down the law upon questions of art and literature as if from their judgment there could be no appeal. Some people cherish their own estimate of themselves so jealously that they will never expose it to the light of day, so that, from a house in which they have behaved as if they were grateful for notice, they will go away offended because they have not been paramount; while others deliberately and consistently accept a lower position than they know themselves to be entitled to, because any want of appreciation is more tolerable to them than a rebuff.

All these sources of error and inconsistency, both in the formation and the expression of opinion, enter in some degree into people's estimates of each other. But they are magnified and intensified tenfold in the case of self-estimates; so that many persons profess to disregard these altogether, and to be guided in their judgment of others entirely by their own observations. Yet nobody can really leave out of account, in judging of his fellows, the testimony, however warped and however obscurely expressed, of the person most nearly concerned, and most fully informed on the matter. The general consent in favor of the superior value and interest of autobiographies over any other account of their subjects is sufficient proof of the importance which we attach to people's account of themselves. And the respect inspired by self-confidence, so long as it is moderate in degree, and does not run into romancing and boastfulness, is a proof of the value which everybody attaches to what looks like evidence of reasonable self-approbation.

The fact is, that it is a mistake to compare (as is often done) a man's self-knowledge with the knowledge which others have of him, as if the difference were one of degree only or chiefly, and to infer that any difference of opinion between him and his observers must arise from bias on the one hand, or ignorance on the other. In reality the two kinds of knowledge are to a great extent complementary, and, of course, to that extent, can neither confirm nor contradict each other; and it is in so far as they are complementary that either of them has any value for the possessor of the other. What a man knows about himself is his own history, feelings, aims, and intentions, and the degree in which he has acted up to, or fallen short of, the latter; and upon these points no other person's opinion of him can be of the smallest value to him, while on these subjects, which to any one who wished

derstand him would be of the nterest, he could, if so minded, not only the most, but almost nly valuable, information. On ther hand, what a man's neigh- nows about him is the impres- which he produces upon others, ipon this point his own opinion iext to no value; while any one would put him in possession of uth in the matter would do him vice, of which his appreciation l be in proportion to his wis- and courage. If it is not wise tend to every criticism which reach one from without, this is se such criticisms are certain to ry partial, and are probably in- ate representations even of the ession which they profess to de- . But a knowledge of the truth, or a wide view of the respecting the impression you produce on others, would the greatest possible value. man's knowledge of himself in- s, as we have said, his own y, his present aims, and the ortion between these two; his ct upon himself, therefore, is esult of a complicated calcula-

u measure other people by each , as seen from your own point ew; you measure yourself by own sensations, by the result of t experiments, and by compari- ith your past self. To compare mpression made on your own by objects of which your knowl- arises from such different es, and is expressed in terms ing to such different standards, comparing the apparent size e moon with that of a plate. oubt the size of the plate and of the moon are each, in its , facts worth knowing; but to are their apparent size, even the distance of the plate given, l add nothing useful or interest- o our knowledge of either of It requires some reflection to ie futility of any such compari- sons in either case, and the fact that people continually disregard it in the former case, and believe themselves to be making fair comparisons be- tween themselves and other people, is the source of half the injustice and misunderstandings in the world. Such comparisons have their use, if attempted with the distinct conscious- ness of their inevitable incomplete- ness. It is by a rough process of this kind that men find their level in the world, which is no doubt a very de- sirable object; but if, instead of using such comparisons as rude instruments for a practical purpose, one allows them to govern one's judgment of one's self or other people, they can produce nothing but delusion and mischief. Nobody ought to allow himself to make such comparisons at all who cannot trust himself to hold them cheap.

Although a man's estimate of him- self is of little or no value as a mere statement purporting to give us di- rect information of the facts to which it refers, yet its importance as an element of character is very great, especially for social purposes. There are many important virtues which add little or nothing to people's at- tractiveness; but the difference be- tween self-complacency and self-de- preciation is one which can never be overlooked, and to the social effects of which nobody can be indifferent. It is impossible to lay down any gen- eral rule as to the kind of self-esti- mate which is likely to be most gen- erally acceptable, unless, in the spirit of a recent writer on the Philosophy of Conversation, one should advise a man to be pleased, but not too much pleased, with himself. Some degree of self-complacency we should think must be grateful to everybody's taste, as some amount of butter im- proves bread to every palate; but it is a very nice matter to determine the exact quantity. Much also depends upon whether the self-complacency be of a passive or an aggressive kind. Every benevolent mind likes to see

a fellow-creature happy; but many even benevolent people have a natural combativeness of disposition, which at once disposes them to resist whatever comes before them in the shape of a demand, even for sympathy. As a general rule, self-estimates may be said to be more or less contagious, though people are in very different degrees affected by the contagion. One curious instance of this seems to be that nobody can be very interesting to others who takes no interest in himself. Such a defect may not at first sight appear to be dangerously common, but by careful observation most of the negative forms of dulness may be traced to this cause. It is not that people show any want of interest on their own behalf. It is true that most people are interested, even to excess, in their own concerns, and this is the most fruitful source of positive wearisomeness. It is an excess of interest, either in their own concerns or in something else, about which their neighbors care as little, which makes bores; but, apart from this, people may be utterly uninteresting to their neighbors simply for want of what may be called a theoretical interest in themselves; while with it they may be disagreeable, vain, foolish, and fatiguing, but never utterly vapid and colorless.

GOOD-BY.

My little darling! For a short, sad space
I fold thee in a clinging, close embrace,
  And read the limpid depths of thy dark eyes;
Knowing full well that never, never more
Wilt thou be to me what thou wert before,
  For with this dying day our old life dies.

Think not my love for thee is less, sweet child—
Else would it follow thee with yearning wild,
  And losing thee, would life have deeper gloom?
Or would unshed tears burn because I know
That I must let my budding lily go
  For other hands to tend until it bloom?

What though we part with lingering fond regret,
Thou in thy fair new life mayst soon forget
  Her whom to-night thou calledst loved and dear;
For others in soft tones will breathe thy name,
And hold thy young heart's love with surer claim,
  And wiser counsel give and holier cheer.

Yet some day, when this heart, now frail and lone,
Hath, after long years' struggle, stronger grown,
  Perchance we'll meet in trust serene and high,
And find it ours, that joy so blessed and strange,
Of love too pure to suffer any change—
  May God so will it, darling! Now, good-by!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE identification of religion with a political party, unless when the interests of religion and party are unmistakably identical, has called forth the reprobation of a French bishop of zeal and ability.

Monseigneur Guilbert, Bishop of Gap, has issued a pastoral to his clergy on their duties as to politics. He remarks "that whenever the priests have been associated with one political party its adversaries have become theirs. When the throne and the altar are linked together, if the former is shaken the latter is also. The clergy ought not to espouse any party, for it has obligations to all parties, conquered as well as conquering, in order to lead to concord and peace. Self-styled Catholic newspapers have of late years attached a party flag to their Catholicism, and the result has been an anti-religious reaction, the clergy being wrongly supposed to share the extreme ideas and exaggerations of these imprudent journalists. The priest is entitled to his individual opinion, and to express and defend it, but he should do so apart from his ministry, and with the prudence and moderation befitting his sacerdotal dignity. No party emblem should be attached to the cross, or the latter will itself be insulted and profaned."

This episcopal warning is more needed in France perhaps than elsewhere. It used to be thought in France that a Catholic and Royalist were synonymous terms. It is almost impossible to tell the harm this delusion caused. In the first place it caused the Church to appear, in some sort, responsible for the acts of kings and cabinets, who very frequently were hostile or indifferent to any religion. In the second place, when the misgovernment of these sovereigns caused a popular outbreak, the unreasoning fury of the mob made no distinction between the tyrant and the Church, and both suffered from the same violence. Happily now in France the Catholic Church is entirely disassociated from party. She is neither Royalist, Imperialist, nor Republican. She depends not on the favor of this Bourbon nor of that Napoleon. All parties have at one time or another opposed or oppressed her. Louis XIV fostered schism by the Gallican Articles of 1682. Napoleon I, although he restored the public profession of religion in France, imprisoned Pope Pius VII. Napoleon III permitted his present Holiness to be deprived of a portion of the Papal States, and steadily refused to grant Catholic education in the universities.

THE cruelties of the Russian Czars in Poland must not cause us to forget that the Russian people are naturally a religious people. Religion enters into every act of the Russians. If they are schismatics, it must not be overlooked that they never separated from the Holy See. They received Christianity from the Greeks, and have always retained it in the form they were first taught. The Russian people never overthrew the Catholic faith, as did the English and the Germans. A well-informed writer says: "The Mother of our Lord is regarded with a veneration which, in elevation of sentiment, equals any of the devotions extended to her in the West."

Most of the evils which afflict Russia are traceable to the fact that the country was never included in that "Christendom" which was formed under the influence of the Popes and the religious orders, after the fall of the Roman Empire. The Greek Church fell under the control of the Byzantine emperors; and its daughter, the Russian Church, is the slave of the Czar, who is the ruler and head of it. It is consequently a tool of the most absolute despotism. In Russia no representative rights or liberties exist, and the will of the Czar is law. If the Czar should be an able and progressive ruler, the country experiences the benefit; if he is a tyrant, like Ivan the Terrible, or Nicholas I, the country suffers.

As faithful chroniclers of passing events, the excitement in England on the Bulgarian atrocities deserves a notice. Nothing like it has been ever seen. Liberals and conservatives, high churchmen and low, puritans and ritualists, Catholics and Protestants, dukes and paupers, seem to share the same feeling. The daily papers contain reports of twenty or thirty meetings every day, in great cities and small villages, in county town and mining hamlets. For history records that massacres have been perpetrated in Poland by Russia, in England, in India, and Ireland, and by other nations in divers places. These never excited such a flame of indignation, and we believe the cause has been simply that the enterprise of the daily press has laid the details of the Turkish crimes before Europe on this occasion, and that on previous occasions the facts were kept concealed, and could be denied by those interested in the suppression of the truth. The daily press and the telegraph wire are products of modern civilization of

which we should be proud. That civilization the Church does not need to be reconciled to. She needs such agencies herself.

How pernicious and absurd it is to introduce questions of nationality into the Church, or into the discussion of Church questions. An undue spirit of nationality was the strength of the Greek schism. It caused the great schism of the West in the fourteenth century, when besides the true Pope there were two antipopes; it lengthened the duration of this schism for thirty years, and it paved the way for the easy introduction of the Reformation into England. St. Paul says that in Jesus Christ there is neither Greek, nor Jew, nor circumcised, nor uncircumcised. There is no condition of nationality required in the case of the Popes. Greeks, Romans, Germans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Italians, have filled the Papal Chair.

It is gratifying that this principle is recognized among American Catholics. How often have we not seen an audience of Irish birth listening to a priest born in Holland, or an Irish priest ministering to an American-born congregation. The only parallel to the mixture of nationalities in this country is to be found in the old Roman empire of the Cæsars.

Prof. Huxley, the famous English evolutionist, has been lecturing in New York to large and fashionable audiences, and his utterances have received much attention from the press. It often occurs to us that it is impossible for the theory of evolution to inflict much damage upon religion. In the first place it is incapable of proof; the utmost that can be brought forward in its favor amounts only to a probability. In the second place, the arguments alleged in its support are of the driest and most dismal description, and can interest or attract but very few. And in the third place, the theory in its practical application presents nothing attractive. It is a bare skeleton, and can enlist neither love nor admiration. Prof. Huxley brings forward a great array of facts, explainable, as he says, only on this supposition; but who knows whether other facts may not be absolutely incompatible with it, and what human mind is capable of grasping all the facts of nature and all the relations of those facts?

The present position of affairs in the east of Europe is as follows: In the first place, Russia is actively assisting Servia. Russian soldiers and volunteers are pouring into the country, loans have been raised in St. Petersburg, banners and arms have been sent in great quantities, and a strong popular enthusiasm on behalf of Servia and her cause has been aroused in Russian society. It is also stated that the Czar has addressed a letter to the Emperor of Austria, in which he proposes that a joint occupation of the frontier provinces of Turkey should take place, Russia occupying Bulgaria and Austria Bosnia and Herzegovina. Turkey, on the other hand, resists these demands, and it appears that the fanaticism of the Moslem population is aroused to such an extent that war with Russia would be very popular. England has made several efforts to avert the coming strife, but apparently in vain, and the war dogs of the North will soon be unchained, and the Eastern Question settled on the battle-fields of Bulgaria and Roumelia, the scene of so many contests in the past.

While Catholics are sleeping, or making money, rejoicing, sometimes, over the fact that somebody or other has become a convert to the faith, thousands and tens of thousands of born Catholics cannot even hear Mass in New York, and in the country districts also many are being lost to the faith. $500,000 are spent on a grand church. This is not right; no church can be too fine, or too beautiful. May it be long, indeed, before the fell spirit of Puritanism invades the Church in America, or Catholics hesitate before they build beautiful edifices to the glory of God. But it should not be forgotten that ten churches in country towns, each costing $50,000, could be built for the same amount for which one costing half a million could be erected; or that fifty churches could be built in as many different villages, at a cost of $10,000 each, by the simple expedient of a Diocesan Church Building Fund, to which contributions could be received. The English Protestants do this, and have built hundreds of churches all over the country by this simple plan.

It sometimes happens that a society, existing in various parts of the United States, is under a cloud in one diocese, and is tolerated or favored in another. But this is no matter of surprise. A moment's consideration will show that in some places designing, unscrupulous, or imprudent men may obtain control of an organization, and use it for their own purposes, or that the members may be refractory and turbulent. Yet in other places the officers and members may be pious, faithful men, and do a great deal of good. Names and paper constitutions are nothing; the spirit and essence of a society are everything. The history of the Templars and of the Freemasons proves this to demonstration, for the very moment when, by the letter of their constitution and rules, the former were bound to do

good service on behalf of religion, they were full of evil. Those on the spot, those who have full information, are most likely to know whether a given society is pernicious or not.

Two Catholic priests have died of yellow fever in Savannah, where an epidemic of that disease has been raging. It will be remembered that on a similar occasion, at Memphis, in Tennessee, some priests lost their lives also while attending the sick. It can be truly stated that no epidemics ever occur, but that some of the Catholic clergy do not fall victims to their zeal. In this connection we recall to mind that when the terrible "Black Death" visited Europe in the fourteenth century, it has been discovered that a far larger proportion of the clergy died than of any other order in society. This was at a period when, according to the "tradition" of slander that passes for history, the clergy are stated to have been very corrupt. The two statements are irreconcilable. If the clergy were corrupt, they would have fled from pestilence, and it would not be found that far more of them perished, in proportion to their numbers, than of any other class.

THE repeated rumors of the death of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, which have so often turned out to be false, show how much importance is attributed by the revolutionary parties to his life. On the death of Pius VI, in captivity, at the end of the last century, there was a great crisis experienced. The epoch of the Council of Constance, in the fifteenth century, was another important one in the history of the Church; and the election of Pope Martin V was awaited with the greatest anxiety and suspense. Elections of Sovereign Pontiffs have often taken place when the preceding Pope had died in captivity, or in exile. Yet the choice of the Cardinals has always been acknowledged by the faithful at large, and we expect that the day of great schisms is over. The warfare between the Church and its enemies has reached quite another phase, and the same overruling Providence that has so long protected the Church will no doubt protect it to the end.

OUR parochial schools are a necessity if we wish the present generation of Catholic children not to lose their faith. Many of them are admirably organized, and efficiently conducted. But some of them, it must be acknowledged, are very deficient in thoroughness of instruction and discipline. Some of our colleges, too, are not what they ought to be. It is all-important that attention be paid to this subject, for the danger of Catholic children becoming tinctured with the prevailing errors of the age is daily becoming more imminent. By the joint operation of indifference, scientific infidelity, materialism, and other forces, the rising generation may become less and less Catholic. No one expects they will become Protestants by conviction and study; but they may and will become totally indifferent to religion unless they are taught early *why* they should be Catholics, and until they are trained to *love* the Church. Look at some European and American countries, and see the magnificent churches unattended by all (save a few old women), and a handful of Freemasons governing the county. The men are not Protestants; they are simply indifferent Catholics.

THE Sisters of St. Joseph were founded in 1650 by Mgr. Henry de Maupas, Bishop of Puy, in France. They have been in the United States since 1836.

The Sisters of Notre Dame were founded in France by Mother Juliart, in 1804, and have labored in the United States since 1830. The Sisters of Mercy owe their foundation to the piety and zeal of Miss Catharine McAuley, of Dublin, in 1827.

The Little Sisters of the Poor were founded in France in 1840, by Rev. A. Le Pailleur, and came to the United States in 1868.

The School Sisters of Notre Dame were also founded in France, the home of so many religious congregations. They date from 1597, and their foundress was Mother A. Leclerc. They have many houses in the United States, and have been in our country for thirty years.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd were founded in 1651 by the venerable John Eudes.

A PASTORAL has been read from Archbishop Bourget in all the Catholic churches of Montreal, announcing his retirement from the episcopate. His Grace had offered his resignation as early as last May, and the Papal brief accepting it is dated in the month of July. His official title is hereafter to be Archbishop of Marionopolis. Monseigneur Fabre is henceforth sole Bishop of Montreal.

Canadian Catholic affairs are in a critical condition. The education conflict rages there far fiercer than it does in our country. Orangeism gives a great deal of annoyance, and a small section of "Liberal Catholics" give the bishops much trouble. A firm, yet judicious and prudent course, is nowhere more needed than in Canada.

THAT wretched and miscalled "Journal of Civilization," *Harper's Weekly*, which is never tired of representing pug-nosed Irish-

men doing all kinds of folly and wickedness at the instigation of priests and bishops, and which publishes over the name of "Eugene Lawrence" a series of "historical sketches," chiefly remarkable for their containing the largest number of lies packed into the smallest space that could be devised, is very anxious to see Mr. Hayes elected. We do not know whether Mr. Hayes is a member of the American Alliance or not. It is, however, an old saying, that men are known by the company they keep, and if the Governor of Ohio has many such supporters as *Harper's Weekly* he must be a good man to defeat!

IT is frequently said that whatever good monks and monasteries formerly accomplished, there is no scope or necessity for their labors in modern times. There are still hundreds of millions of pagans; there are still dark and gloomy city slums, where the wretched inhabitants are sunk in sin and misery, attached to no church and no congregation, living in sin, breathing sin, and dying in sin. Yes, there is a cry going up to heaven from the sinks and slums of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, for help. The Protestants cannot answer it. Protestantism has no Capuchins, no Sisters of Mercy, no Franciscans wedded to poverty, no Redemptorists or Passionists. Only the religious orders of the Catholic Church either can or will do this work.

GROUND has been broken at Hartford, Conn., for a new Catholic cathedral, of Gothic architecture, two hundred and fifty-four feet long, with a spire two hundred and fifty feet high, which is to be one of the best ornamented and most imposing church buildings in New England.

Bishop Galberry is very actively working to build up the diocese, both spiritually and temporally. Few persons have any idea of the multifarious duties of a Catholic bishop. The choice and superintendence of the clergy, the supervision of the Theological Seminary, ordinations, confirmations, dedications, a vast amount of temporal business, etc., all this necessitates an amount of labor so great that it is no wonder that bishops are early gray.

THE University of Laval, in Canada, was established in 1850. More than a million of dollars have been expended on it, fine edifices have been erected, six new museums established and others enriched; 1440 students, who have attended the courses in the four faculties of theology, law, medicine, and arts, and who figure for the most part on the list of the seven hundred graduates; all this has secured for the University the favor of a Brief from the Holy Father, establishing it on a definite basis, and granting to it all the privileges of a university.

Truly in this work the Catholics of Canada have done well, and their work may be worthily imitated in the United States.

DOM ISIDORE ROBERT, O. S. B., the new Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory, will have a very arduous field of labor. In his letter he says: "This vast region, which contains 22,000 whites and 72,000 Indians, 5000 of whom are Catholics, is entirely given up to teachers not Catholic, Catholics not having so much as a single altar, priest, or school. An alms which we need more than money is prayers. We are at the end of our season of repose; we must go into battle. . . . . We will conquer, and (those that aid us) will share the spoils of the victory with us. Prayer accomplishes so many miracles in our day, I ask only for one."

Another distant vicariate has just welcomed its new bishop, Dr. James O'Connor, who was installed at Omaha on Sunday, September 24th, with great honor, and amidst the rejoicings of the people. Bishop Ryan preached the sermon.

WE have many really excellent Catholic journals—journals which, both as regards their loyalty to the Church and their intellectual vigor, well deserve support. But there are, we regret to say, some so-called "Catholic papers" which are a disgrace. Wretched in typography, poor in their selected matter, bombastic in their language, and worthless in every respect, they are no credit to the Church, and less to the Irish people, whom they often insult by their self-appointed and senseless advocacy.

THE condition of the Home Rule movement in Ireland is not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Smyth, M.P. for Westmeath, has declared for Repeal, and is supported by a certain class of Irishmen. Meetings in favor of Home Rule continue, however, to be held and largely attended.

It is to be regretted that the question of University education is still unsettled. As long as it remains open Catholics in Ireland suffer from an injustice which their brethren in America are not exposed to, and the higher education of Irishmen labors under great disadvantages.

THE Society of Jesus has always been noted for its immediately seizing the needs of the age, and endeavoring to meet them. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the im-

portance of the Catholic press. Certainly the Jesuits appreciate it, for its members edit six of the most able reviews extant: In Italy, *La Civilta Cattolica;* in France, *Les Etudes Religieuses;* in Belgium, *Collection de Prècis Historiques;* in England, *The Month;* in Germany, *Stimen aus Maria Laach;* in Holland, *Studien op Godstienstig udetenschappelyh en letterkundig gebied.*

THE Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria have succeeded apparently in changing the policy of England in the East. That famous watchword, "The integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire," is seldom heard, and instead of it such phrases as "securing the autonomy of the Christian provinces," and "obtaining guarantees for their future good government," have taken its place. Nevertheless, Russian troops continue to enter Servia; money, arms, and ammunition are being furnished to the Servians, and the whole of Southeastern Europe is in a ferment.

HENRY WISE, ex-Governor of Virginia, is dead. He earned the gratitude of the Irish-born portion of the population by his resistance to the Know-Nothing, anti-Catholic party of 1854. This party had swept several States; in the Old Dominion its progress was stayed by the exertions of Governor Wise, who travelled, canvassed, and spoke most energetically on behalf of the rights of foreign-born citizens, and who succeeded in defeating the party in Virginia. It has never since been formidable.

THE political campaign waxes warmer, but, fortunately, there does not appear to be much effort to "work" the sectarian question. Doubtless Archbishop Purcell's circular and appeal has had some influence, and, besides that, the questions at issue are so manifestly important that it seems absolutely necessary to meet them. The currency, the business prostration, the state of the South, civil service reform, etc., are surely enough to fully employ the energies of the most ardent politicians.

WE notice in an exchange, that of the twenty-five thousand men in our standing army, sixteen thousand are Catholics. There are thirty chaplains in the United States army, regularly appointed, of which number one is a Catholic priest. In the British army there are a large number of Catholic chaplains, who are paid by Government, and who rank as officers. In this, as in education, America could borrow a little justice and liberality even from Protestant England.

FROM May, 1851, to June, 1876—twenty-five years—nearly 2,400,000 emigrants from Ireland landed in America, and they are still coming, although not in such great numbers as formerly. In the first six months of 1875, the emigration amounted to 31,000, and for the same period this year to 20,000. In proportion to the resident population of Ireland, the emigration is not very far short of what it always has been.

A MAGNIFICENT church was consecrated at Clonliffe, Ireland, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, by Cardinal Cullen. A sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, on the Holy Cross, in which he referred in eloquent terms to the battle in which the power of the Danes was broken forever in Ireland, and to the prosperity of the Catholic religion in Ireland.

NOT always is a hero forgotten in his native land. Termonde, Flanders, is about to erect a monument to the great Father De Smet, the Apostle of the Rocky Mountains and the Las Casas of America.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PERSECUTIONS OF ANNAM. A History of Christianity in Cochin-China and Tonquin. By John R. Shortland, M.A., Canon of Plymouth, author of the *Corea Martyrs*. London: Burns & Oates, 1875.

The missionary work of the Church is one that knows no cessation, for it is the fulfilment of the perpetual commission given her by Christ to teach all nations. Nor have the conditions attending the missionary work materially changed since the Apostles first entered upon its performance. Missionaries to-day, in one country or another, are hated and persecuted, and carried before secular rulers, as they were in the age of the Apostles. In Germany, Russia, Italy, and other civilized countries, they are only fined, imprisoned, or exiled. In other countries they meet with a treatment which is quite equal in the barbarity of its methods of torture to that which the Christians of early ages endured.

The book before us shows that this, until a few years ago, was the case in Annam. It gives an account of the missions which have been established in Cochin-China and Tonquin (the two countries which make up the empire of Annam), and of the cruel and often-repeated persecutions the missionaries and their converts had repeatedly to suffer.

The missions in Cochin-China were commenced in 1615 by the Jesuit Father Francis Buzomi, who in that year came over from Macao. His labors resulted in several conversions. The king favored him, but the jealousy and hostility of pagan priests were soon aroused and opposition excited. Still the mission was continued, and many natives were converted. In 1639 death terminated Father Buzomi's work. It was resumed by the great missionary of those parts, Alexander of Rhodes, and was attended with such success that by the middle of the seventeenth century there were fifty thousand Christians, and before the close of the century they had increased to eighty thousand. All this was not accomplished without opposition. There were fierce and frequent persecutions, of which an account is given in this work.

The history of the commencement of missions in Tonquin is very similar to that of Cochin-China. The first missionary of note was Alexander of Rhodes, who was in it from 1627 to 1630, performing an amount of labor beyond ordinary human ability to endure. He preached from four to six times daily, and often spent whole nights in hearing confessions. The king at first was favorable. His sister, and several others of the royal family, became Christians. The number of converts increased rapidly, so that in 1658 it had reached three hundred thousand.

All this, however, was not accomplished without opposition. The king, who at first favored the missionaries, turned against them. The most cruel laws were enacted against Christians, and still more cruelly executed. Down to the present time the persecutions have continued, with occasional intermissions; but they have proved powerless to destroy Christianity in the region. Missionaries from time to time made their way into the country, schools and churches were secretly maintained. A bishop was appointed by the Holy Roman See, and a regular hierarchy established. Of the hardships and dangers encountered and endured by bishop and priests, and their converts, not unfrequently crowned with martyrdom in the end, the work before us gives an interesting account. These persecutions continued until 1874, when a French naval force compelled the Emperor of Annam to allow the liberty of professing and practicing Christianity throughout his dominion. The fierceness and extent of the persecution which was thus terminated may be judged from the fact that during, or a few years previous, seventy thousand Christians were driven into exile, five or six thousand put to death, and more than a hundred Christian villages burned to the ground.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DRINK; an Historical Inquiry into the Principles and Practice of the Catholic Church regarding the Use, Abuse, and Disuse of Alcoholic Liquors, especially in England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the Sixth to the Sixteenth Centuries. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S.S. R.; with an Introductory Letter to the Author, by His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1876. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The purpose of this work is stated in the preface to have been with the hope that it will be serviceable "to the lay advocates of temperance, who, from want of accurate instruction in Christian morals, sometimes

lrink, which is the work of God, king drunkenness, which is the an." The book is "mainly his- ıer than doctrinal." It contains a ıf facts regarding both the Catho- and the history of England, Ire- Scotland, not generally known. r states that he "was led to in- ı the pulpit and the confessional s by which the vice of drunken- ıeen met, in different ages and by the Catholic Church." Out ls thus gathered he has made a nd after speaking of the general d discipline of the Church on the drink and drunkenness, he has out in greater detail in the Brit-

ıhabitants of England, at least," ıthor, "have always had both a to the excessive use of stimulants ans of gratifying it. The Catho- also had almost undisputed pos- a thousand years of the religious of these nations. What use did ıf it in the cause of temperance? le efforts, with what success were .ed?" To the discussion of these (questions both of historical and ıterest), the author has devoted a le portion of his book. The scope rk, as a whole, cannot be better is done in the Table of Contents, Chapter I. The Doctrine of the to the Use and Disuse of Alco- .ors. Chap. II. Her Doctrine as ıbuse. Chap. III. Discipline of :h. Chap. IV. The Preceding ınd Discipline Studied in their ı the British Isles. Chap. V. ed in Former Times. Chap. VI. Customs. Chap. VII. Action of 'ower before the Sixteenth Cen- ıp. VIII. Action of the Church e Sacrament of Penance. Chap. rks on the Penitential System. Action of the Church in her Syn- p. XI. Results of the Withdrawal rch's Influence. Chap. XII. Con- nd Suggestions. Appendix, con- ıles of Various Associations. P. ;ham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth ladelphia.

ıot say more in commendation of than Cardinal Manning has al- , nor describe so well its merits, lone in a few sentences: "It is," 'the first attempt to collect the nd judgments of Catholic pastors s on the use of wine and the sin ıness. The historical part . . . . interest, and the quotations from s and the Saints are of great value /. . . . . Your book will, I be- f signal use in clearing a multitude of prejudices, and perhaps some more reasonable censures, which have impeded the efforts . . . . . making to check the spread of intoxication."

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. By John O'Kane Murray, B.S. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.; Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street, 1876.

This work will be useful to many whose means of informing themselves about the establishment and growth of the Church in this country are limited. It contains a large amount of important information, to gather which must have cost the author no inconsiderable time and labor. It also has a number of sketches of the lives and labors of the first missionaries to the Indians, and of eminent Catholics in the United States, which are interesting, and will be valuable to those who have not access to larger and more complete histories and biographies. As a convenient book of reference, and repertory of information, too, on certain subjects, it has value to still another and more scholarly class of persons. On these accounts the work is likely to be received with very general favor. It will be useful in extending a knowledge among the people at large as to how the Church was first planted in this country, who the pioneers of Catholicity and first missionaries were, the difficulties they had to encounter, their labors and successes, how the Church has since prospered, and what it is now doing, etc.

We regret that the arrangement of the material which the author has gathered is not as happy as it might be, and that the style of some portions of the work verges on the declamatory. The need, however, of diffusing more generally than has as yet been done, among the people at large, such information as this book contains, is so urgent that we ought not to lay stress upon faults of detail and execution, but rather thank the author, and congratulate ourselves, as Catholics, for the good the book may accomplish.

THE COMPREHENSIVE SERIES OF GEOGRAPHIES. P. O'Shea, Publisher, New York.

This series of Geographies is one of great excellence. In the arrangement and order of topics, simplicity of the same, clearness and fulness of treatment of them, in accuracy and other desiderata, for school-books these Geographies are certainly deserving of high commendation.

The maps are clear and distinct, and the illustrations excellent, both as regards subjects and execution; those of number three especially, some of which would grace an

album or collection of prints for a parlor centre-table.

Number three, which is intended for more advanced students than numbers one and two, especially pleases us. It comprises not only topical, political, and statistical geography, but also physical and historical, and will give to the pupil who studies it diligently a very fair idea of these latter subjects, as well as those which are ordinarily comprehended in geographies.

It is matter of congratulation that now that the want of Catholic text-books, through the multiplication of Catholic schools and academies, is daily coming to be more generally and deeply felt, Mr. O'Shea has taken a step so successfully towards supplying the want as regards geographies. This is the more to be rejoiced at, because it is especially in geographies and histories that the defects of non-Catholic text-books, and their injurious and false representations as to the Catholic Church and the peoples of Catholic countries, are most glaring, and tend to do most harm in filling the minds of pupils with wrong impressions. These impressions are well guarded against in the Comprehensive Series. The historical and other statements in them, bearing upon religion, are true and fair, and will give pupils correct and just ideas upon the subjects referred to.

THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS AMONG THE COLLIERS AND IRONWORKERS OF MONMOUTHSHIRE. London: Burns & Oates. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is a narrative of results accomplished by patient, faithful labor, during the last sixteen years, among the poor Catholics of Monmouthshire, England. These people are chiefly the descendants of emigrants from Ireland. The emigrants themselves were instructed in the elements of their faith, but they settled in a district of England where they were cut off from priests and attendance upon mass. The language in which they habitually spoke was their native tongue. The children, as they grew up, learned the English, and not the Irish, and their parents were unable to instruct them in religion, both from this cause, and from carelessness and the pressure of constant hard work grinding out the energies both of mind and body.

Amongst this population Father Elzear, a Franciscan priest, commenced a mission in 1860. He began without any material resources, having had to borrow money to pay his railroad fare to the place. The work gives a graphic and moving account of the wretchedness of the people, their ignorance, their deep moral degradation and spiritual ignorance; and also the immense change that was effected in a few years by the self-denying and well-directed labors of Father Elzear and other devoted priests, who after the commencement of the mission came to his assistance.

A SHORT LATIN GRAMMAR. Part First: The Declensions. By Edward Roth, A.M. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1876.

This is an effort, by a gentleman who is a practical teacher of large experience, to lessen the drudgery and difficulties which attend the first steps in commencing the study of the Latin language. The number of Latin Grammars is almost countless, and many of them are very good to be used by pupils who have already mastered the elements of Grammar and acquired some knowledge of the Latin language; but they are so full of details of long rules, and innumerable exceptions to those rules, that when put into the hands of mere beginners, the first feeling they inspire is that of discouragement and disgust.

Prof. Roth's experience of this, and of its unfavorable effect upon young students, has led him to make the endeavor to remedy it, and from an examination of his book we think he has been very successful. This first part contains sixteen lessons. The first lesson has for its subject the Latin Letters and their Pronunciation. The other fifteen lessons are taken up with the Declensions. The explanations are so simple and clear, and the steps by which the pupil is carried forward, follow each other so naturally and easily that the difficulties which generally discourage persons commencing the study of Latin are greatly diminished.

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